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PREFACE

A BOOK without a preface, is like a house without a door, a pump without a handle, a man without a nose, meat without salt. A preface is the portal where one may stand in waiting, anticipating the favorable reception sure to follow; he may smell the savory viands that he will soon partake of.

As a favorite comedian is always greeted with premonitory laughter in anticipation of the capital jokes to come, so we expect the good-natured public (they will all be good natured after they have read our book) will wreathe their countenances in smiles, and put some extra stitches in their buttons, in expectation of the broad grins and button-disturbing explosions sure to follow. If, as it has been said, "the

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man who causes a single blade of grass to grow where none grew before, is a public benefactor," how much more entitled to this honorable distinction will *we* be, who sow the seed and gather a perfect harvest of grins. We present (for the small consideration of fifty cents) a full sheaf of laughter for every family—seed for everlasting fun—exemption from every kind of care for all mankind—are *we* not a benefactor? We rather think so. Reader, shall we sing of laughter?

What's the use of sighing,
Care's a silly calf—
If to live you're trying,
The only way's to laugh!

Or, shall we let "Jerrold" *talk,* as only *he* can. "Oh! glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic, conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of laughs, that reaches from earth to Olympus. It is not true Prometheus stole the fire, but the laughter of the gods to deify our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment, to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what men would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter! It is to the face of man, what synovia (I think anatomists call it) is to his joints: it oils, lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine; without it our faces would have been rigged hyena-like. The iniquities of our hearts, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, dusky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would then have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter—as it is its first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end, by smiling upon us; yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answer that it understands. And then, as worldy wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes in its nurse's arms, or in waggish humor, playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its destiny, declares to him with ears to hear the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme us gingerly and acutely as they will, they must end in confusion and laughter.

Man may take his triumphant stand upon his broad grins, for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures, laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish! Let man, then, send a loud ha! ha! through the Universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege. All men laugh somehow; the false-toothed man is never done grinning approbation of his dentist; the hearty laugher is indubitably honest;

the false man seldom gets beyond a sneer; the horse-laugher is a vulgar bore; the quiet laugher is usually acute and intelligent; simperers invariably think themselves pretty; the man who laughs convulsively has a touch of madness; he, who in laughing, buries his eyes in fat, and puckers his cheeks into a sheaf of wrinkles, is always a merry fellow. Sardonic laughter, like the wreath of Harmodius, is a dagger hid beneath flowers, but a benevolent smile is the fleeting remembrance of man before the fall. Reader, we intend to provoke *that* smile, may we not also count on the benevolence; we anticipate with certainty your gratification, may we not look with confidence for our reward. The success of a couple of similar works prepared by us, has induced us to again cater for the public amusement, and when we review the good things (original and selected, that is, "begged, borrowed, *and* stolen") prepared for an appreciating community. and as we examine and laugh (we can't help it) over these side-splitting illustrations, "got up" without regard to expense, we feel confident that the brilliant success of our book will enable us to say with truth that "Republics are *not* ungrateful." We might dwell with much emphasis and more wind, upon this interesting subject, but we will not delay our (soon to be) happy readers from the treat in store for them, particularly as they may accuse us of

"BLOWING OUR OWN TRUMPET." S. P. A.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S
CARPET-BAG OF FUN.

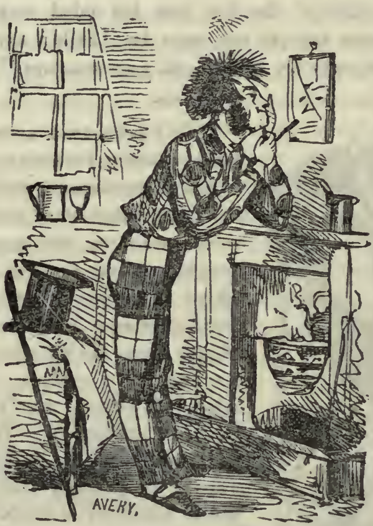
Mrs Partington on Moral Training.—"Moral training," said Mrs. Partington, "is the best, arter all." She had heard some one in the omnibus speaking of moral training, and her benevolence gave it into the charge of memory until she got home, and memory revolved it, and pondered it, and reviewed it, and fancy construed it to mean something about the military training that was to come off the next day. "I hope it will be a moral training, I'm shore," said she, "for I see the gov'nor is to be there in his new suite, and I hope they'll make their revolutions well before him. I do admire the millintery, where the sogers in their fancy unicorns look jest like a patchwork quilt. They wasn't moral trainings in old times, when men put 'enemies into their heads to steal away their hats,' as Mr. Smooth, the schoolmaster, used to say. Your uncle Paul had a good deal of millintery sperrit, sometimes, Isaac." Ike had remained very quiet while she was speaking. "What upon airth are you doing there, Isaac?" cried she. The young gentleman readily told her he was painting a man, at the same time displaying an animal, nominally of that description, done beautifully in chalk, which he appeared to look on with much satisfaction. "But what are you painting it with? As true as I'm alive you've got your uncle Paul's chalk that he draws what he calls his millintery diadrams—all out of his head on the old cherry table!"

An Editor's ideas of Babies.—An editor who has been married about a year, speaking of the babies, says:—"The delight of the days, the torment of the nights—elegant in full dress, but horrible in *dishabille*—beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell—exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully out of place in the parlor, or railway carriage—the well-springs of delight, and the recipients of unlimited spankings—the glory of 'pa,' the happiness of 'ma,'—who wouldn't have 'em?"

A REAL RELISHER OF A JOKE.—A man lately received twenty lashes well laid on, at the whipping post at Delaware. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with still harder force. On giving him the twentieth blow the angry officer could stand it no longer. "Well, here mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd jest like to know what it is that's so funny!" "Funny!" roared the other, "why it's excellent. *You've got the wrong Smith!* I aint the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one! Now you'll have to go it all over again! Really it's *too good!* You must lick the other man! Ha! ha!"

WIDOW BEDOTT'S MUSINGS.—"He was a wonderful hand to moralize, my husband was, (said the widow,) 'specially after he began to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' as he was sittin' by the fire—I was knittin', (I was always a wonderful knitter,) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctors used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacco alone;) well, he took his pipe out o' his mouth, and turned towards me—I know'd somethin' was comin', for he had a peculiar way o' lookin' round when he was gwine to say anythin' uncommon; well, says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' (my name was Priscilly, naturally, but he generally called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handy, you know,) well, says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' and he looked pretty solemn, I tell you—he had a solemn countenance, naturally—after he'd got to be a deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he appeared solemner than ever—and certainly you wouldn't wonder at it if you know'd how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in the chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurisy in his side, and having the ager considerable part of the time, and bein' broke o' his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to it for breath when he laid down. How he had altered since the first time I see him! That was at a quiltin' at Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idea of that Sal Pendegras. Well, that was the first time I ever saw my husband; had any body'd told me that I should marry him, I should have said—but law sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a strange way of talkin' round for ever, and never comin' to the pint, and takin' twenty words to say what might be told in five, says he, 'Silly'—he'd a kept on sayin' 'Silly' from time to eternity, 'cause you know he wanted me to pay particular attention to him, and I generally did; a woman was never more attentive to her husband than I was. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly'—says I, 'what?' though I'd no idea what he was gwine to say—didn't know but 'twas somethin' about his sufferins. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly'—(I could see by the light o' the fire—there didn't happen to be a candle a burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes forgetful, but I know we wa'nt apt to burn candles exceptin' we had company—I could see by the light o' the fire that his mind was uncommonly solemnized)—he says to me, says he, 'Silly,' says I, 'what?' Says he to me, says he, '*We are all poor creatures.*' "

Mrs. Partington among the Elephants.—Mrs. Partington was in Woonsocket when Barnum and his elephants came there, and Isaac and the old lady went to see them. She came away much excited, and on arriving at the house where she was visiting, her feelings found utterance as follows:—"Don't tell me about the knowingness and good manners of elephants, for I shan't believe it arter what's took place. Look at that bonnet." It was a fabric of rusty crape, high in the crown, with a sugar scoop front, upon the sides of which traces of a crush were evident. "I never was in such a flirtation in my born days," continued the old dame, trying to get the dints out of her headpiece. "You can't assuage me that they've got any decency or mortification in 'em at all, no more'n Ingen salvages, for while I stood looking at a dear little one, that I took at first for a black leather trunk that belonged to one of the big ones, one of 'em threw his arm over me and jammed my bonnet till it's a sight to be seen; another one put his arm around my neck a good deal too free, for I never was used to such treatment when I was young, and another one put his hand into my ridicule, and stole a ball of yarn, thinking it was an apple, I dare say. If Isaac hadn't pushed 'em away I do believe they would have made a sacrament of me on the spot."



A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,
And grimly try the temper'd edge he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

* * * * * * * *

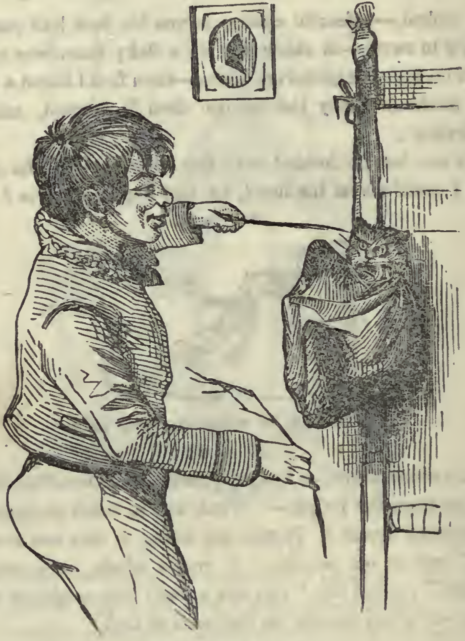
Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd—
He seem'd to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade,—then first I found a tongue—
"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung;
He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he gave;
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to *shave!*

A DRAWBACK TO WEARING LONG HAIR.

CRUEL ANTICIPATION.—A tipsy preacher, in Dumfries, Scotland, was saying from the pulpit—"What was it, think ye, gude people, that swallowed Jonah? It was nae horse, it was nae cow." "I suppose," said an old woman, "it was a whale, your reverence." "I suppose," replied he, "you are a fool; you might as well take the brede oot of my mouth, as the word of God."

OH! SQUEEZE me.—"Sal," said lisping Bill, "if you don't love me, thay tho; and if you love me, and don't like to thay tho, squeeth my hanth."

SECOND SIGHT.—"Twins, be Jasus!" exclaimed the horror-struck Irishman, as the nurse approached, bearing a new pledge of affection from his fruitful helpmate. "Twins, hinny!" cried nurse—"faith, Murdoch, and it's the blessed whiskey that make ye see double this morning!"



IKE AND THE CAT.

The boy had a disposition to investigate Natural History, and is experimenting, in this picture, upon feline sensitiveness, Mrs. Partington's antique ridicule having been appropriated by the urchin to the uses of experimental science. A straw is used by the young philosopher to demonstrate the exceeding lack of patience in a cat under difficulty, and from the good-humored look of Ike, it is evident, that however disagreeable the operation may be to the cat, the result of the experiment is very satisfactory to the experimenter. It shows the selfishness of cats, and their opposition to the march of science, who let the trifling matter of personal inconvenience outweigh all considerations of benefit—what benefit Ike alone can tell. If he is willing to sacrifice himself in trying the experiment, it seems unreasonable for the cat to kick against it.

GETTING DESPERATE.—"Ahem! Ephraim, I heard something about you.'

"La, now, Miss Sophrina, you don't say so."

"Yes, indeed, that I did; and a great many said it too."

"La, now, what is it, Miss Sophrina?"

"O dear, I can't tell you," (turning away her head.)

"O la, do now."

"O no, I can't."

"O yes, Miss Sophrina."

"La me, Ephraim, you do pester a body so."

"Well, do please tell me, Miss Sophrina."

"Well, I heard that—O, I can't telt you."

"Ah, yes, come now, do," (taking her hand.)

"Well, I did'nt say it, but I heard that—"

"What?" (putting an arm round her waist.)

"Oh, don't squeeze me so—I heard that—that (turning her blue eyes on Ephraim's)—that—you and I were to be married, Ephraim."

DEGENERACY OF "THE MEN."—Mrs. Partington says, that when she was a gal, she used to go to parties, and always had beaux to extort her home. But now, she says, the gals undergo all such declivities; the task to extorting them home revolves on their own selves. The old lady drew down her specs and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in depreciating the worth of the female sex.

A Versatile Man.—In Norfolk, England, an almost countless scope of abilities, collected in one human being, is thus modestly exhibited in verse, in Barrack-street, in the city of Norwich:—

House painting—rags and pickings bought—
Hogs killed—and hornpipe dancing taught—
Small beer—and Godfrey's cordial—yeast
Sold here—and teeth with ease displaced.
The itch—and other things in fashion,
Both cured without examination.
Corns cut—kibes cured—shoes made with list—
And leather breeches cleaned and dressed—
Brick-laying jobs—and bleeding done—
By Marshal Purland, No. 1.

RATHER INSINUATING.—A down-east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get *teeth inserted*, to go and steal fruit where a watch-dog is on guard.

Can't be choked off.—"Stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable "yell" for the past five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father, after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you?" chimed in the hopeful urchin.

A Serious Subject to Joke on.—Marriage has recently been defined as "a prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

Mrs. Partington on Spiritual Knockings, &c.—"I can't believe in sperituous knockings," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, as we related some things to her which we had seen, that appeared to us very mysterious. "I can't believe about it; for I know if Paul could come back, he would envelope himself to me here, and wouldn't make me run a mile only to get a few dry knocks. Strange that the world should be so superstitional as to believe sich a rapsody, or think a sperrit can go knocking about like a boy in vexation. *I* can't believe it, and I don't know's I could if that teapot there was to jump off the table right afore my eyes!" She paused, and through the gloom of approaching darkness we could see the determined expression of her mouth. A slight movement was heard upon the table, and the little black teapot moved from its position, crawled slowly up the wall, and then hung passively by the side of the profile of the ancient corporal! The old lady could not speak, but held up her hands in wild amazement, while her snuff box fell from her nerveless grasp and rolled along upon the sanded floor. She left the room to procure a light, and as soon as she had gone, the teapot was lowered by the invisible hand to its original station, and Ike stepped out from beneath the table, stowing a long string away in his pocket, and grinning prodigiously.

HARD TO TAKE A HINT.—"Pompey, did you take the billet, to Mr. Jones?"

"Es, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Es, sar, me jus did."

"How was he?"

"Woy, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he so blind!"

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Woy, massy, when I was in de room, a gibbing him de paper, he axed me whar was my hat; and, massa, perhaps you won't beleive me, he wur on de top ob my head de hull time."

A CHAPTER ON OMNIBUS RIDING.—To a lover of comfort, Life in Paris, when a revolution is breaking all your windows, and you are lying down flat on the floor to avoid the shower of bullets, is not very pleasant, or Life in Ireland, in a district where they have a weakness, just about quarter-day, of shooting, not the moon, but the landlord instead, cannot be exactly the highest attainment of human happiness;—but still we think any one of them is MAHOMET'S Paradise itself, (providing, of course, you escape dying, or being killed), compared to the LIFE IN AN OMNIBUS with twelve insides, two babies, a bird cage, a dog

and a washerwoman smelling strongly of rum and yellow soap! If DANTE had been alive at the present day, (and we can only regret he is not), he would certainly have placed his "Inferno" inside an omnibus! However, there is a melancholy pleasure in smiling over the annoyances that other people stoically endure, after one has had the courage to say, "I'll endure them no longer myself." It is wrong to smile; but one cannot help it.

Now the action of putting the hand into the pocket is generally an interesting operation for the mind. Assistance is mostly given to a man who shows a desire to perform that operation, so that he may perform it with the greatest ease to himself. But in an omnibus this delicate law of Anglican nature is reversed. The operator is wedged in so tight, that it is with difficulty he can move his arm to get his purse out. The fact is, every one knows that it is not to benefit himself, and they would see you and your purse at the bottom of the omnibus first, before they would move the thickness of a wafer to help you. How different would be the behavior of these very gentlemen, when standing behind the counters in their shops!

This same sort of sluggish selfishness seems to take possession of the driver He sees persons paying such little attention to each other's comforts, that he learns in time to pay no attention to them himself. The truth is, the selfishness inside gradually acts upon him, and he grows, at last, as selfish, perhaps more so, than any one else. He notices that the universal law in omnibuses is "Every one for himself;" and accordingly he applies that law to his own benefit. In the wild pursuit of it, it little matters to him what he does. He throws in children upon the mere speculation that "some gent will p'raps have the kindness to take them on his knee;" he takes up any number of women, blissfully unconscious whether the omnibus

will contain them or not; he will not "stop" a minute before it pleases him, though a dozen persons may be tugging at him all the while with a dozen hook sticks; and he will think nothing of "putting you down" in the middle of the road, while the passengers shout

"ALL RIGHT! GO A-HEAD!"

THE DUTCHMAN'S ESCAPE.—A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of the hearers. "I tid not go in te pout," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

A Chapter on Kissing.—When a wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "Come sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say, "I think you ought to be ashamed." When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of down-east and Alabama When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied. In Lynn, Mass., when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and answereth thus,—"I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up." Our New York Ladies receive a salute with Christian meekness: they follow the Scripture rule,—When smitten on the *one cheek* they turn the *other also*. When a Bergen girl gets kissed she very calmly remarks, "Hans, tat ish good;" and when a Block Island girl receives a buss, she exclaims with considerable animation, "Well, John, you've wiped my chaps off beautiful."

World of Pure Spirits.—An inveterate dram drinker being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well that's comfort at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

Scene in a School.—"First class in geography come up. Bill Toots, what is a cape?" "A thing that mother wears over her shoulders." "What's a plain?" "A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards.' "What's a desert?" "It's goodies after dinner." "That'll do, Bill, I'll give you goodies after school."

Our young friend Mr. Robert Jones, as he appeared in his new elastic pants, Promenading Broadway.

Our young friend Mr. Robert Jones, as he appeared when, from some unexplained cause, his straps and braces retired from office together.

Board out West.—Traveller dismounts at a tavern. "Halloa landlord—can I get lodgings here to-night?" Landlord. "No, sir; every room in the house is engaged." Traveller. "Can't you even give give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?" Landlord. "No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house." Traveller "Then I'll thank you, sir, to shove a pole out of your second-floo window, and I'll roost on that."

Mrs. Partington Excited.—"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, coming in out of breath, and dropping down into a chair like a jolly old kedge anchor, at the same time fanning herself with an imaginary fan. She didn't say "Bless me" because she was in want of any particular blessing at that time; it was merely an ejaculation of hers, expressive of deep emotion. "Bless me!" said she, "I don't see why the Water Commissionaries were so much worried and fretted about introducing the Cochituate water for; I think it is the easiest thing in the world to get acquainted with. Look at that bonnet now," holding up the antiquated, but well preserved bit o' crape, dripping with watery drops, like the umbrella of Aquarius; "look at that bonnet, now! ruined to all tents and porpoises by the pesky water works. Introduce it, indeed!" continued she, ironically, looking severely at the wrecked article in her hand, "taint no use of introducing an acquaintance that makes so free with you at first sight." She arose to hang up her bonnet, when Ike, who was hanging upon the back of her chair, fell heavily against the window and thrust the rear portion of his person through four panes of [illegible] Isaac," said she, "you'll be the [illegible] I was [illegible] as Kreosote I couldn't stand it."

Bound to be Thar.—A foreigner in America expressing his surprise that the passengers on board a steamboat should leave their beds in a foggy morning at four o'clock, to watch till eight the appearance of the place to which they were destined, a fellow traveller replied, "If you knew my countrymen, you would think it but a matter of course, that in order to arrive at nine they should rise at four. It is the nature of an American to be always in fear lest his neighbor should arrive before him. If one hundred Americans were about to be shot, they would fight for precedence, such are their habits of competition."

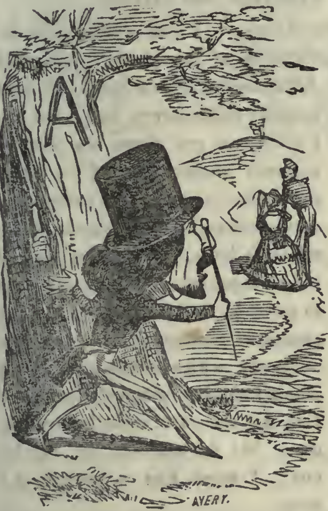
A Modern Farmer's Wife.—A young lady, recently married to a farmer, one day visited the cowhouses, when she thus interrogated her milkmaid: "By-the-by, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk?"

Axe-ing a Man.—Prentice says Mr. Bently, has been indicted for severely wounding a stranger with an axe, alleging as a reason, that he didn't know but what he was a robber. "He didn't know," adds Prentice, "and so he axed him."

A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.—The Horrible Suspicion.

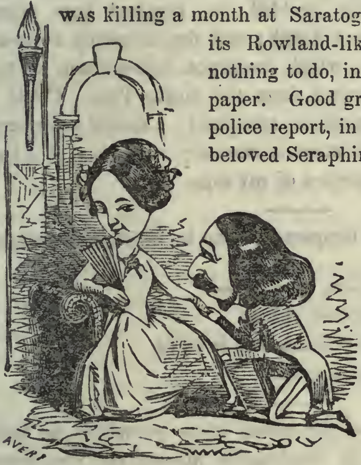


As I was walking in the outskirts of that lovely and never to be forgotten village of Saratoga in the summer of 185– I was going up the hill, and involuntarily agreeing with the poet, "how hard it is to climb," when I saw in the distance the form of Seraphina Podgkinson. But might I not be mistaken. I would not credit such an improbability for a moment on the part of one who had presented me, only on my last birthday, with a magnificent pair of bead braces! But what did I see? By all that was false and jilting in woman, she had on the very *mousseline de laine* I had brought her from Paris. It was the very same sprig—the identical heart's-ease, lacerated with thorns; a pattern too indicative, alas! of my own happiness. I needed no further corroboration; my brain polkaed backwards and forwards, and then waltzed giddily round, and I felt vastly like one who had lost all his money at cards, and is conscious, for the first time, what a fool he has been! I rushed madly away, but could not help taking a farewell glance before I turned my back upon her for ever. Would I had been blind, for then I should not have witnessed with my burning eyes, the perfidious, aristocratic Seraphina giving her arm to a six-foot officer in the army!

CHAPTER II.—THE TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

HAD burnt my braces. I had endeavored to purchase forgetfulness of Seraphina's falseness in a box of full-flavored Havannas! I had smoked them every one; but no, I could not get those six feet of military anatomy out of my head, nor wipe away, from before my eyes, that sylph-like form of *mousseline de laine*. I was a miserable man—I got fat—allowed my hair to grow as it liked—neglected my once dear moustachios—drank beer—let my whiskers run riot—went about actually without straps—in fact, did not care what became of me. My friends left me one by one; I cried like a pump, as I was.

Chapter III.—The Mysterious Discovery.



I WAS killing a month at Saratoga till my hair had resumed its Rowland-like luxuriance, and, having nothing to do, in despair I took up the newspaper. Good gracious, what did I see! A police report, in which the name of my well-beloved Seraphina was mentioned. I involuntarily ground my teeth, as I thought of her perfidy, but still I could not control myself against unconsciously reading the following:—"Mary Duggins, a washerwoman, was charged with having on several occasions worn the dresses of her customers. It was proved that she had worn at Saratoga, on two distinct occasions, a handsome *mousseline de laine* of the lovely Seraphina Podgkinson of Bond Street. Several gentlemen came forward and complained warmly of the indignity, and the very great annoyance their families had been subjected to in consequence of the innumerable *contretemps* that had arisen from Mrs. Duggins wearing their daughters' dresses.

I started up like a madman. So then the figure I had seen on a Sunday was not my beloved Seraphina, but merely the mockery of her elegant self—the mere inanimate clothes that helped to adorn her poetical person! How I laughed at myself! To mistake a washerwoman for her, who had not her equal on the earth! Not to distinguish the native dignity of Podgkinson from the innate soap-suds of a Mary Duggins! Oh, Jealousy! what nincompoops you make of the wisest men!

The following day I was in the arms of my dearest Seraphina. She quizzed me dreadfully, scolded me, inquired how many bumpers of prussic acid I had drank; and the following day sent me a curious little packet, which contained half-a-dozen of the genuine bears' grease imported from the North Pole. Could I mistake such undeniable proofs of affection? I should have been a Malthus, a Martineau, a stone, a mummy, a dummy, if I had not made Podgkinson the partner of my joys.

Novel Argument.—A temperance man in Cincinnati *argufies* thus:

If *wine* is poison, so is *tea*—
  Only in another shape:
What matter whether one is kill'd
  By *canister* or *grape?*

One of the Family.—A gentleman whose preaching we have heard on a Sunday, went to Washington Market not long since and purchased a goose of an old woman who had a lot of them for sale, which she had brought to market from some town of Westchester county, where she lived. After our Reverend had paid for the goose, he observed the woman was crying.

"My good woman, what is the matter! If I have not paid you enough, I will give you more. Only say so."

"Oh no, sir, it ain't the price; but I can't help crying at parting with that favorite old goose, which has been like one of our family for over *eighteen* years!"

Beautiful.—As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots, so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful—*my boots!*

Mr. Twombley's Mistake.—Mr. Thomas Twombley had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of one A.M., and went soberly to bed.

Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the goings and comings of Mr. Thomas, to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made, on retiring; but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombley, in an apologetic tone, "'skuse me! How I came to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm jes' sobe' 's I ever was 'n my life!"

Mr. Twombley sat on the side of his bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, but it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door on coming in, he was astonished; and, dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain.

Mr. Twombley staggered towards the door, to close it; when, to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approach from beyond. Twombley stopped; the figure stopped. Twombley advanced again, and the figure did the same. Twombley raised his right hand—the figure raised its left.

"Who's there!" roared Twombley, beginning to be frightened.

The object made no reply. Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

"By the Lor!" cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be, you sneakin' cuss!"

He hurled his boot full at the head of his mysterious object, when—crash! went the big looking-glass, which Twombley had mistaken for the door!

A BACHELOR'S WOES.—What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow, and when the earth is covered with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, that they may not chance to get froze. Then he puffs and he blows and he swears that he knows, no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes; and with ah's! and with oh's! and with limbs so disposed, that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze, to his slumbers in silence the old bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun had just rose, from beneath the bed-clothes pops the bachelor's nose, when he hears how the wind blows, and sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows if from his bed he rose, to put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

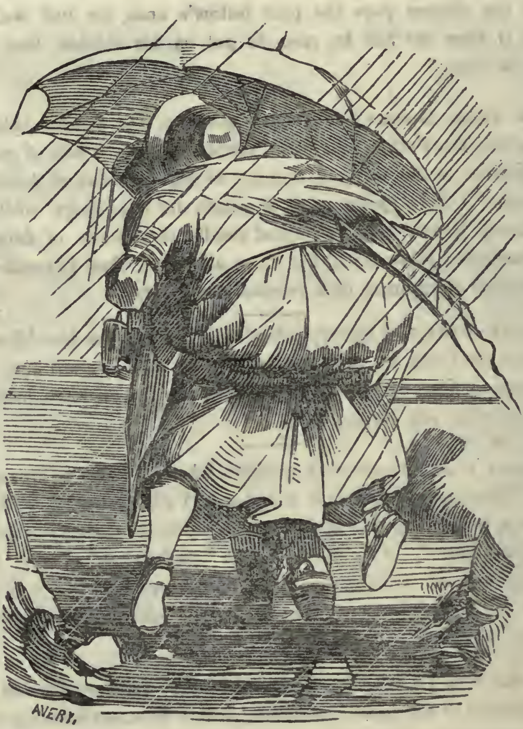
How Folks Differ.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment in a bite of guano. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman goes his length for fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties. The South Sea Islanders differ from all these, their favorite dish being boiled clergymen, or a roasted missionary.

A hard story.—A correspondent writing from San Jose Mission, says that the bulls in that region live to such a great age, that their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns *to let the wrinkles run out on!*

Making a Shift.—Snooks wonders where all the pillow-cases go to. He says that he never asked a girl what she was making, when she was engaged in white sewing, without having in answer, "A pillow-case." Yes, they have to "make shift" as best they can, and answer anything. A gentleman once asked a young lady of his acquaintance, "What are you making, Miss Knapp?" "Knapp-sack," was the quick reply.

One of the Old Ladies.—An old lady, not remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine Summer evening, said—"It was a beautiful, bright night; the moon made everything *as light as a feather!*"

A Good Note.—"Is your note good?" asked a merchant the other day, of a person who offered a note for a lot of goods. "Well," replied the purchaser, "I should think it ought to be; every body's got one!"



LOVE IN ADVERSITY.

BY PROFESSOR WIDESWARTH.

When life-storms beat in fury on our head—
  The world grown cold, and fortune darkly frowning,
  No plank thrown out to save us if we're drowning,
And hope of aid from out our bosom fled;

When friends we've aided in our summer time—
Whom we'd have shed our life's warm blood to save—
Now turn from us with aspect strange and grave,
As if our poverty were deepest crime:—
Let them all go—we'll closer cling together,
When storms essay their fiercest, bitterest might,
And deepest blackness crowns misfortune's night—
Our heart's affection yields not to the weather!
Cling we in storm, like yonder girl and "feller,"
Who snuggle close beneath that small umbrella.

AN ILLINOIS COURT SCENE.—A constable that had lately been inducted into office was in attendance on the court, and was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began at the top of his lungs.

"John Bell and Elizabeth Bell?"

"One at a time," said the judge.

"One at a time—*One at a time*—ONE AT A TIME," shouted the constable.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge, out of patience.

"*Now you've done it—now you've done it*—NOW YOU'VE DONE IT,"—yelled the constable. There was no standing this, the court, bar, and bystanders broke into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

STIRRING THEM UP.—A Michigan paper publishes the following: "Fellow citizens! If you are asleep—awake! If you are awake—move! If you are moving—walk! If you are walking—run! If you are running—fly to the rescue!"

TEMPERANCE OPPOSED TO MARRIAGE.—Why should a teetotaller refrain from marrying? Because, if he got a wife his principles would not permit him to sup-*porter*.

Mamma. Why that's your Uncle Charles, just come back from Europe, why don't you kiss him, Ellen?

Ellen. Why Ma, I don't see any place!

A Good Reason he could not do It.—Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments."

"Sir," said the Signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five cent pieces which that lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

A New Remedy.—"What can a man do," asked a green 'un, "when the sheriff is seen coming up to him with a writ in his hand?"

"Apply the remedy," said another, gruffly.

"Apply the remedy! What kind of remedy?"

"*Heel*-ing remedy, you goose—run like a quarter-horse."

PAT TOO MUCH FOR THE YANKEE.

A Pat—an odd joker—and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by:
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
Give that gallows its due, pray where then would you be?"
"Why honey," said Pat, "faith that's easily known,
I'd be riding to town—by myself—all alone."

Women Beat the Devil.—*Query.* Would the devil beat his wife if he had one?"

Ans. Guess not—for women generally beat the d——l.

Quaker Inspiration.—Miss Drummond, the Quakeress preacher, was asked whether the spirit ever inspired her with the thoughts of getting married?

"No, friend," said she, "but the flesh has."

Smart Boy.—"Sonny, what is your father's name?"

"I don't know what it is now—it used to be Smith, but he's got married."

"That is, I suppose, Smith was his maiden name?"

"Yeth 'um!"

Smart boy—we shouldn't wonder much if you bought a lot of oxen some day, and opened a dry dairy.

Irish Coolness.—"How is coal this morning," said a purchaser to an Irishman in a coal yard. "Black as iver," replied Pat, respectfully taking off the remains of his hat.

Irish Innocence.—"Molly," said a lady to her servant, "I think you'll never set the river on fire." "Indade, ma'am," innocently replied Molly, "I'd never be after doing anything so wicked—I'd be burning up all the little fishes."

"DROPPING AN ACQUAINTANCE."

Calling the Watch-house.—The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion, "By gar, you call my vife a voman three several times once more, and I vill call de vatch-house, and blow your brain like a candle, by dam."

THE HARE A-PARENT.

The Elephant's Keyhole.—A lady in a menagerie being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass? replied, that she was "looking for the keyhole to his trunk!"

Twelve at a Birth.—A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says—"She has twelve berths in her ladies' cabin."

"Oh, life of me," exclaimed an old lady on reading the above, "what squalling there must have been."

Letting 'em out.—An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman was told that his garments happened to fit a countryman of his, and he had let them out at a shilling a week.

A Good Old Darkey.—A negro preacher, referring to the Judgment Day in his sermon, said: "Brethren and sisters, in that day, the Lord shall diwide the sheep from the goats; and, bress de Lord, we know which *wears de wool!*"

A Heavy Letter.—"I find there are a half dozen partridges in the letter," said a gentleman to a servant, who replied, "Sir, I am glad you have found them *in the letter; for they flew out of the basket.*"

Not Bad.—"Where was I, Ma," said a little urchin one day to his mother, as he stood gazing upon his drunken prostrate father, "where was I when you married Pa? Why didn't you take *me* along, I could have picked out *a better man than he is!*"

Braying Chronicle says that the man who would systematically and willingly set about cheating a printer, would commit highway robbery upon a crying baby, and rob it of its gingerbread—take the last bit of hoe cake from a starving negro—rob a church of pennies—lick the butter off a blind negro's "flitter"—pawn the false whiskers of a dandy for liquor—skin a toad for his hide—and take the clothes of a scare-crow, to make a respectable appearance in society.

A Mistaken Young Man.—"I hope you will be able to *support* me," said a young lady while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalks.

"Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with a little assistance from your father." There was some confusion, and a profound silence.

"I GOT SOME BOOT IN THAT BARGAIN," AS THE LOAFER SAID WHEN HE GOT KICKED DOWN STAIRS.

VERY UN–LAMB LIKE.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this story was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "O, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."

"I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

A BOY'S AT–TACK.—"Father, do ships make nails?" "No, my son; why do you ask?" "Because I heard our captain say that the ship had made two *tacks* within the last half hour."

STOP HER! STOP HER!—"Halloo, Mr. Engineman! can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?" "Stop the boat! What for?" "Wife wants to look at your biler; she's afraid of its bustin'."

COULD'NT BE ANYTHING ELSE.—The mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "La, me," she replied, rocking to and fro; "I've got fourteen, *mostly boys and girls!*"

A DESTRUCTIVE INDIVIDUAL.—The following toast was lately given: "D—n your canals, blast your furnaces, sink your coal pits, down with your railroads, away with your electric telegraphs, and over with your suspension bridges."

BEHIND AND BEFORE.—Those who are much *before*, are guilty of a great *waste*—of time; and those who are little behind should make it up by a *bustle*.

"A SQUALLY NIGHT."

Improved Cookery.—Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best way you can; let the gentleman be raw, and the young lady put in a good quantity of wine, and while he is soaking, stick in a word or two now and then about Miss ——; this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the gills, take him out into the drawing-room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea; and then seat them both at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings; when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on a sofa, and there let them simper together the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner table, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage, care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

SORRY FOR THE GAL.—"Come here, my dear; I want you to tell me all about your sister. Now tell me truly, has she got a beau?" "No, it's the jaundice she's got—the doctor says so."

AN IRISH MISTAKE.—"As I was going," said an Irishman, "over a bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewins;" says I, "How are you?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Dolley," says he; says I, "That's not my name." "Faith no more is mine Hewins," says he. "So we looked at each other, and faith, it turned out to be neither of us!"

A WITTY DIVINE.—Those two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using his wit in the controversy.

"Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give *you* wit, what would you have done?"

NOVEL EXIT.—A shrewd and lively young belle was introduced a few evenings ago to a bombastic little youth, about as diminutive in his person as a man can well be. After conversing with her for some minutes he turned to leave the room, when, as he was on the point of opening the door, the young lady *innocently* observed, "Pray don't trouble yourself, there is the *key-hole*."

HOW ARE YOUR STEAKS.—A wealthy butcher was playing the game of *ecarte* a few evenings since at the mansion of a city alderman, when a lady, who was betting on the game, leaned over the back of his chair, and innocently asked a friend opposite, "How are stakes now?" Mr. ——, wholly absorbed in the game, quickly turned with the reply, "Very cheap; rump-steaks are now, madam, but ten-pence a pound."

Alabama Senatorial Eloquence.—"Mr. Speaker: Sir, our fellow-citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brown-creaters (bronchitis), and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenious creater, and in the early part of his life had a farther and mother. His uncle, Timothy Higgins, served under General Washington, who was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were burst in firing salutes. Sir, Mr. Speaker—General Washington would have voted for the tariff of 1846 if he had been alive and hadn't a'died sometime before hand. Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the arm of the legislature, and adjourn till to-morrow morning, as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, and died of the browncreaters yesterday in the forenoon."

Scene in a Country Court.—A friend of ours was called to give evidence in a court held by a justice of the peace in an adjoining county. Accustomed to the staid propriety of the higher courts, our readers can judge of his astonishment at hearing one of the lawyers talk to the justice after this fashion:—"May it please your honor, I did not intend to become excited in this cause, but *you are so infernal stupid* that all efforts to control my temper are unavailing."

Quaint Dialogue in the Backwoods.—A passing traveller met with a settler, near a house, and inquired, "Whose house?" "Moggs." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Frogs." "What's the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."

Taking Him at His Word.—An advocate, blind of an eye, pleading one day with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, I shall use nothing but what is necessary." "Then," said Minguay, "take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

A Cannibal.—A ship was recently lying in the harbor of New Orleans, when an Irish emigrant one day came aboard, and thus addressed the cook, who was also Irish—"Are you the mate?" "No!" said he; "but I'm the man as boils the mate!"

THE QUAKER'S ANSWER.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up.

"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Ay, Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls *love*?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

FRESH GREENS.—A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

WHAT A WESTERN EDITOR WANTS.—Wanted at this office, a bull-dog, of any color except pumpkin-and-milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove, and steals the exchanges.

TOOTH-PULLING ILLUSTRATED.—Before the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrament applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. "Stop," cried the dentist, "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen to show you Cartwright's method of operating." Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. "Now don't be impatient, that is Dumerge's way; be seated and calm, you will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it, and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "That is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge, and Parkinson."

A JOKE ABOUT THE SHAKERS.—We heard a good story the other night of two persons engaged in a duel. After the first fire, one of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands and make up. The other second said he saw no particular necessity for that, for their hands had been shaking ever since they began!

NO PEDLARS IN HEAVEN.—A Pedlar calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar had ever travelled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedler has ever travelled, (the pedler's countenance brightened), and that's the road to heaven."

A PHILOSOPHER.—A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

"FAST GALS."

Sarah Jane. "OH, YOU ORRID DREADFUL STORY-TELLER, I DIDN'T."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM, I SEE HIM KISS YER, AND HERE I'VE BEEN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"

THE POOR FELLOW.—A young lady, at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular? She replied immediately, with much naivette, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

SLOW.—A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac Railroad. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on that road, and replied:—"Never—but once a middle aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of *old age* at Birmingham—half way!"

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—A poor fellow who took the overland route to California, writes back that he was so hard run in May last, that he had to boil his cotton umbrella for greens—for a knuckle of ham, he had to use his old shoe.

BOARD AND LODGING GRATIS.—Two sailors were sitting on the gunwale of their ship drinking grog. "This is meat and drink," said Jack, and fell overboard as he was speaking. "And now you have got washing and lodging," coolly remarked Tom.

A WHOLE HOG STORY.—"'Tis Grease! But living grease no more!" The Buffalo Courier gives an amusing account of a gentleman who mounted a barrel of lard to hear and see, on the arrival of the Mayflower with the President and suite. Just as he was listening with great unction to the speeches, the barrel head gave way, and he slid easily and noiselessly up to his "third button" in the great staple of Ohio, exclaiming, "La-a-r-d have mercy on us!"

A SAILOR WITH TOO MUCH BALLAST ON HAND.—A farmer hired a sailor to dig a batch of potatoes upon condition of being allowed a bottle of whiskey to begin with. In about an hour the farmer went to see how the son of Neptune had progressed with his business of farming, when he found him holding to a stump, the bottle lying empty at his feet, and no potatoes dug. "Hallo, you rascal," said he, "is this the way you dig potatoes?" "If you want your potatoes dug," said the sailor, hiccoughing, "bring 'em on, for I'm not going to run all round the lot after 'em."

LOST HER SUIT.—A lady, with a sigh, exclaimed—"Well, I have lost my lawsuit! "Oh, mamma, how glad I am," said her child, "that you have lost it—for it tormented you awfully!"

GENERAL ALARM.

Pithy Dialogue.—[A schoolmaster (somewhere *west* of course) was brought before a magistrate for severely beating one of his scholars.]

Magistrate—How old are you?

Schoolmaster—Me? I am about 35.

Mag.—Married man?

S. M.—Yes, sir.

Mag.—How long?

S. M.—Two years.

Mag.—Pay well?

S. M.—Not very.

Mag.—How many children have you?

S. M.—Ten.

Mag.—What! ten? How is that possible?

S. M.—I have an assistant.

Mag.—You must give bail in this case, the Court requires it.

Oh Come!—"Captain H., how do you spell oakum? Mr. W. here, the ship carpenter, has given it a new touch."

"Why, o-a-k oak, h-u-m, hum, oakhum, of course," replied the captain.

"That's all hum, captain, but he's rather worse than you—he's written it in one place in his bill o-k-u-m-b, and in another o-c-u-m!"

Neck or Nothing.—An old gentleman, who has a peculiar relish now and then for a glass of the ardent, not long since, after taking a horn of good Santa Cruz, thus expressed himself:—"I vow, I wish my neck was as long as the Androscoggin River, and twice as crooked!"

Broke the Pledge.—A man in Orange County was found one night, climbing an overshot wheel in a fulling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was trying to get up to bed, but somehow or other the stairs wouldn't hold still.

Mrs. Partington on Gambling.—"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as that interesting juvenile was playing a game of "knuckle up" against the kitchen wall, to the imminent danger of the old clock which ticked near by, "this is a marvelous age, as Deacon Babson says, and perhaps there's no harm in 'em, but I'm afeard no good 'll come out of it—no good at all—for you to keep playing marvels all the time, as you do. I am afeard you will learn how to gambol, and become a bad boy, and forget all the good device I have given you. Ah, it would break my heart, Isaac, to have you given to naughty tricks, like some wicked boys that I know, who will be rakeshames in the airth if they don't die before their time comes. So don't gambol, dear, and always play as if you had just as lieves the minister would see you as not." She handed him a little bag she had made for him to keep his marbles in, and patted his head kindly as he went again to play. Ike was fortified, for the next five minutes, against temptation to do evil; but

"Chase span, in the ring,
Knuckle up, or any thing,"

are potent when arrayed against out-of-sight solicitude, and we fear that the boy forgot. There is much reason in the old lady's fear.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JEW'RY.

The Dutchman's Horse.—"Hans, where is the horse?"

"He broke de staple door into, kicked te traces open, and run round te lamp posht mit te corner grocery, like der divel."

Horrible Accident.—"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother."

"Why not?"

"Because, every time she drinks it she blows us up!"

An Unanswerable Argument.—"Come, come, come," said one who was wide awake, to one who was fast asleep, "get up, get up; don't you know 'tis the early bird that catches the worm!" "Serves the worm right," said the grumbling sleeper; "worms shouldn't get up before the birds do!"

A Fair Joke.—A chap from the country, who visited this city "to see the Fourth of July," entered one of our hotels and sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, he remarked that "he didn't care 'bout readin' now; he'd wait till after dinner."

A SMART BOY.

Fond Mother. "WHY, HE DOESN'T WRITE VERY WELL YET, BUT HE GETS ON NICELY WITH HIS SPELLING. COME, ALEXANDER, WHAT DOES D. O. G. SPELL?"

Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness.) "CAT!"

No Loss.—A gentleman was condoling with a lady on the loss of her husband, but finding that she treated it with indifference, suddenly exclaimed :—"Oh, very well, madam, if that be the way you take it, I care just as little about it as you."

'CAUSE HE COULDN'T.—"I wonder this child don't go to sleep," said an anxious mother to a female friend. "Well, I don't," replied the lady. "Its face is so dirty that it can't shut its eyes."

JONATHAN'S LOCOMOTIVE DECLARATION TO HIS SWEET-HEART.

"By those cheeks of lovely hue;
By those eyes of deepest blue,
Which thy very soul looks through,
As if, forsooth, those clear blue eyes
Were portals into paradise;
By that alabaster brow;
By that hand as white as snow,
By that proud, angelic form;
By that rounded classic arm;
By those locks of raven hair;
By those vermil lips, I swear;
By the ocean, by the air;
By the ligtning and the thunder;
By all things on earth or under;
By the 'lectric telegraph;
By my future 'better half;'
By our vespers, by our dreams;
By our matins and Te Deums;
By young Cupid, by my Muse;
By—whatever else you choose;
Yes, I swear by all creation,
And this endless 'Yankee Nation,'
That—I—love—you—like—tar-na-tion!"

[*Whistles and stops.*]

FOLLOWING SUIT.

WHAT AN IDEA.—"What d'ye think the chaps ashore call a hat?" said a jolly Jack tar, whose vessel was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, to a shipmate enjoying a pipe by his side. "I don't know," replied his messmate, "some outlandish name or other I suppose." "Why, they calls it a *sombrero*," said Jack. "The cussed fools," said the other, "why can't they just as easy say hat at once."

A GAL'S WASTE.—A school boy "down east," who was noted among his play-fellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when, coming to the phrase, "making *waste* places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin, and cried out:

"I know what it means, master. It means hugging the gals; for Tom Ross is allers huggin' 'em around the waist, and it makes 'em as glad as can be."

A PUBLIC TOOTH-BRUSH.—As the steamer Connecticut was passing Blackwell's Island, on her way from Norwich to New York, a gentleman might have been seen performing his ablutions in one of the marble basins in the wash-room in the forward part of the boat. While he was in the midst of his task, a tall and verdant specimen of the incipient Yankee traveller entered the apartment, and, after staring about a few moments to assure himself, commenced a conversation with his fellow passenger—

"I sa-ay yeou—kin anybody wash himself in this here cooky?"

"You have a perfect right to avail yourself of the accommodations of the boat. You can help yourself to the water."

"Yaas; but this here pumpkin-shell has got a hole in the bottom, and the darned fasset's knocked all askew. I swow, yeou, is that brass cock made of solid silver? I swanny, this wash-hand dish looks jest like marble!"

The gentleman quietly placed the stopper in the right place, and "turned on" the water for our hero, who soon "made himself at home" pretty generally. The former, however, in a short time missed his tooth-brush, and on looking around, was astonished to perceive the Yankee applying it vigorously to his tobacco-stained ivory.

"My dear friend, you made a great mistake in using my tooth-brush," said the gentleman.

"Your what?—your brush? You don't mean to say that this here's your tooth-brush?"

"I do, sir; but it is of no consequence now. You are welcome to the brush."

The Yankee looked puzzled at first, as if he suspected a trick, but at length he exclaimed:—

"Here, yeou, take your confounded thing-umbob! But I should like to know what in thunder has become of the tooth-brush that belongs to the boat!"

THE BEST WAY.—Some years ago, a medical student, who had paid more attention to billiards than anatomy, was brought before a Professor for examination, when the following questions and reply were passed:

"What would you do first, in the case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder?"

"I should wait until he came down."

A SMALL JOKE.—When is cotton not cotton? When it's *down*

MORE "BITES" THAN FISH.

PADDY ON BUGS.

Muskathers, the crathers, bangs all human natur,
They blow on their trumpits, and fades where they plase;
And the bugs, be the blazis, the run quather racez,
And dances kodrills on me legs wid the flase.
Thim bugs has a savior, of mighty high flavior,
They're the size ov me hand, and they come in big throops;
The English they raise 'em, and hoighly they praise 'em,
For illegant attire made in turtle soups.

"TIS FALSE," AS THE GIRL SAID WHEN HER BEAU TOLD HER SHE HAD BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Eloquent Appeal.—A number of years ago, a young lawyer was employed to defend a culprit who was arraigned upon a charge of stealing a pig. The case was not one calculated to call forth a great display of eloquence, but as it was his first case, and he was panting for distinction, the young advocate resolved to give the Court and jury an earnest of his future efforts, and convince them that he "was bound to shine." Accordingly he proceeded to deliver the following brilliant exordium. "May it please the Court, and gentlemen of the jury—while Europe is bathed in blood—while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded infidel to dust—

while the chosen few of degenerate Iberia are waving their burnished swords in the sunlight of liberty—while America shines forth, the brightest orb in the political sky, I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble *hog-thief.*"

Punching His Wife.—"How can you, my dear, prefer *punch* to *wine?*"—"Because, my dear, 'tis so like matrimony: such a charming compound of opposite qualities."—"Aye, my lord, I am the *weak* part, I suppose?"—"No, my love, you are the *sweet* with a dash of the *acid*, and no small portion of the *spirit.*"

Nature and Art.—"Ah, Eliza," cried a puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets; "Ah, Eliza, had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you." "When I was an infant," replied the damsel "so he did, but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

MELANCHOLY CASE OF SUICIDE.

On a log sat a frog,
Crying for his daughter;
Tears he shed till his eyes were red
And then jumped into the water—
And drowned himself.

CITIZENS IN THE STATE OF MANE.

Peripatetic Philosophy.—In walking the streets, the man who thinks of the future looks upward, the man who thinks of the past looks downward If he look straight before him, he is occupied with the present; if he look right and left, he thinks, good man, of nothing. If he cast frequent looks behind him, lay it down as an infallible axiom that he is thinking then of his creditors.

Mrs. Partington's Ideas on Love.—Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," says Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, and cheeks like a tarnation, and eye like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

Fire Up!—The following orders are said to have been given by the captain of a western steamboat when he was about to engage in a race with another boat:

"Rosin up thar, and tell the engineer to shut down the safety valves. Give her goss. Gentlemen who haven't stepped up to the captain's office and settled, will please retire to the ladies' cabin till we pass that boat or bust. Fire up!"

A **Legal Distinction.**—Two prominent advocates in the eastern section, within fifty miles of Bangor, were once engaged in a case in court on opposite sides. Their feelings were very much enlisted in their client's favor. One of them, in the course of his remarks, made an assertion which very much excited the other, who, thereupon, sprang upon his feet and exclaimed, "Brother C., do you say it as a lawyer or as a man? If you say it as a lawyer, it is very well, but if you say it as a man, you lie!"

A **Public Examination.** — *Teacher.* "John Smith, where is Africa?"

John Smith. "Somewhere east of New York."

Teacher. "I want something more positive; I want its location with respect to the other parts of the globe. Next."

William Jones. "It is surrounded by the Mediterranean Sea, Atlantic Ocean, and the Indian Ocean."

Teacher. "Very well; but now since you are talking of oceans, Thomas Stokes, just tell me what an ocean is?"

Thomas Stokes. "An Oh-shun is a man that owes a great many debts, and shun is his by-word; he is moreover very careful to get out of the way of his creditors."

Teacher. "I always thought you were a lazy lubber; please step this way, and I will pay you off in the very presence of this company; I will not have my school dishonored by any such lazy scamps as you are." After paying off this poor fellow for his mistake, the teacher bawled out for the spelling class.

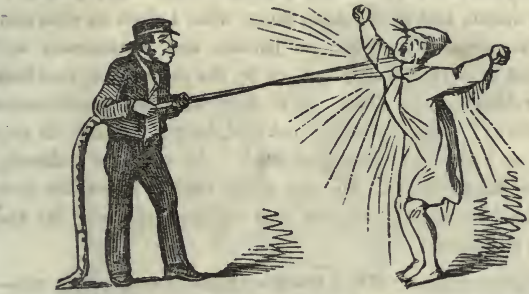
Teacher. "First boy, spell Population?"

Billy Bells. "P-o-p, Pop—Pop—Pop."

Teacher. "What, do you not know that your father is not here to help you? and if he was I would expose him before the whole of our village for undertaking to make his son appear well at the examination."

At this stage of the examination I left.

A MORNING'S EXPERIENCE IN A WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.



WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING YOU GET A COOL RECEPTION.

BEFORE BREAKFAST. | AFTER BREAKFAST.

Ike Partington a full Band.—"Don't make such a noise, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike sat playing on a jewsharp and kicking the time out upon a sheet iron fireboard with one foot, and slamming to the oven door of the stove with the other. He was somewhat noisy. "Don't make such a noise, Isaac; my head aches as if my skull was infracted: I shall have a suggestion of the brain if you don't be still." But Ike played on, and the sheet iron fireboard, like a Chinese gong, reverberated through the house. He was rehearsing a new overture to a thunder storm about to be produced by a juvenile theatre of which he was manager. The old lady stopped her ears and continued, "I shouldn't wonder if he took to music, and then I don't know what I shall do with him. Musicianers are such people, so jealous and crustaceous and pestilent and always unhappy. I see by the papers, too, that they have got a Meddlesome Club, as if they were not meddlesome enough before." Mendelssohn, kind old lady! "Isaac, do stop that noise, or I shall go raven distracted." Isaac ceased suddenly, the thunder storm cleared up, the gong became silent, the oven door remained mute on its hinges, and stillness reigned. Ike had broken his jewsharp.

HARDLY POSSIBLE.—"When I was a child—a *very* young one—I used to say that I remembered very well the day on which I was born, for mother was down stairs frying doughnuts!"

ROMANTIC, VERY.—It was on a lovely moonlit eve, in "golden robed October," as we sat by our open window, looking out upon the cheering prospect before us. Lovely dark-eyed maidens were continually tripping by, and ever and anon a sly, half-timid glance, or a gentle nod, would send to our soul the flattering unction that we were not yet by them forgotten; soft notes of sweet music were borne to our ears on the gentle evening breeze; a bottle of sparkling champagne and a box of cigars were temptingly arrayed on the table at our side; and our life seemed but one continuous flowing stream of happiness, pleasure, and delight. But hark! the door leading to our apartment is softly opened, and in our presence stands a mysterious looking stranger, holding in his right hand a carefully folded, but much worn and soiled, slip of paper. He advances nearer towards us; we tremble from head to foot; we *feel* pale as death; and now, just as we are about to sink back into our chair in a state of complete exhaustion, our fondly cherished dreams of earthly bliss are spoiled, by having rung in our ears the ominous words—"*Can you make it convenient to settle this little bill to-day?*"

Mrs. Partington (loq.) "BLESS MY HEART! HOW SMALL THEY MAKE THE EYES OF THE NEEDLES NOW-A-DAYS TO BE SURE!"

DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

"Ah, must we part?—my poor, poor heart
Will pine in mute despair.
Oh! ere you go, to cheer my woe,
Leave one lock of thy hair!"

Alfred replied—"It cannot be"—
And his tears came rolling big.—
"I've not a lock to spare for thee;
Dearest, I wear a wig!"

"CÆSAR ASTONISHING THE NATIVES."

Two Stories.—"Did yur fall hurt you?" said one hod-carrier to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house.

"Not in the laste, honey; 'twas the stoppen' so quick that hurt me."

Nature.—A lady hired a western country girl for a family "help," and was surprised to see her poke her head into the parlor one afternoon when visitors were present, and ask, "Marm, did you call just now? I thought I heard a yell!"

Well Said.—Once upon a time, on a Sunday afternoon, a lad was so lazy in his motions, that he did not go to the church door till the congregation were coming out, and he said to the first man he met:—

"What! is it all done?"

"No," said the man, "it is all *said*, but I'm thinking it will be a long time before it will be all *done*."

Life in Illinois.—The "Suckers" are an original people, and not a few good stories have their own origin, rise and progress among them. A gentleman who was travelling in Illinois some time ago, says he called at a house on the road side to ask for a drink of water, when the following colloquy took place between himself and a boy who answered his summons:

Traveller. "Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?"

Boy. "I don't know sir; but my mother says since I was born."

Tra. "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

Boy. "Yes, a few."

Tra. "How many?"

Boy. "Ten or eleven, I reckon."

Tra. "Pretty healthy here, isn't it?"

Boy. "Yes; but sometimes we have a little ager."

Tra. "Any of you got it now?"

Boy. "Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon."

Tra. "How many?"

Boy. "Why, all on us, except sister Nance; and she's such a darnation cross critter, that the ager won't lite on her; and if it did she's so duced contrary she wouldn't shake, no how you could fix it."

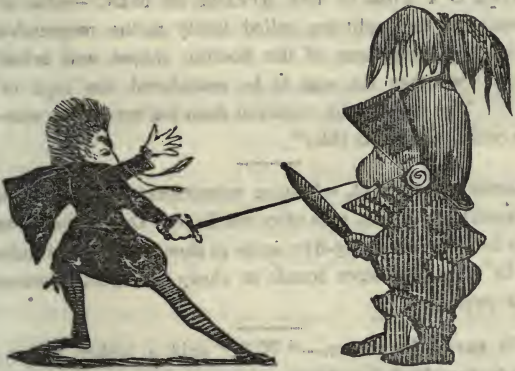
Apparent Fun.—Whenever a wish is *father* to the thought, it will be a(p)parent.

"HAVING A STAKE IN THE COUNTRY."

A STRANGE CREATURE; OR, PAT'S DISCOVERY.—A gentleman travelling, stopped to see a friend, and left his horse tied on the road. On his return, he found the animal had slipped his bridle. While in pursuit of him, he met an Irish pedestrian, of whom he inquired, "Have you seen a strange creature anywhere hereabouts, with a saddle on?" "Och, by the powers, you may well say that." "Where!" "Just yonder." "Will you show me the place?" "That I will, in less than no time at all almost," said the man, approaching a small wood of young timber. "Ah, there he is, sure enough, honey!" The gentleman looked up, and said, "I do not see him." "Then, by Saint Patrick, you must be blind—not see him! Just cast your two good looking eyes in that direction. Och, by the powers of mud, what's he about now? Only see how he swallows his head!" "Why, sir, that's a turtle, and not a horse." "A horse! and who the deuce said it was a horse? Sure a horse is not a strange creature," added he, pointing to the turtle, "and he has a saddle on; but, hang me if I'd bridle him for the whole kingdom of North America!"

SAY YES, PUSSY.—A gentleman, not long since, wishing to pop the question, did it in the following singular manner. Taking up the lady's cat, he said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, who said, "Say yes, Pussy."

SURE TO KEEP.—The editor of a newspaper out towards Lake Champlain, has discovered a way of keeping eggs from spoiling. His method is, *to eat them while they are fresh!* Bravo!



"OH, MY PROPHETIC SOUL, MY UNCLE!"
Hamlet, Act I., Sc. V.

NOVEL PRESCRIPTION.—They tell a story in New England of a man of property, whose health happened to give way under long-continued intemperance. He consulted Dr. Spring, of Watertown, who said, "I can cure you if you will do as I bid you." His patient promised obedience. "Now," says the doctor, "you must steal a horse. Yes—you must steal a horse. You will be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such, that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

THE SQUINT-EYED BUTCHER.—One day, a butcher having ordered his new assistant to bring the victim to the slaughter, who, not observing that his superior was cross-eyed, until the very instant he was drawing the blow, cried out in an exclamatory voice, "Sir, do you mean to strike where you look?" "Yes!" "Well, then, venerable Nicholas may hold the ox, I won't."

"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN."—One of the augumentative hair-splitters called lately on the respectable and much beloved clergyman of the floating chapel, and asked him seriously, "whether his was to be considered the high or low church?" The answer he received from his reverence was—"*It depends entirely upon the tide!*"

SHEEPISH.—An agent, soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who after reading—"One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand, when called upon for payment.

WON'T BRING INTEREST.—"Wife," said a broker, a few days since, "do you think I shall ever be worth fifty thousand dollars?"

"Aint I worth that to you?" said the confiding spouse.

"Y-e-s," hesitatingly replied the other half, "but I can't put you out at interest."

PAINFUL SUSPENSE.

A **Comparative Buster.**—"Lizzie," said a little curly-headed boy, of some five years, "isn't Sam Slick a *buster?*"

"Why, Charley?"

"Because, the grammar says, positive buss, comparative buster; and I did see him give you such a positive buss." Lizzy swooned.

A **Forgetting Subject.**—A brave officer, who had been wounded with a musket-ball in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting-table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to probe and cut in that region of his anatomy. After a while, the "subject" said:—

"Don't cut me up in that style, doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?"

"We are looking after the ball," replied the senior operator.

"Why didn't you say so, then, before?" asked the indignant patient; "I've got the ball in my pocket!" said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat, and taking it out. "I took it out myself," he added; "didn't I *mention* it to you? I meant to!"

A **Certain Receipe.**—Hundreds of people complain of being afflicted with bed-bugs. The following will be valuable to travellers and others. It is simple and perfectly safe, and is approved by a western philosopher:—On going to bed, strip off your shirt, and cover yourself from head to foot with boiled molasses. Let every part of the body be covered thickly with it. On coming to bite you, the bugs will stick fast to the molasses, and you can kill them in the morning.

A **Maine-ac.**—A chap stepped into a store down-east where liquor was kept for "medicinal and mechanical purposes," and produced a large bottle, which he desired to have filled. Upon being asked for what purpose he wanted it, he said: "mechanical—he was going to make an ox-yoke in the afternoon!"

ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

THE CAPTAIN BEFORE STARTING, ALL MILDNESS AND AFFABILITY.

THE CAPTAIN AT SEA, A PERFECT HEROD.

How to Enjoy a Kiss.—The editor of the Wilmington, (Del) Herald, who appears to know all about the matter, thus discourses about Kissing :—Of course you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you. Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm, and press her to your bosom.—At the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing off precussion caps, or trying the water-cocks of a steam-engine, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tippet or ruffle, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the sweet blisfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a roast duck.

A Put-ty story.—An Alabama paper gives an account of the divorce of a woman from her husband, a Mr. Put. It seems "she would not stay *Put*."

How to Find Room in an Omnibus.—*Conductor.* "Would any gentleman mind going outside, to oblige a lady?"

Unfortunate Gentleman (tightly wedged in at the back).—"I should be very happy, but I only came, yesterday, out of the ship fever hospital, at Bellevue!"

(Omnibus empty, save the speaker.)

Poor Fellow.—A St. Louis paper tells us a story of a disconsolate widower, who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "Well, I've lost cows, but I never had anything to cut me like this."

A Dialogue in the Back-woods.—"What are you at there, you black scoundrel? Twice you awoke me from a sound sleep; and not content with that, you are now pulling off the bed-clothes. Get you gone, sir."—"Well, af you won't git up, I must hab a sheet, any how, coz they're waiting for de table-cloth!"

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

"'Tis sweet to hear the tree-toad peep,
To chase the bat when day reposes,
To see the youthful bull-frogs leap,
And grab the pollywogs by their noses,
But sweeter far it is to me,
Myself in Sally's lap to throw,
There let my home forever be,
My love—my life—my Sally Snow!"

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE.

WHAT AM I?—[Scene, a stout old gentleman and his wife gazing at their children, a pair of twins, who are encircled in each other's arms in the cradle.]

Wife—Do look at them, husband; aint they a precious pair of *lambs*?

Husband, (very innocently,)—If they are a pair of precious *lambs*, pray tell me love, what am I?

RISING GENIUSES.—*Master*. "Fuss class in jografee!" *Scholars*. "Yeth'm." *Master*. "Tummas, what's the biggest river in Ameriky?" *Scholar*. "The Tom*big*bee, zar: Ike keeps a pinchin' on me." "He pincht me first, zur, and I pincht him back again." *Master*. "Take yer seats. Fuss class in parsin!" *Scholar*. Yeth'm." *Master*. "Moses, parse Arkansas,—sixth line from top." *Scholar*. "A r k ark, a n s ans, arkans, a s s ass, Arkansas." *Master*. "Pronounce it Arkansaw; but, Moses, you aint spellin,—you're parsin, child." *Scholar*. "O, yeth'er! Harkhandsaw is a noun, objectiv case, indicativ mode, comparative degree, third person, and nomitiv case to scizzars." *Master*. "You havent said what gender, Moses." *Scholar*. "Feminine gender." *Master*. "Why?" *Scholar*. "Corzitz——" *Master*. "Next." *Scholar*. "Corziz a shemale." *Master*. "Next." *Scholar*. "Forgotten, zur." *Master*. "Come, David, you know." *Scholar*. "Yeth'm." *Master*. "Well, why is Arkansas of the feminine gender, David?" *Scholar*. "Corzitz—why corzitz got Miss Souri on the norf, Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs. Sippy on the east, and ever so many more shemales on the west." *Master*. "Very well, David, you may go to the head; you're a rising genius, and'll make a man before yer mother." *Scholar*. "Yeth'm."

A NEW READING.—"Go to thunder," is now rendered: Take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of heaven's artillery.

Can't die before your Time Comes.—I knew an old man who believed that "what was to be, would be." He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in the early times, with very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some one of the family had it out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die until his time came, anyhow. "Yes," says the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time had come, it wouldn't do not to have *my* gun."

Sal, don't Founder!—At the celebrated ball in Coldwater, after the dancers began "to get interested," and commenced calling for "fast tune," a couple who had been particularly industrious, and were very much warmed up by the exercise, "hauled off" for a drink. The lady drank immoderately, and the young man, probably having witnessed the result of watering too freely after "fast driving," in a voice that could be heard all over the room, cried out,—"Sal, don't founder!" The sententious warning, it is said, had the desired effect, and it is possible that the fair one's life was saved by the means.

Naturally Answered.—"My dear," said an anxious father to his bashful daughter, "I intend that you should be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the wild, worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?"

The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be better, pa."

A Powerful Letter.—An elderly lady and gentleman were riding a few days ago in an omnibus. Opposite to them sat a pleasant looking young lady with a fine, noble, chubby, crowing, bully of a boy in her lap. Conversation arose between the parties. A steamer from Chagres had just arrived, and the good looking lady, with the chubby juvenile, wished to know the news, remarking that her husband had been away fifteen months that day, and she was very anxious to hear from him. And then the good looking lady proceeded to indulge in a long and pathetic dissertation on the discomfort and annoyances of wives, when husbands go off and stay so long from their homes.

"True, madam," remarked the elderly gentleman, who had never known the pride and pleasure of paternity: "but, then, that fine little fellow must be great pleasure and comfort to you," chucking at the same time the jolly little fellow under the chin, who crowed, and swelled, and stared at the old gentleman's spectacles; "a remarkably fine boy—what may be his age, madam?"

"Just three months, sir," replied the proud young mother.

"Three months?" replied the elderly lady, "three months? I thought you said your husband had been away fifteen months?"

The good looking lady blushed very deeply, but soon recovering the momentary confusion, and remembering herself, she ejaculated, "Oh, but he has *writ* once."

LOVE VS. ROAST ONIONS.

I remember the hour, I remember the day,
I first saw thee, my love; it was during a play;
We were there introduced, and I offered my arm,
And escorted you home to protect you from harm.
I told thee my love ere the hour came to part,
And strained thee with ardor close, close to my heart,
But there came from thy parted lips ere mine they met
A smell of roast onions I ne'er can forget.

The Deluge.—A Scotchman and an Englishman were once disputing about the ancient origin of their respective families The Englishman, getting out of patience, exclaimed, "Pooh! my friend, you'll tell me next that your ancestors were in the ark with Noah." "I've no preceece evedence o' the fac," replied the Scotchman; "but I've a shrewd conjecture that they were." "Very well," replied the Englishman, "all that may be possible, but to show you the immense superiority of *my* family at that time, I would inform you that *they had a boat of their own!*"

A Mistaken Goose.—A Western paper tells the following story respecting a gallant widower who resides at Holley Springs, Mississippi, and who, it was said, had been casting the sheep's eye of affection at a certain amiable "vidder" in the neighborhood, although others thought his visits were covertly paid to the "vidder's darters." Be this how it may, one evening he called, as usual, and found the family party hard at work upon some garments of cloth. The girls were sewing, and the widow was pressing the seams. The widower "hung up his hat," and, as usual, took his seat by the fire; just at that moment it happened that the widow had done with the pressing iron (vulgo tailor's goose;) she set it down on the hearth, and called to her negro man in a loud voice—"Jake! Jake! *come and take out this goose!*"

The widower started up in astonishment, not knowing what to make of this abrupt order.

"Jake, do you hear?" again exclaimed the widow.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. M.," said the widower with visible agitation, "but pray don't call Jake—if you wish me to leave your house, I will go at once without the interference of servants." The ladies roared with laughter, and it took some moments to explain to the chagrined widower his mistake. He has not been known to visit the widow M., since that memorable night.

NOTHING TO TAKE.—Hood was the parent of that unconscious remark of the child of a drunkard, who was said to take after his father. "Ah, father leaves nothing afterwards to take."

A FEELING JUDGE.—An individual having been convicted upon rather slight evidence, before a judge in Hagarstown, Md., proceeded to pass judgment as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar! You have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of a crime which subjects you to the penalty of death. You say you are innocent; the truth of that assertion is only known to yourself and God. It is my duty to leave you for execation. If guilty you richly deserve the fate which awaits you—if innocent, it will be a gratification to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience. *In either case you will be delivered from a world of care.*"

FLATTERING PREFERENCE.—Two natives of the Marquesas Islands have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage one of their fellow-passengers, fishing for a compliment, asked them which they liked best, the French or English? "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips; "they are the fattest." "And a great deal more tender," chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth as sharp as a crocodile's.

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS.

Humbugs.—"Hallo, steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats after having retired to bed, "hallo, steward."

"What, massa?"

"Bring me the way bill."

"What for, massa!"

"I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did. If not, I want 'em turned out."

A Spotted Boy.—Why is a man examining his boy, to see if he has the measles, like an astronomer? Because he is looking for spots on the son!

Talented Youth.—A good anecdote is told of a house-painter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but unfortunately had acquired the habit of "putting it on a little too thick." The other day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation. "There, you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy in reply, "but it seems to me you put it on a darn'd sight thicker than I did."

Fishing for a Tune.—Fisher, the celebrated performer on the oboe, was invited by Lord Kelly to sup with him. In the course of the evening, his lordship hinted that he hoped he had brought his oboe with him

"My lord," said Fisher, "my oboe never eats supper."

Ticklish —What shape is a kiss? Elliptical (a lip-tickle.)

Go to Grass.—A country clergyman who had preached many years to the same society, told his hearers, one Sunday, that if they would propose texts for him to preach upon he could do them much more good than by selecting his own. "Will not some one," he said, "give me a subject for next Sunday?" After waiting awhile for some answer, a young man in the back part of the house arose and said:—"You know that we read in the Bible that Nebuchadnezzar ate grass." "Certainly," said the minister, "we do; and now young man, what do you wish to have explained in regard to that passage?" "O," said the young fellow, "I kinder want to know how much they axed him a week for pasture."

Decidedly Cool.—About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:

"Have you any hay, Mr. ———?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"Have you plenty of corn?"

"Yes."

"Any oats?"

"Yes."

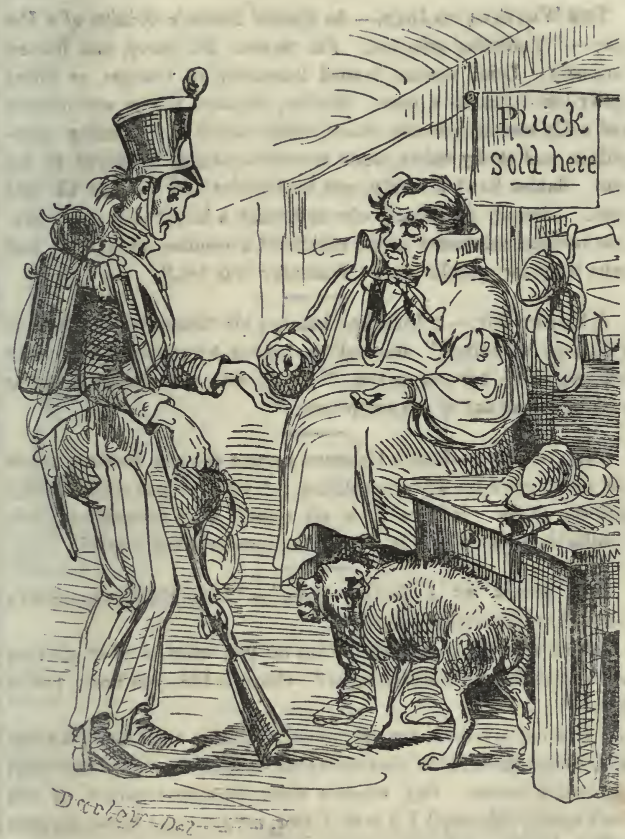
"Plenty of meat and breadstuffs?"

"Yes."

'Well, we are very glad to hear it; *for they are useful things in a family!*"

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

A Pig in a Parlor.—Why is a pig in a parlor, like a house on fire? Because the sooner it is *put out* the better.



Corporal Partington being accused of a want of "pluck," comes to the conclusion to lay in a stock of that article, that will last him the rest of his life.

THE WEATHER NO JOKE.—*An Excited Editor's Opinion of a Hot Day.*—"Yesterday was hot. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean woman leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and sozzling shirt-collars, and sticky shirts, stuck to such sap-heads as stirred in the sun. Babies bawled busily, and bit bobbins and bodkins till bed time. Literary gentlemen who undertook a heavy task of alliteration became exhausted in the middle of a weather paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot."

A SWEET BOY.—A little boy hearing his father say, "There is a time for all things," climbed up behind his mother's chair, and whispering in her ear, asked, "When was the proper time for hooking sugar out of the sugar bowl?"

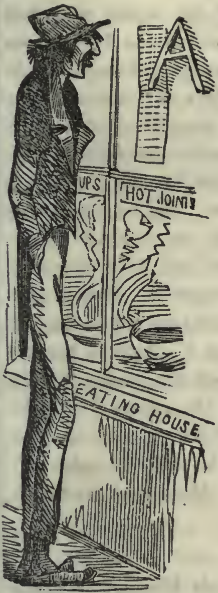
TIT-FOR-TAT.—George Coleman getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling, sir," said the driver. "Then it is all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle, "it is all right—yours is a bad coach."

NOT DRUNK BY A DARN'D SITE!—"Mrs. Smithers, where's (hic-cup) my shavings 'tensils?"

"Your shaving utensils? What do you want of your shaving utensils at this hour of the night? Come to bed, you brute, you're drunk."

"You lie, my love, I'm not (hic-cup) drunk; but I want to know what comes (hic-cup) of that blue-eyed bonnet what wore the white silk young 'oman. Say, where's them shaving 'tensils? If you don't speak, (hic-cup,) I'll take a door, my love, and burst the club in."

When we left, Smithers was talking about the constitution to the key-hole of a bed-room door.



WANTS STUFFING.

Yankee's Description of a Teetotaler.—"I once travelled through all the states of Maine with one of them chaps. He was as thin as a whippin' post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin' on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly: a real gander gutted looking critter, as holler as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved looking critter you, you'll eat 'em up alive. You are just the chap to strain at a knat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp."

The Model Husband.—Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough, and as she looks at Mr. Smith with a sweet smile, and offers to help him, (at the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table,) he always replies, "No, I thank you, dear, they don't agree with me."

Windy.—*Sentimental Young Lady.*—Pray Mr. Charles, how is the wind?

Embarassed Young Gentleman.—Pretty well, thank you ma'am."

Frightened by an Inference.—Mary the maid, who had gone up on Monday morning to make the beds, came flying down stairs, screaming "Murder! murder!" and staggered into the breakfast-room, where she fainted at the feet of Mrs. Gotobed and Miss Ditto, of——, in this county. The ladies thought of flight, but their knees shook so industriously that no other motion was performable. Mary, beginning to recover, sighed heavily; her little heart fluttered and beat; her rosy lips parted; and an ejaculation escaped. "O-h-h-h! ma'am!" "Where is the villain?" gently whispered Miss. "Under the bed!" Mrs. and Miss uttered a dreadful scream, and Mary screamed in sympathy. But no succour was at hand; Mary's first cries had scared the poodle-dog out of gunshot. "Is the wretch a very big man?" inquired the old lady. "I did not stay to see him," replied her maid; "I ran away the moment I saw his sword behind the pillow!" "Oh! you young fool!" exclaimed her mistress, bursting in a peal of laughter, "I put the sword there myself, to be ready for robbers!" Mrs. Gotobed had drawn the sword, and Mary had drawn an inference.

Moody Reflections.—*Trial for Sleeping in Meeting.*—"What do you know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting?" demanded Justice Wilson, of a witness in a case before him.

"I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess," replied the witness.

"Then tell us about it; that's just what we want to know."

"Well (scratching his head,) the long and the short of it is, John Hartley is a hard-working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing, and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy leaves. So it stands to reason that Hartley would naturally be a very sleepy sort of a person. Well the weather is sometimes naturally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sarmon is sometimes rather heavy-like—

"Stop, Stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that's not what you were called for."

"I don't cast no reflections upon Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting; and it's my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sarmons that are heavy-like, and two hours long, naturally have a tendency—

"Stop, stop! I say.—If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you for contempt of court."

"I don't cast no reflections upon Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting."

"Well, go on; and tell us about that. You were not called here to testify about Parson Moody."

"That's what I'm trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion in warm weather, folks is considerable apt to sleep in meeting; 'specially when the sarmon—I mean, 'specially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eigthly in the sarmon myself; but if I once get by there I generally get into a kind of waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Hartley. I've generally noticed if he begins to gape at seventhly and eigthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has got to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door nail, till the amen brings the people up to prayers, and Hartley comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jacknife."

Short Dresses.—"I say Ned, what do you think of that girl with short dress and big trousers, over there?"

"Well, Bill, I think if it wasn't for the big trousers, she'd just show the *knee plus ultra*, and nothin' shorter."

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH JONES' FIRST APPEARANCE AS HAMLET. "A HIT, A PALPABLE HIT."

SCOTCH GREENS.—A sailor who was in Canton sent a pound of tea to his mother, in the Highlands of Scotland. A year or so afterwards he came home and paid the old dame a visit "Well, how did you like the tea, mother?" he said, shortly after his return. "Heigh, Johnnie," she replied, "is that what ye ca' the pesky foreign greens ye sent me? Gude kens if that's the stuff you get to eat abroad, it's a wonder you're no starved. I cookit them for twa days, and then I couldna mak 'em tender; so I throwit them till the pigs, but even the dumb beasties would na eat em."

THRILLING POETRY.—Lines on a lady smothered by the snow, which happened about a hundred and fifty years ago:—

"Oh! she was all friz in with frost—
Six days and nights,—poor soul!—
And when they g'n her up for lost,
They found her down in the hole."

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.—Uncle Zeke belonged to the temperance society of the town in which he resided. Business once called him to another town, a few miles distant, and while there he was *tempted*, and indulged in libations that shocked those who were acquainted with his abstemious habits while at home. "How is it," said they, "we thought you belonged to the temperance society?" "So I do," hic-cupped the backslider, "but I don't belong to *yours ;* ours is a different thing."

RAKING AND SPREADING.—"Son," said a careful Quaker to a spendthrift, "thou art a sad rake." "Nay, father," replied the promising youth, "thou art the raker, and I am the spreader."

HOOSIER COURTSHIP.—[Scene : A log cabin boasting a single room, one half of which is occupied by two beds, one containing the "old folks" and baby, the other whose duty by day is to stand beneath the shadows of its loftier mate, laden with five younger members.]

Ezekiel, (*in a whisper*). I swow tew gosh Sary, I luv ye.

Sary, (*in a higher key*). Good ! Zeke, I'm glad on't.

Zeke. Will ye have me ? That's what I want to know.

Sary, (*looking astonished*). Heve ye ? To be sure, I cal'late to.

Zeke. When will we get spliced ?"

Sary. Wall, hoss, that's what I've been thinking on ; I telled dad that ef so be he'd go to mill to-morror, we'd get jined next day.

Zeke. Ye did ? Wall, then, swap a buss with me.

Father, (*from the bed*). There now, varmints, ef you've got the bizness settled, dew quit for the night ; ye make sich a rackett, a feller might as well sleep in bedlam.

AN INDIAN'S PREACHING.—During the Florida war, a smart, fun-loving sort of an officer, got a furlough for a few weeks, and spent his time in "seeing what he could see" around that dismal place called Apalachicola. Curiosities were rather sparse. So he amused himself in smoking Florida tobacco, and in the fumes of it musing how he could gain

——"the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

At last he fell foul of a curiosity in the shape of an old tamed Indian; and after putting to him several questions, asked him how he got a living. "O," said he, "I preach." "Preach," interrogated the officer, "who pays you—what do you get?" "O, I sometimes get turkey, sometimes potato, and den hominy." "Is that all!" said the officer, "I should think that was d—d poor pay." "*Yes,*" replied the antique Seminole, with a sly look, "*but p'raps it be d—d poor preach.*"

"A FIRST RATE BOARDING SCHOOL."

A New Kind of School.—Dobbs, on being questioned by the court as to whether he had ever been extensively engaged in the hotel business, answered that he rather thought he had, as he once "boarded a frigate and two sloops-of-war."

The Devil.—It makes our heart ache to see an advertisement in the paper, inserted by a printer, for a "moral and industrious lad," when he wants to make a "devil" of him.

Good for Jerrold.—Douglass Jerrold is sometimes severe. The author of a poem called the "Descent into Hell," an enormously vain man, one evening asked Jerrold, "Have you ever read my 'Descent into Hell?'" "No," said the wit, "I would rather see it!" On another occasion he rebuked Albert Smith, the novelist, who was boasting of his intimacy with Lamartine, the great French statesman. Among other things, Smith said that "he and Lamartine were like brothers—in short, that they rowed in the same boat!" Jerrold significantly scratched his head, saying:—"You may row in the same boat, but with a very different sort of sculls."

Seeing a Light.—A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become a waterman, said that just at the close of a dark night he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light After a short time he was hailed from the deck, with :

"Mast head, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir?" was the answer.

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What light?"

"Daylight, sir!"

The lookout was ordered down with a run.

Dark Weather.—"Good mornin', Sambo; bery hot wedder, Sambo. Dey do say dat it is so hot down-east, dat dey is obliged to take off de tops ob de houses to let in de air." "Well, Cuffy, it can't git no hotter in our house, anyhow, 'cause de frenometer's got bang up to de top; dat's one comfort, Cuffy."

Can't bear them.—"I never could *bear* children," said a crusty old maid to Mrs. Partington. "Perhaps, if you could, you would like them better," mildly replied the old lady.

Female Curiosity.—Two elderly maiden ladies last summer waited on a neighboring magistrate to complain of a man who was in the habit of bathing every morning in a large piece of water overlooked by the windows of their residence. "But ladies," said the magistrate, "it seems that the water is at least half a mile wide, and that you don't live very close to the edge of it. I do not see how you could tell whether it was a man at all in the water." "No more we could," replied one of the spinsters; "we were in doubt more than a week, but at last sister happened to think of sending to borrow Captain ——'s spy-glass."

Courting Scene.—"Jonathan, do you love boiled beef and dumplins?"

"Darned if I don't, Sooky—but a hot dumplin aint nothin' to your sweet, tarnal nice red lips, Sook."

"O la, now Jonathan, do hush. Jonathan, did you read that story about a man as was hugged to death by a bear?"

"Guess I did, Sooky—and it made me feel all overish."

"How did you feel, Jonathan?"

"Kinder sorter as if I'd like to hug you e'namost to death too, you tarnal nice, plump, elegant little critter you."

"O la, now go away, you Jonathan."

"Ah, Sooky, you are sich a slick gal!"

"La! aint you ashamed, Jonathan?"

"I wish I was a nice little ribbon, Sook."

"What for?"

"Cos, may be you'd tie me round that nice little neck of yourn; and I should like to be tied thar, darned if I shouldn't."

"O la! there comes mother! Jonathan—run."

New Definition.—A lady being asked to waltz, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer:—"No thank ye, sir, I have hugging enough at home."

Whist! Whist!—A gentleman playing whist with an intimate friend, who seemed, as far as hands were concerned, to hold the Mahomedan doctrine of ablution in supreme contempt, said to him, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, "My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!"

Very Tender.—The story is told of a certain New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at his island, to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked:—

"Did you know my departed brother?"

"Ah, yes, I was deacon in his church."

"Ah, then you know him well; and was he not a good and tender-hearted man?"

"Yes," replied the pious deacon, with much gusto, "he very tender; I eat a piece of him!"

Too Modest.—The young lady who refused to go into the rifle manufactory because some of the guns had no *breeches*, is spending a few days at Nahant, looking out for a ship that is said to be in *stays*.

A Pointed Article.—Why is a fool like a needle? He has an eye, but he has got no head; and you can't see his point.

Mrs. Partington disclaims on Parsons.—"Oh, doesn't he disclaim fluidly!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, delightedly, as she listened to the exercises of the Humtown Intellectual Mutual Improvement Society. Her admiration knew no bounds as a young declaimer, with inspiration truly Demosthenic, launched the flashing beams of his eloquence broadcast among his auditors, with thrilling, dazzling, burning force: anon soaring like a rocket into the "empyrean blue," dashing helter skelter amidst the stars, and harnessing the fiery comets to the car of his genius: anon scouring the land like a racer, the hot sparks, like young lightning, marking his Phætonish course: anon breaking through the terraqueous shell, and reveling in Hadean horrors in underground localities, somewhere. The voice of Mrs. Partington, whom we left standing on the threshold of her admiration some way back, recalls us to herself. "How fluidly he talks! He ought to be a minister, I declare; and how well he would look with a surplus on, to be sure! He stands on the nostrum as if he was born and bred an oratorio all his life. I wish the President was here to-night, I know he'd see he was an extr'ord'nary young man, and like as not appint him minister extra'ord'nary, instead of some that never preached any at all."

Teeth Picking.—An Irishman was saying that he once saw a person beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who immediately picked up his head, and put it on his shoulders!

"Ha," said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head, with his hands tied behind him?"

"Oh," said Paddy, "you fool, couldn't he have picked it up with his teeth?"

Bibulous.—A poor drunken loafer was picked up in the street. There was no *sense* in his head, no *cents* in his pocket, a powerful *scent* in his breath, and he was *sent* to the watchhouse.

LOVE.

Can't stand it.—"Young man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young member of the church. "Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert, "two cousins and a grandmother; but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

Romance and Reality.—*Antithesis.*—With a bound, I cleared the paling of the old park; with rapid strides I threaded the path through the venerable trees; with a spring I mounted the steps, and stood once more in the ancient hall of my fathers. Time, the remorseless, had crumbled its walls, but the loving earth had sent up the green and tender ivy to conceal the ravages she could not repair. The outlines of the old mansion remained, each familiar room was there, but the soul that once animated this lifeless body had gone—the *family* which once tenanted these walls, was scattered and gone for ever! In an agony of grief, I cried, "Where are ye? the loved and the lost! Where are the friends of my boyhood—*where*?" Echo answered—"O yeou git out, now; I don't know any such persons!"

Authors and Soldiers.—Why are authors who treat about physiognomy like soldiers? Because they *write about face.*

Complimentary.—A countryman applied to a solicitor for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. "O, ay sir," rejoined he, "I thought it better to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself."

A STRING OF EPITAPHS.

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage-coach, and thereby killed:
His name was John Sykes, a maker of sassengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers."

"Here lies the body of James Monk,
Suddenly drowned when he was drunk,
He paid his score, and cheated no man—
De mortius nil nisi bonum."

"*Hic jacet*, Tom and Titus Tressel,
Lost by the swamping of their vessel.
A leak she sprung and settled fast;
Payment of Nature's debt was asked,
And it was paid—the debtors failing
To give security by bailing.
Full many a storm they nobly braved,
And tho' they're lost, we hope they're saved."

"Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise."

"Here I lie,
Killed by a sky-
Rocket in the eye."

Hint to Lovers.—Did you ever enjoy the exquisite bliss of courting! If you did not, you had better git a little *gal-an-try!*

Exchange, no Robbery—A friend tells us a good story of a Yankee clock-pedlar down South, which among other things, may perhaps account for the peculiar favor with which that class of chevaliers are regarded in that region. He took with him, in a long Connecticut covered wagon, forty clocks, and sold and "put 'em up," along the country, in one direction, warranting them to keep "first-rate time." He exhausted his supply with but a single exception, and then, with unparalleled assurance, he turned about and retraced his course. The last person to whom he had sold a clock, hailed him as he was going by:—"Look 'o here, stranger, that clock you sold me, aint worth a continental cuss. 'Twont go at all!" "You don't say so! Then *you* must ha' got it, Square! See, the fact is, I find by my numbers that there was *one* o' my clocks—I had forty on 'em when I first sot out—that I am a lettle afraid on: it was condemned to-hum 'for I come away; but some how or 'nother it got put into the wagon. What's the number o' your clock, Square?" "Fourteen thousand and one," replied his victim. "That's jest the blasted thing!" exclaimed the pedlar. "I'll chang' with yeou; yeou take my last one, and I'll take this hum. The *works* are good, I guess; on'y want fixin' a leetle." The exchange was made; and all along the road the pedlar was similarly arrested by his dupes, who were similarly duped in return. He took every successive bad clock to his next customer, and received another bad clock for the next.

A Cool Philosopher.—A young chap boarded at one of the hotels in San Francisco, and managed for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last, the landlord became quite impatient, and stepping up to his boarder, slapped him gently on his shoulder, and asked him for some money. "I have not a red cent about me at present," was the laconic reply. "But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I cannot afford to keep a boarding-house without being paid." "Well, sir," exclaimed our young philosopher, "if you cannot afford it, sell out to somebody who can!"

A Deputy wanted.—"I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if anybody in the crowd will speak for me, I'll *hold his hat.*"

Lean Cattle and Several Bulls.—They tell a good story of a son of the brightest gem of the sea, who was a butcher. He was asked by another of his nation, the condition of the cattle he was called upon to slaughter. To the query, he replied:—"Good condition! it took two of us to hold one up, while another knocked him down!" "Tut!" said the other, who saw that there was something wrong, "could not you have *knocked it down as it lay!*"

LAW

TO A LADY.

WHO ASKED PROFESSOR WHEWELL FOR A CYPHER.

You 0 a 0, but I 0 thee,
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me.
O let them my 0 my 0 be,
And give back 0 0 I 0 thee.

ANSWER TO THE CYPHER.

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee,
O, sigh for no cypher, but, O, sigh for me.
O let, then, my sigh for my cypher be,
And give back sigh for sigh—for I sigh for thee!

A COOL OPERATION.—"Hello, there, capting!" said a Brother Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie canal, "what do you charge for a passage?"

"Three cents per mile and boarded," said the captain.

"Well, guess I'll take a passage, capting, seein' as how I'm kinder gin eout walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on the deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I came on board?"

"Nearly one and a half mile," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here, I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested eout."

The captain vamosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.

PHYSIC.

Mighty Cute!—Two cotton wagons meeting on the road to Augusta, Georgia, the following dialogue took place between the drivers: "Wat's *cotton*, in Augusta?" says the one with a load.

"*Cotton*," says the other.

The inquirer, supposing himself not to be understood, repeats, "what's *cotton* in Augusta?"

"It's *cotton*," says the other.

"I know that," says the first, "but what is it?"

"Why," says the other, "I tell you it is *cotton!* *Cotton is cotton* in Augusta, and everywhere else, that ever I heard of."

"I know that as well as you," says the first, "but what does *cotton* bring in Augusta?"

"Why, it brings nothing there, but every body brings *cotton*."

"Look here," says the first wagoner, with an oath, "you had better leave the state: for I'll be d——d if you don't know too much for *Georgia*."

A Striking Likeness.—"Look a here, ma!" said a young lady just commencing to take lessons in painting, holding up a sample of her skill to her mother, "See my painting! can you tell what this is?" Ma, after looking at it sometime, answered, "Well, I reckon it's a cow or a rose, but I don't know which."

A Reflection.—An Irish musician, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—

"Pat, what makes your face so red?"

"Please yer honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a gentleman."

Candid Statement.—An honest lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed—"Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hooper has gone too, poor man!"

LUCRE.

A Ryhme for the Bloomers.—Cut off those ugly skirts, girls; they're only in the way; and when you make a whirl, girls, and come the quick *chassee;* there'll be no mud a flying, girls, or stockings grimmed with dirt; then cease this useless crying, girls, and *off at once* the skirt. With Turkish pants and frock, girls, you're masters of the State; to skip and hop and run, girls, with joy and ease elate;—then where's the naughty man, girls, can catch you in a race? There's not one lives that can, girls, unless it is by "grace." Then don the pretty pants, girls, and throw those skirts away; and as through life you prance, girls you'll bless the *changing* day. Well you will."

RURAL FELICITY.

When at eve thou sit'st reclining
  By thy quiet cottage door,
And the sun's last rays are shining
  On the smooth and polished floor,
Then thy thoughts are blissward tending,
  And warm emotions like a flood,
When an urchin softly whispers,
  "*Daddy, Bill won't saw that wood!*"

Used to Hanging.—An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hanged together. The latter was strongly affected by his situation, while Paddy took it very easy, and told his companion to keep up his spirits, for it was nothing at all to be hanged. "Ah, be gar!" says the Frenchman, "there be von grand difference between you and me, for you Irishman are used to it."

Settling a Judge.—Said one of the judges to a blunt Quaker, who was on the stand, "Pray sir, do you know what we sit here for?" "Yea, verily do I," said the Quaker, "three of ye for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand dollars a year."

Hard to Beat.—A man named Stone exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a dollar I have the hardest name in the country." "Done," said one of the company: "what's your name?" Stone cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

Modern Science.—"Do you think people are troubled as much with flea-bottomary now, doctor, as they used to be before they discovered the anti-bug bedstead?" asked Mrs. Partington of a doctor of the old school, who attended the family where she was staying. "Phlebotomy, madam," said the doctor, gravely, "is a remedy, not a disease." "Well, well," replied she; "no wonder one gets 'em mixed up, there is so many of 'em: we never heard in old times of trousers in the throat, or embargoes in the head, or neuorology all over us, or consternation in the bowels, as we do nowadays. But it's an ill wind that don't blow nobody good, and the doctors flourish on it like a green baize tree. But of course they don't have anything to do with it—they can't make 'em come or go."

THE SONG OF THE JILTED.

A sweeter girl I never knew
  Than Juliana Lownds,
A lump of loveliness to view,
  Who weighed two hundred pounds.

And every hour of every day,
  With glances warm as tinder,
I watched my charmer o'er the way,
  As she worked by a winder.

Alas ! how human hopes decay—
  How love's repasts grow colder—
We dine on strawberries to-day,
  To-morrow get cold shoulder.

False Juliana cast me by,
  And wedded with a baker ;
We had a fight—I blacked his eye,
  And let the loafer take her.

Rich Living.—An Irishman who lives with a Grahamite writes to a friend, that if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what is left at breakfast.

A PROFESSOR OF THE BLACK ART.

Advantages of Low Prices.—A Gentleman in one of the steamboats asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage-money (1s, each for the best cabin,) if there was no danger of being blown up? The steward promptly replied, "No, sir, not the least; we cannot afford to blow up at these low prices."

A Black Subject.—At a negro camp meeting held when such assemblies were less rare than they are at present, the speaker in depicting the horrors of eternal punishment, reiterated the phrase —"There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth," accompanying the last expression with an appropriate movement of the lower jaw. It so happened that a gray old sinner had obtained possession of one of the seats on the stage, where he sat, at every recurrence of this phrase, rubbing his toothless gums with a grin of complacent satisfaction, that greatly disturbed the gravity of the beholders. It was some time before the speaker discovered what was distracting the attention of his audience, but when he did he turned to the offender, and with redoubled earnestness exclaimed, "and dem what's got no teeth *'ill hab to gum* it!"

An Affecting Appeal.—A learned counsellor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, let fly the following flight of genius:—"Slander, gentlemen, like a boa constrictor of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the inmost depths of its victim's soul, loud and reverberating as the mighty thunder that rolls in the heavens, it finally breaks its unlucky neck upon the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of moral death. *Judge, give us a chaw of tobacco!*

An Absent Youth.—A gentleman dining at a fashionable hotel, whose servants were "few and far between," despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and placing it before the faint and hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took away my plate for this beef?" "Yes, sir," "Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

A Nut for the Ladies.—"How," said Lord A., to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her reading the letter, seeing that you have directed it to her husband?"—"That I have managed without the possibility of a failure," was the answer. "She'll open it to a certainty, for I have put 'private' in the corner."

Rising Youth.—A gentleman the other day visiting a school, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: "What is inheritance?" A. "Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?" A. "A something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?" A. "Matrimony."

Making Light of Liver.—We remember of hearing of an old lady "down east," who, after having kept a hired man on liver near a month, one day said to him: "Mr., I don't know as you like liver." "Oh, yes," said he, "I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't think I should like it for a steady diet." The parsimonious old lady served up something else for the next collation.

Why do people go to bed? Because they are tired.

Dick Daley's Stump Speech.—*Feller Citizens.*—This are a day for the poperlation o' Boonville, like a bob-tailed pullet on a ricketty hen-roost, to be a lookin' up-*up!* A crisis has arriven—an' somethin's bust! Where are we? all in a bunch. Where am *I?* here I is, an' I'd stand here an' expliate from now till the day o' synagogues if you'd whoop for Dailey! Feller Citizens—Jerusalem's to pay, an' we haint got any pitch. Our hyperbolical an' majestic canal boat o' creation has onshipped her rudder, and the Captin's broke his neck, an' the cook's div to the depths o' the "vasty deep" in search o' dimuns! Our wigwam's torn to pieces, like a shirt on a brush fence, an' isty of the geography of these ere latitudes is a vanishin' in a blue flame! Are such things to be *did?* I ask you in the name of the American Eagle, who whipped the shaggy-headed Lion o' Great Britain, an now sits roostin' on the magnetic telegraph, if sich doins is a-goin to be conglomerated? I repeat it to you in the name o' that glorious peacock o' liberty when he's flewing o'er the cloud capped summits o' the Rocky Mountains, if we's goin' to be extemporaneously biogyogged in this fashion?

"Oh, answer me!
Let me not bust in ignorance!"

as Shakespeel says. Shall we be bamboozlefied with sich unmitigated oudaciousness. Methinks I hear you yelp—"No, *sir*—hoss!" Then 'lect me to Congress an' there will be a revolution. Feller Citizens—If I was a standin' on the adamantine throne of Jupiter an' the lightnin's was a clashin' around me, I'd continue to spout! I'm full o' the bilin lather of Mount Etny, an' I won't be quenched! I've sprung a leak, an' I must howl like a bear with a sore head. Flop together!—jump into the ranks—an' hear me thro'! Feller Citizens—You know me, an' rip my lungs out with a nail-grab if I wouldn't stick to yer like brick-dust to a bar o' soap. Where is my opponent?—no where! He aint a cat-bird in a garret to *me!* I was brought up among you, feller citizens, an' he was papped in a scholl house; but he can't git me with his high-falootin words. *Hictum, stictum, albroanto, catnip, Brazil, Taglaoney, an' Baffins Bay!!* What do you think o' that?

"Go it, Porky, root hog, or d—i—e!"

as Shakespeel said when Cesar stabbed him in the House o' Representatives.

Feller Citizens—Elect me to Congress, an' I'll abolish mad dogs, muskeeters, an' bad cents. I'll go in for the teetotal annihilation of nigger camp-meetins and jails. I'll repudiate crows, an' flustify hen-hawks. I'll have barn raisin's every day—(Sundays excepted)—an' liker enough to swim a skunk. Yes, feller citizens, elect me to Congress, an' I shall be led to exclaim in the sublime—the terrific language of Bonyparte, when a preachin' in the wilderness—

"Richard's himself again!"

On, then, onward to the polls—"gallop apace, my fiery-footed steeds," an' make the welkin tremble with anti-spasmodic yells for Daley! Cock yer muskits—I'm comin—

"Hence ye Brutus, broad-axe an glory."

Let's licker!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—"What carroty-headed little brat is that, madam, do you know his name?"

"Why, yes, that's my youngest son!"

"You don't say so, indeed! Why, what a dear little, sweet, dove-eyed cherub he is, to be sure."

STRONG AFFECTION.—There is a man who says he has been at evening parties out west, where the boys and girls hug so hard that their sides cave in. He says he has many of his own ribs broken that very way.

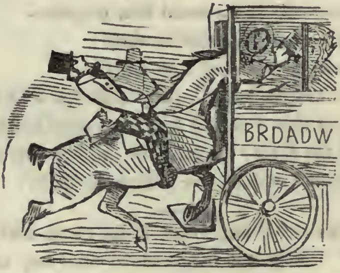
MURDER IN POETRY.

Abel began to talk somewhat as follows:—
"That was, my dear, a melancholy,
Attrocious case of murder—warn't it Polly?"
"Murder!" exclaimed the woman with a stare,
"I haven't heard of any I declare!"
"Well, then, you know the butcher, Mr. Corning,
Who lives up town—well, ma'am this very morning —
("A most abandoned man—upon my life,
I thought 'twas him!" observed the sapient wife,)
"Well, ma'am, while he was busy at his trade,
A boy of five years old around him played—
As harmless and as beautiful a child
As ever lived—so innocent and mild"—
("O, what a brutal deed!" exclaimed the wife,)
"Well ma'am this dreadful butcher raised his knife —
"*And killed the child!*" exclaimed his "better half"—
"O, no he didn't ma'am—he killed the calf!"

SOME WHISKERS.—"Well, John, I am going east, what shall I tell your folks?" "Oh, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

Barking up the Wrong Tree.—" Will you not answer me?" continued Seth, " will not those dear lips, like sweet music murmur that simple word Yes, that shall make me happy? Still silent? silence, tis said, gives consent, and so I shall augur for my plea—by this kiss, then, (Seth was getting on fast,) let us seal the bond whose effect will be to make us companions through our earthly pilgrimage," and Seth bent forward to taste the honey of her dewy lips, when suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Ware and Louise appeared on the threshold, and the light the latter bore shedding its rays over the room, disclosed a singular scene—Seth leaning over the grandfather's chair, holding one of his hands in his own, and in the act of tenderly embracing him.

Look on this Picture and on This!—*Matrimony*—Hot Buckwheat cake—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—buttons—redeemed stockings—boot jacks—happiness. *Bachelorism*—Sheet iron quilts,—blue noses—frosty rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated linen—heelless stockings—coffee sweetened with icicles—gutta percha biscuits—flabby steak—dull razors—corns—coughs and colics—rhubarb—aloes—misery.



" BROADWAY—RIDE UP, PLENTY OF ROOM INSIDE."

"NOT-A BENE."

A ship once crossing over the sea,
(I tell the story as 'twas told to me,)
Made a hundred miles or so from shore,
When a craft was one day seen, that bore
Her flag reversed, while 'gainst the mast
The torn sails fluttered as the wind rushed past.

Out with the boat! the captain cried,
And the seamen darted over the side;
Their oars fell in with a regular dip,
As they rapidly neared the silent ship;
When they reached the deck a sight met their eyes
Which made them start with fearful surprise.

All around on the deck the crew were lying,
And groaning aloud as though they were dying;
The captain alone on a hen-coop sat,
With his face in his hands and a weed on his hat;
He gazed on them all with a blood-shot eye,
And the crew looked up with a heart-rending sigh.

" Say, why do you raise the flag of distress,
And sit around the deck in idleness?
Are you out of food? have you used up your water?
Have you got the plague? or what is the matter?"
"We come from Beverly, and the flag you have seen
Is because that for three days we *haint had a darned bean!*"

Green Fruit.—An epitaph in Washington for a little boy, who fell a victim to a prevailing disease, reads as follows,

"The little hero who lies here,
Was conquered by the diarrhœa."

Mrs. Partington at Tea.—"Adulterated tea!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read an account of the adulteration of teas in England, at which she was much shocked. "I wonder if this is adulterated?" and she bowed her head over the steaming and fragrant decoction in the cup before her, whose genial odors mingled with the silvery vapor, and encircled her venerable poll like a halo. "It smells virtuous," continued she, smiling with satisfaction, "and I know this Shoo-shon tea must be good, because I bought it of Mr. Shoo-shon himself. Adulterated!" she meandered on, pensively as a brook in June, "and it's agin the seventh commandment, too, which says——don't break that, Isaac!" as she saw that interesting juvenile amusing himself with making refracted sunbeams dance upon the wall, and around the dark profile, and among the leaves of the sweet fern, like yellow butterflies or fugitive chips of new June butter. The alarm for her crockery dispelled all disquietude about the tea, and she sipped her beverage, all oblivious of dele-tea-rious infusions.

On a "Bust."—A countryman making a visit to the city, went to have his daguerreotype taken, and was told by the operator to sit perfectly still and not move even his lips. Drawing in a long breath he closed his lips tight. After sitting a minute or more this way, gradually getting redder and redder until he somewhat resembled a beet, he began to get impatient. Wating a little longer, he burst out—

"Say, yeou, if yeou don't get through pretty soon I'll bust."

Finished her Education.—"Ah," said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the want of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's spring, fall, and autumn; I larnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!"

OVELY YOUTH.—"Poppy the corn's up."

"The corn up? Why I only planted it yesterday."

"I know that—but the hogs got in last night, and guv it a lift you hadn't counted on."

Scene closes with a grand tableaux in the midst of which poppy seizes a poker and rushes out.

A DARNED SUBJECT.—A female writer says, "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which *need darning* look much worse than darned ones—Darned if they don't!

HARD ON THE DOCTORS.—A doctor who had just set up in business with no very flattering success so far, informed a friend that "he had begun to lose his patience."

"Not at all strange," replied his friend, "for there are some old doctors in this city doing that all the time."

IRISH MODERATION.—An Irishman left a demand with a lawyer, a friend of ours, for collection, with directions to have a letter sent before any suit was commenced. "What shall I write about it?" asked the lawyer. To which Pat replied, "why your honor will plaze begin a little moderate in the matter, jest calling him a devil of a spalpeen and nigligent puppy, and so comming on sharper till ye reach to the bottom of the chapter."

ASPIRATION OF A HUSBAND.—Oh, that the fashions would last as long as the bonnets.

A SAUCY DOCTOR.—"Why, doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving my husband. Why is that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.—"Husband! husband! wake up, there's turble rumpus going on!" said an old lady way down east, rousing her sleeping partner, with divers punches in the ribs, one night in the "times that tried men's souls."

"What on arth's the matter, Jerushy?" grunted the old man, not a little out at his rest being broken in this unexpected manner.

"Wel, I donno what 'tis, but it was the most orful racket I ever hearn. It pears to me its either the day of judgement or the British."

The old Continentaller got up, and taking his old rifle down from the hooks where she hung, proceeded to put in a double charge, pick the flint and prepare for an emergency.

Surveying these hasty preparations with evident satisfaction he added,

"An' so you think it's either the day o' judgment or the British! Wal' continued he, in a tone of firm decision, "let 'm come on; I believe I'm ready cocked and primed for either of them."

A STEAMER LOST!—A boy on board of one of the Gulf of Mexico steamers, got up quite a panic among the passengers recently. He bolted suddenly into the cabin one morning, before the passengers had fairly rubbed their eyes open, exclaiming—"We are *lost!*" "*Lost!*" exclaimed another. "*Lost!*" screamed out the whole crew. "Yes, *Lost!*" said the lad, astonished at the alarm he had created, "I know we *are* because the captain's on the top of the house and another man's upon the mast, a looking to *see where we are!*"

N Gluttony.—you shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as with an anxious expression she marked a strong effort that the young gentleman was making to achieve the last quarter of a mince pie. "You shouldn't be glutinous, dear, you must be careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of those days, that will kill you, Isaac (she had heard Dr. Weiting); and then you will have to be buried in the cold ground, and nobody wont never see you no more; and what will I do, Isaac? when you are cut down in your beauty like a lovely young cabbage plant in the garden that the grubs have eat off!" Much afflicted by the picture her prolific fancy had conjured up, she pensively sweetened her tea, for the fourth time, and looked earnestly upon Isaac, who heeding all that she was saying, sat gazing at the street door, revolving in his mind the practicability of his ringing the door bell unperceived, without going outside.

Got him at Last.—Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed withour first looking underneath to see if somebody was not stowed away there. But her search had always been bootless. At last, however, one night she spied, (or thought she did, which is all the same) the long looked for boots and legs. "Oh! Mr. Jipson! Mr Jipson!" she screamed out, "there's a man under the bed!" "Is there?" coolly drawled her husband, "well, my dear, I am gla you have found him at last. You have been looking for him these twenty years."

Mrs. Partington at Sea.—"There's poor Hardy Lee called again!" says Mrs. Partington on a trip to Boston. The wind was ahead, and the vessel had to beat up, and the order to put the helm "hard a lee" had been heard through the night. "Hardy Lee again! I declare; I should think the poor creetur would be completely exaspirated with fatigue; and I'm certain he hasn't eat a blessed mouthful of anything all the while. Captain, do call the poor creetur down, or human natur can't stand it."

A Temperance Lecture.—"Daddy, I want to ask you a question." "Well, my son." "Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit dollar?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

Embracing the Widows.—At a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight-bodied, and most exemplary deacon, submitted a report in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance, in the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have *embraced* all the widows?" He said he *believed* he had done so; but if any been omitted, the omission could be easily corrected.

A New Syrup.—Very much confounded was Dr. Doane, a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous, the doctor had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy, the syrup of buckthorn, and left his prescription duly written in the usual cabalistic characters—"Syr. Rham. Cath." On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thunder cloud darkened her face, lightning darted from her eye, as she roared out: "No! I can read your doctor writing, and ain't a going to take the *Syrup of Ram Cats* for any body under heaven!"

An Honest Wish.—Whatever trials I may have to suffer, I hope I shall never experience trial by jury.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The *Marysville Herald*, Cal., contains the following advertisement:—

A HUSBAND WANTED.—By a lady who can wash, cook, scour, sew, milk, sweep, spin, weave, hoe (can't plough), cut wood, make fires, feed the pigs, raise chickens, rock the cradle (*gold rocker*, I thank you, sir), saw plank, drive nails, &c. These are a few of the solid branches; now for the ornamental. "Long time ago" she went as far as syntax, in Murray's Geography, and through two rules in Pike's Grammar. Could find six states on the Atlas. Could read, and you see she can write. Can—no, could paint roses, butterflies, &c., but now she can paint houses, whitewash the fences, &c.; could once dance; can ride a horse, donkey, or oxen; can smoke, chew, and swear; besides a great many things too numerous to be named here. Oh! I hear you ask, can she scold? No she can't, you good for ——— no———.

Now for her terms. Her age is none of your business; she is neither handsome nor a fright; yet an old man need not apply, nor any who has not a little more education than she has, and a great deal more gold—for there must be $20,000 settled on her before she will bind herself to perform all the above, for a good washer and ironer, or a seamstress alone (of another color), vary from $1,000 to $1,500. Address, with real name, to Dorothy Scraggs, Post-Office, Marysville, post-paid.

ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE CHOLERIC.—Carrying politeness to excess, is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out upon the sidewalk.

FOUND OUT.—A wag said that, in journeying lately, he was put in an omnibus with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, however, the omnibus was upset. "And then," said he, "I found them all out."

A BARRISTER POSED.—At the Limerick Assizes, a witness of the "lower classes" was cross-examined by Mr. Bennet, the Queen's counsel, when the following dialogue took place:—

Counsel—"Why do you hesitate to answer me? You look at me as if I were a rogue."

Witness—"To be sure I do."

Laughter among the spectators.

"Upon your oath you think me a rogue?"

"'Pon my oath I don't think you an honest man."

Continued laughter.

"You swear to that on your oath?"

"I do, to be sure; and what else could I think?"

"Now, why do you think so?"

"Why, because you are doing your best to make me perjure myself."

Doing John Bull.—During the late excellent sleighing in Boston, a fresh imported John Bull went to a livery stable and ordered a horse and sleigh. "Very well," says the keeper, "we'll fit you out directly"—and he opened the back door and gave orders to harness. "Mind, John," said he, "and put in a buffalo." The Englishman opened his eyes with astonishment. "A buffalo?" said he. "No buffalo for me, if you please. I would prefer an 'orse."

Weak Virtue.—"What brought you here?" said a lone woman who was quite "flustrated" the other morning by an early call from a bachelor neighbor who lived opposite, and whom she regarded with peculiar favor, although she had never dared to tell her love, but "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, hide in the furrows of her unwrinkled face and change her skin to parchment." "I came to borrow matches," said the intruder, meekly. "Matches! that's a likely story! Why don't you make a match yourself? I know what you come for," cried the exasperated old virgin, as she backed the bachelor into a corner. "You come here to kiss me almost to death! But you shan't—without you're the strongest, *and the Lord knows you are!*"

Paddy on Apple Pie.—An Irishman was asked at dinner one day, if he would take some apple pie? "Is it houldsome, Teddy?" "Because," said he, "I once had an uncle that was kilt with appleplexy, and by my sowl I thought it might be something of the same sort."

Look Out!—When cold the wind blows, take care of your nose, that it dosen't get froze, and wrap up your toes, in warm woollen hose. The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

Jonah Turned Up.—Not long since, in South Carolina a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for some time on the truly awful consequences of disobedience to the Divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock:

"And are there any Jonah's here?"

There was an old negro present, whose name was Jonah, who, thinking himself called on, immediately rose, with his broadest grin, and best bow, very readily answered:

"Here be one, massa!"

No Smoking.—"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover.

"Why may not I smoke as well as your chimney?"

"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order." He has quit smoking.

Popping the Question.—A young lawyer, who had long paid his addresses to a lady, without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love."

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney."

"Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors."

Two Bulls.—A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if "the next month had come in yet." He laughed. "Well," she said, "what I mean, is—has the last month gone out yet?"

THE COCKNEY'S LAMENT.

I'm a flat! I'm a flat! to have come out to sea,
When I knew very well how unwell I should be.
Up! up! goes the boat with the waves as they swell—
I'm a flat! I'm a flat! I acknowledge the sell!
For the boatman assured me that "all was serene,"
And the day seemed so fine, and the sea look'd so green.
But if ever they catch me at sea any more,
May they paint me and make me the boy at the Nore!
Quick! quick! my strength fails, and my eyesight grows dim,
And the roll of the sea sets my head in a swim.
All's up with me now, so I pray let me be—
I'm a flat! I'm a flat! to have come out to sea.

Poppy-head Tea.—Some years ago, a well known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man, who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and as he was leaving the room, said, "Oh, cheer up, Mr. Jones; I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you all right again. I want to find your wife." To the latter, who met him on the stairs, he said: "Mrs. Jones, I'll be back here again very shortly, and meanwhile, make your husband a large bowl full of poppy-head tea." The wife of the sick man was a German woman, and didn't exactly understand what *was* ordered. As soon as the doctor was gone, she went into the yard, and took from a litter of Newfoundland puppies, five specimens, cut their heads off, and boiled them down, and gave her husband a part of the tea. In the evening, when the doctor returned, he asked—

"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure I have, doctor."

"Well, and how does it operate?"

"Operate, sir? I can't tell: but I am sure Sam will kill me when he gets well."

"How; kill you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"

"Because, doctor, he's been offered five dollars a-piece for them Newfoundland puppies, and I know he wants the money."

"Puppies, woman!" replied the astonished doctor; "what have you been giving your husband?"

"*Puppy-head tea*," replied the woman.

"*Puppy-head tea!* I told you *poppy-head tea*," and the doctor sloped for his patient, who by the way got well, and after a while forgave his wife, but never the doctor, and has eschewed botanical medicine ever since.

When is a pane of glass not a pane of glass? When it's smashed to pieces.

MRS. PARTINGTON GETTING WINDY.—Cease, rude Bolus, blustering railer," said Mrs. Partington as she reached out into the storm to secure a refractory shutter, and the wind rushed in and extinguished her light, and slammed to the door, and fanned the fire in the grate, and rustled the calico flounce upon the quilt, and peeped into the closets and under the bed, and contemptuously shook Mrs. Partington's night jacket as it hung airing on the chair at the fire, and flirted her cap-border as she looked out upon the night. It was a saucy gust. "How it blows!" said she as she shut down the window; "I hope heaven will keep the poor sailors safe, who go down on the sea in vessels; and the poor, God bless 'em!—the poor indignant creaturs who have none of the comforts of life as we have—poor creeturs who are forced to sleep in one room, and have a bed in the very place where they sleep—how I hope they may be comforted this blustering night. This must be the noxious storm," she continued, "where the sun crosses the Penobscot." She donned her specs and sat down to consult Dudley Lavitt about the fact, and she found she was right; while the wind howled round the house most dismally.

BOUGHT HIS OWN HOUSE.—A gentleman of Boston built a fine house, at great expense, a short distance from the city. It was a splendid residence, but he got tired of it, moved back to the city, and went to an auctioneer to have it disposed of. The auctioneer advertised it in such glowing terms that the owner didn't recognise the description of his own property, and when the day of sale arrived, he sent a friend to bid off, at any price, a place that had so many advantages as the auctioneer's advertisement enumerated. The gentleman is now back in his old quarters, and whenever he thinks of moving, his wife reads him the auctioneer's advertisement.

What is the most sentimental river? Ohio (oh-high-oh).

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR.—Capt. W. tells an amusing occurrence witnessed by him on board of the Ocean on her passage down. An oldish, and somewhat purblind gentleman, pacing up and down the upper saloon, stopped in front of a large full length mirror, and after gazing at the figure presented, inquired in a very deliberate tone, "Is–your–name–Brown?" No answer. Question repeated louder, "*is–your–name—Brown?*" Question again repeated louder still, "*Is—your—name—Brown?*" Still no answer. "Well," said the questioner, "you are either no gentleman, or *very deaf!*" The saloon was in a roar.

FRESH PORK.—A lady, one night at a party, was much annoyed by the impertinent remarks of a coxcomb who sat near her; at length becoming tired and vexed, she said, "Be pleased sir, to cease your impertinence." The fellow was astonished at so sudden a rebuke, and could only reply, "Pray, Miss, do not eat me." "Be in no fear," she replied, "I am a Jewess."

THE THREAD OF A JOKE.—Old Mrs. Pilkins was reading the foreign news by a late arrival. "Cotton is declining!" exclaimed the old lady. "Well, I thought as much—the last thread I used was remarkably feeble."

A CANDID WOMAN.—A woman, charged with being drunk and disorderly, denied the latter offence, saying that "she was too drunk to be disorderly."

SWEET INNOCENCE.—A lad, delivering his milk, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put in *warm water* instead of *cold.*"

WILLING TO BE "LET ALONE."

"Are these rooms to let?" said a polite gentleman to a handsome young lady. "Yes, sir." "And are you to be let with them?" "No, sir! *I'm to be let alone!*"

A Novel Depot.—"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on the rail-road."

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase, ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' and run rite in!"

Irish Advertisements.—Tony Gown is advertised as having lost "A pig with a very long tail, and a black spot on the top of its snout that curls up behind."

A cow is described as being "difficult to milk, and of no use to any one but the owner, who had one horn much longer than the other."

John Hawkins is alluded to, as having "a pair of gray eyes, with little or no whiskers, and a Roman nose, that has a great difficulty in looking any one in the face."

Betsey Waterton is accused of having "absconded with a chest of drawers, and a cock and hen, has red hair and a broken tooth, none of which are her own."

The Manager of the Savings' Bank, at Dunferry, near Goofowran, is spoken of in these terms:—"He had on when last seen, a pair of corduroy trousers, with tremendous squint rather the worse for wear, besides an affected lisp, which he endeavored to conceal with a pair of gold spectacles."

A b [illegible] a portrait taken in the following manner:—"He has little or no hair, but jet black eyes on a turn up nose, which is dyed black to conceal his grayness."

Sound Logic.—Mrs. Partington, on reading an account of a schooner having her jib-boom carried away in Long Island Sound, one night last week, wondered "why people would leave such things out o' doors, nights, to be stolen, when they was so many buglers about, filtering everything they could lay their hands to."

An Interesting Story.—"Shon, mine son," said a worthy German father to his hopeful heir, of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language; "Shon, mine son! come here, and I vill tell you a little shtory. Now, mine son, shall it be a drue shtory, or a makes believe?"

"Oh, a true shtory, of course," answered John.

"Very vell, den. There was vonce a goot nice old shentleman, (shoost like me) and he had a dirty little boy, (shoost like you). And von day he heard him swearing, like a young villain as he vas. So he vent to de corner, and dook out a cowhides, shoost as I am doing now, and he dook ter dirty little plackguard py de collar, (dis way, you see!) and volloped him *shoost so!* And den, mine tear son, he bull his ears dis vay, and shmack his face dat very vay, and dells him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vill do this evening."

Cutting Remark.—"I say, Jim, what mechanical work did you do first?" asked one darkey of another. "Why, *cut* teeth, ob course," replied the other, instantly.

Female Ignorance.—It is a fact, that some girls don't know kisses are sweet. Kissing a pretty one, the other day, she innocently asked, "What is the use of it—and what good does it do?" "Ah, Miss," said we, "what's the use of licking 'lasses.'

SHUTTING HIS EYES TO THE CONSEQUENCES.

Conjugal Sympathy.—Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he, "it would be just my luck to live for ever, if I should." Mrs. Snooks merely said, "Well, I would not, my dear."

Irreparable.—A clergyman who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was "one of the few—such a jewel of a christian! You cannot find his equal, you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I'll bet I will!"

A Bare Possibility.—"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Jest such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door step on t'other side of the street, fooled yer poor dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might ha' been in Californy huntin' dimuns, my son."

Through by Day Light.—A man out West lately threw eight constables, sixteen somersets, and two deputy sheriffs. He feeds on the celebrated "heave powders" which we read of.

One of the Witnesses.—The late J. S., a man of infinite wit and humor, and who had probably seen as much of life in America as any one, used to tell the following story, which is too good to be lost, though probably no one but he could do justice to it. If we err not, it ran somehow thus:

What railroad stock is in the East, steamboat shares are in the West; and as almost everybody owns more or less, it is almost an impossibility to procure a judgment against any company for injury, carelessness, or even loss of life. Such strange suits are very frequent, and give rise to some strange *contretemps*.

Not long since, it seems, a steamboat called the "Old Kentuck" blew up, near the Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, where it is a well established fact that a great many musquitos will weigh a pound, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Jones, lost her husband and her trunk, and for both of which an action was brought.

There was, strange to say, great difficulty in proving that Mr. Jones had been on the boat at the time of the collapse, that worthy having been notoriously drunk on the wharf-boat just as the steamer left Trinity.

Many witnesses were examined to prove the fact, until finally a Mr. Deitzmar, a German, was placed upon the stand. Our friend J. S., was attorney for the boat, and elicted from Mr. Deitzmar this testimony.

"Mr. Deitzmar, did you know the Old Kentuck?"

"Yah, I was blown up mit her."

"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"

"When she butst de bile? yar, I wash dare."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure. Mr. Jones and I took passenger to-gedder."

"You did? When did you last see Mr. Jones on board the boat?"

"Well! I didn't see Mr. Jones *aboard* de boat last time."

J. S. fancied his case was safe, and with a most triumphant glance at the jury, said:

"You did not? Well, Mr. Deitzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"

"Well, *when de schmoke pipe and me was going up, we met Mr. Jones coming down!*"

THE NAKED TRUTH.—A Boston paper in its report of the great ball at Newport, says: 'Miss B., looked sweetly, in a plain white muslin dress, *tucked up to the waist*.' By Jupiter! if that don't out-Bloomer Bloomer!

Perfectly Natural.—*Cymon* tells a story of an old deacon, who was caught by his daughter, one afternoon, in a snug tete-a tete with a buxom widow. 'Natur, Sally, it's nothing but natur!' cried the old gentleman.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

Though other voices greet me,
And other forms I see,
Though I may never meet thee,
I'll think of thee.

When bitten by mosquitos,
Or tortured by a flea,
Or plagued by rats and bedbugs,
I'll think of thee.

Mutual Grief.—Two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives; one of them exclaimed with a sigh—"Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was happier!"

DELIRIUMS TREMENDOUS.

A negro was brought up before the mayor of Philadelphia a short time since, for stealing chickens. "Well, Toby," said his honor, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Nuffin but dis' boss; I was as crazy as a bed bug when I stole dat 'ar pullet, coz I might have stole de big rooster, and never done it. Dat shows 'clusively to my mind that I was laboring unner the delirium tremendous."

IN A BAD WAY.—"Well, Emeline,' said Dr. W—— to a lazy gadder of a wife, "how do you feel to-day, Emeline ?" "A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and don't think I shall be any better. I'm very sure, any how, that I'm not long for this sinful world; and for the future, you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does." "Why Emeline, what's the matter with you?" "Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My grandmother died of it, so will I. The doctors don' know it; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grand-mother, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes all our folks."

COURTSHIP AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

Miss Sukey Smith had flaxen hair,
Her daddy had the pewter,
Her eyes were gray, and looked serene,
Upon her favorite suitor.

That suitor was a jolly youth,
So nimble, blithe, and brawny,
The yellow fever took him off,
One day, to California.

And when I heard that he was gone,
"It's now," said he, "or never!"
I shaved myself and greased my shoes,
And tried to look right clever.

I rigged myself from top to toe,
And caught and mounted 'Robin';
But all the way I rode along,
My heart it kept a throbbin'.

And when I reached her daddy's door,
It still kept on a thumpin';
But when I saw that heavenly maid,
It kinder stopped a jumpin'.

'Twas half past ten, when at her feet
  I knelt, and yet, ere dinner,
With honeyed speech and winnin' ways,
  I had contrived to win her.

Some months elapsed—to set the day
  I now began to press her;
I urged, entreated, plead in vain—
  In vain did I caress her.

While matters thus were cross'd and pil'd,
  My clothes all growin' seedy,
My rival from the mines returned,
  Still for my Sukey greedy.

I saw him kinder sidle up,
  And slip his arms around her,
When—heavens and earth she let him kiss
  Those precious lips! Confound her!

I told her that I was surprised—
  My eyes had sure deceived me—
And asked her to renew her vows,
    And from suspense relieve me.

When, don't you think, the tarnal gal,
  Her thumb upon her smeller;
Her fingers wriggled as she said—
  "Can't come it, little feller!"

A Hoggish Remark.—A countryman applied to John Hogg, Esq. to sell some green corn. "I don't want any," said Hogg. "Well," said the countryman, "you're the first hog I ever saw that didn't want corn!"

Aiming at the Wrong End. — *Teacher.*—"Come here, you young scamp, and get a sound spanking."

Scholar.—"You haint got no right to spank me, and the copy you just set me, ses so."

Teacher.—"I should like to hear you read that copy."

Scholar.—"You shil (*reads*). 'Let all the *ends* thou aimest at be thy country's, and so forth, and so forth,' and when you're a spankin' me, you aint aiming at no such end."

Acute Observation. — *Brother.*—"What did you have your waist made so big for, sister Lize?"

Sister.—"It's not so large, but on the contrary, very small and genteel."

Brother. "Taint, neither, or that plaguey fellow Bill Jones wouldn't be allers squeezin' it to make it smaller."

Eyes in a New Place. — *Daughter.*—"Ma, has pa got eyes behind?"

Mother.—"No, indeed. What do you ask such a question for?"

Daughter.—"Because you're always telling him not to look stern at you."

Precocious.—In one of our city schools, not many years ago, a member of the committee asked the members of a class which was under examination, "What was the cause of the saltness of the ocean?" Soon one little girl raised her hand, flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind. "You may tell," said the committee man. "Salt fish, sir!" said the pupil. The committee man immediately proceeded to the next class.

Good for Indigestion.—"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

Defamation of Character.—"Mrs. Partington, your neighbor, Mr. Gruff, is rather irascible, I think," said the new minister on his first visit to the old lady, as he heard Gruff scolding Ike for throwing snowballs at his new martin-house. Gruff kept a grocery over the way, and was in a constant quarrel with every boy in the neighborhood. Mrs. Partington looked at the minister through her spectacles inquiringly, before she answered. "*Rather* a rascal!" said she, slightly misapprehending his question, and patting her box affectionately, "yes, indeed, I think he is a great rascal! He sold me burnt peas for the best coffee, and it wasn't weight, nuther. When they built our new church, somebody said there was a nave in it, and I knowed in a minute who they meant. Why"—— "I mean," interrupted the minister, blandly, laying his white hand gently on her arm, "I mean that he is quick-tempered." "Oh, that's quite another thing—yes, he is, very," and she changed the subject. But that word "irascible" ran in her head for an hour after he was gone, and when Ike came in she told him to take down the old Johnson's Decency, and find the defamation of it.

Canine.—A gentleman that has had the shine taken off his boots by a lady's spaniel, will back the dog to lick anything.

Speaking from Experience.—"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?" said the minister to a sick man. "Oh, no! I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors—the king cannot be much worse!"

CATCHING HIS EYE.

Go it while your'e Young.—"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more—"Sally, before we go into this 'ere Museum, to see the Serenaders, I want to ax you somethin'." "Well, Ichabob, what is it?" "Why, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter a-piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuthin'. Now, ef you'll say you'll hav me, darn'd ef I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will." Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabob interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

A Will-ainous Pun.—A bank note—an old dilapidated one, was shown us yesterday, with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which was written in a bold, free hand, "Go it, *Bill*, I'll back you!"

Toe-ing the Nail.—A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be rather a rough one, concluded to put the shoes under his arm, and walk home barefooted. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as "clear as a whistle." "How lucky!" he exclaimed; "what a tremendous lick that would have been for the shoes!"

Maxim.—It's the earliest riser that gets the strongest tea.

A BROIL.

STEADY FRIENDS.

NO-O-O. GOOD NIGHT, OLD CHAP!—BUSINESS IS THE SOUL OF PUNCTUALITY. I MUST GO NOW. I'VE GOT SOME BUSI-BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO—(*hic*)—LET-TERS TO—WRITE!

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—In a case of trying to prove a man drunk, an Irish witness, taking the stand was asked by the Judge, if he thought the man the *worse* for liquor, replied—

"No! in faith, he thought him the *better* for it."

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR BY THE LOT.—It is recorded of a certain irrepressible genius, whose name has quietly descended to the vale of oblivion, that he once affixed a placard to a fair and fertile enclosure of which according to the laws of meum and tuum he was the owner, bearing these words, "This field to be given to any one who is truly contented." Of course the number of applicants was very considerable. In fact nearly every one who saw the notice eagerly crowded to pay his respects to the generous fellow who seemed so willingly to reward the puissant practitioners of a seemingly commendable virtue. He asked them all this question– "Are you contented with your present condition?" Any other than an affirmative answer would be destructive to the hopes of the expectants, and therefore they all answered, "yes." "Then," rejoined he, with immovable coolness, what the d——l do you want of my lot?"

HIT IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the lady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears. "I hope sir," said she, "it was not because you went away without paying."

TAKING THE CENSUS.—Some rich scenes occur in taking the census, under the late law of the State of New York for that purpose. The following, from an eye-witness, is one:—

"Is the head of the family at home?" asks the inquiring marshal.

"Here's the devil with his book again for the *d'rectry*," shouts a junior of the family to the maternal head above stairs, who presently appears.

"Is it the heads of the family ye want, sure? But last week ye wanted our name for ye *d'rectry*, and now ye want our *heads!* A free country this, sure, when one's head is not safe! Be off! and bad luck to ye and all like ye!"

After some explanations, the questions in order are asked

"Who is the head of the family?"

"Ann Phelim, yer honor; the same in ould Ireland for ever."

"How many males in this family?"

"Three *males* a-day, with praties for dinner, an——"

"But how many men and boys?"

"Och! Why, there's the ould man an' the boy, and the three children who died five years ago—Heaven rest their dear souls!—the swatest jewils that iver——"

"But how many are now living?"

"Meself and me daughter Judy, ye see them; and a jewil of a girl she is, indeed!"

"But have you no males in your family?"

"Sorra the one. The ould man works hard by the day, and Patrick is not at home at all but to his males and his bed."

"How many are subject to military duty!"

"Niver a one. Patrick and the ould man belong to the *Immits;* and sure, finer looking soldiers were niver born. Did ye not see them when the ould Gineral was buried! 'Twould have made your heart beat to see two such fine-lookin', gintale, well-behaved boys."

"How many are entitled to vote?"

"Why, the ould man, and meself, and Judy; and warn't it we that bate the Natives an' the Whigs an' all, an elicted ould General Jackson over 'im all? Sorra the day when he died and disappointed us all, for a fine man he was!"

"How many colored persons in your family?"

"Nagers! did you name nagers? Out, man, an' don't be insulting me! Out wid ye, and niver ask for me *senses* agin. Don't ask about me *senses*—whether I have nagers in the family! Yer out of yer senses yerself! Begone, and don't bother me!"

A fop's face is a wall of brass.

Mrs. Partington on Foreign Affairs.—"When will distention and strife cease among our foreign relations?" said Mrs. Partington with a sigh, as she looked abstractedly at the black profile on the wall, as if she thought it could answer the question; "when will distention cease? The peace congress didn't do no good's I see, for the Rushins and Austriches are a carryin' on jest as bad as ever they did, committin' all sorts of outridges and wrongs on the Hung'ry. Heaven never smiles on them that distresses the poor. We ought to hold the Rushers and all that belongs to 'em in excrescence—I don't know about hating the Rushy Salve, though, because that ha'nt done us no harm—and the Austriches, too, that lives on nails and gimblets, that the wild beast man told us about—the onnateral heathen. Then the Frenchmen are all in a commotion, and I should think they would be, eatin' frogs and sich things, and the English ministers are quarrelin' like 'dog's delight.' Where it will end I can't see."

Accurate Description.—Doctor Duncan received a severe injury from something in the shape of cowskin, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cincinatti. "Where were you hurt, doctor?" said a friend "Was it near the vertebra?" "No, no," said the disciple of Galen; "it was near the race-course."

AN EARLY IMPRESSION.

A CAT-ERECT.

A CATASTROPHE.—"Why does a cat on her hind legs remind one of Niagara. Because it is a cat-erect."

A MIRACLE.—A showman holding forth to his audience on his collection of curiosities, produced a rusty sword, which he assured them was the identical sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. One of the company observed, that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "You are right," said the student, "and this is the very sword he wished for!"

ODD REASON.—A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

A Chapter on Flattery.—Flattery is the confectionery of the world. In polite society it goes by the name of "soap," and in general is designated "soft sawder." It prevails over all: few are beneath it, none above it; the court, the camp, the church, are the scenes of its victories.

To lay it on is a sublime science. It may be laid on with the delicacy of a camel's hair pencil, or with the thickness of a trowel. Some folks like it one way, some another; glazing and plastering are only two modes of the same thing.

Fattery is like tickling. The person flattered finding himself gratified, and conscious that it is to the flatterer that he in indebted for the gratification, feels under an obligation to him, without inquiring the reason.

Women are particularly fond of flattery, and you may lay it on with a trowel. But if you would wish to be exceedingly delicate, you may say, "I hope you do not pull the bed-clothes over your face at night, Miss?" The lady will anxiously inquire. "Why?" "For fear the brightness of your eyes should set them on fire," is your reply. You may also hint, that were you and this lady united in the bonds of wedlock, you would require no tinder but the tender passion, and no lucifer-match cigar-lighting machines, as her eyes would afford a light at all times.

To pay a polite compliment, is the very essence of gentility. Talk to a man whose father was hanged, of public executions. To an old gentleman with a red nose, of the beauty of Bardolph's character. To a lady with false teeth, you may relate a story of a gentleman who was choked in swallowing them. To a gentleman with bandy legs, you may commence a dissertation on the analysation of curves of double curvature. To a lady with a large family, you may eulogise King Herod.

Tea improves by standing: champagne does not.

IDEA OF ETERNITY.—A clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his hearers: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

A GAME ARTICLE.—A city sportsman after tramping a whole day in the country after game and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to a farmer, and accosts him very civilly. "My good friend," says our hero, (whom we will call Tom,) "I'll make you an offer." "Of what, sur?" says the farmer. "Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?" "What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer. "Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!" "And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?" "Exactly so," said Tom. "Five Dollars," said the farmer. "That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give a twenty shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket." "Well," said the man, "hand it over." The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended. " Those were right good shots, sur," said the farmer. " Yes," said Tom, " eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than twenty shillings—eh?" " Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, " I think they be; but what do I care for that? *they are none of them mine!*" " Here," said Tom, " I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

LAWYERS, ATTENTION.—At a small town up the river, a young lawyer, who thought himself ' some,' made certain proposals at a town meeting, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, he said to the farmer, " Sir, do you know that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" " Well, sir," said the farmer, " what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater calf he grew."

A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.—*An old sea captain* used to say he didn't care a d——n how he dressed, when abroad, " because nobody knew him." And he didn't care a d——n how he dressed when at home, " because everybody knew him."

STANDING UPON CEREMONY.

A Hard Fever and a Tough Story.—An emphatic friend of ours in describing an attack of fever said:—The cold stage was so violent as to shake off the plastering of the room; the hot stage so intense that lath took fire, and he should certainly have perished in the flames, had not the profuse perspiration which followed extinguished the fire, and saved himself and the house from entire destruction.

Oh, the Baste.—A rich scene with a drunken man was witnessed some years ago, in the suburbs of Dublin. He was lying on his face, by the roadside, apparently in a state of physical unconsciousness. "He is dead," said a countryman of his, who was looking at him. "Dead!" replied another, who had turned him with his face uppermost; "by the powers, *I wish I had just half his disase!*"—in other words, a moiety of the whiskey he had drunk.

Notions of Antiquities.—An American traveller, returned from Europe, was asked how he liked Rome; to which he replied, that Rome was a fine city, but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings were very much out of repair.

TURNING OVER A NEW PAGE.

"Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your William out of doors." "Well, Mr. Swingle, it's the *first* Bill you've footed this many a day."

THE WOLVERINE IN OUR "BEST SOCIETY."—"Were you ever among fine ladies?" asked a traveler of a seven foot Wolverine; "yes: and flummox me if I want to be so fixed again; for there I sat with my feet straight down under my knees, head up, and hands laid close along my legs, like a new recruit on drill, or a horse on the stocks; and twist me if I didn't think I was about to be nicked. The whole company stared at me as if I had come without an invite, and I swear I thought my arms had grown a foot longer, for I couldn't get my hands into no sort of a comfortable fix: first I tried them on my lap; there they looked like going to prayers, or as if I was tied in that way: then I slung 'em down by my side, and they looked like two weights to a clock: and then I wanted to cross my legs, and I tried that, but my leg stuck out like a pump-handle. Then my head stuck up through a glazed shirt-collar, like a pig in a poke; then I wanted to spit, but the floor looked so fine that I would as soon have thought of spitting on the window; and then, to fix me out and out, they asked us all to sit down to dinner! Well, things went on smooth enough for a while, till we had got through one whet at it. Then an imp of a nigger came to me first, with a waiter of little bowls full of something, and a parcel of towels slung over his arm; so I clapped one of the bowls to my head, and drank it down at a swallow. Now, sir, what do you think was in it?" "Punch, I suppose," said the traveler laughing, or perhaps, apple toddy." "So I thought, and so would anybody, as dry as I was, and that wanted something to wash down the fainty stuffs I had been laying in; but no! it was water! Yes, you may laugh; but it was clean warm water! The others dipped their fingers into the bowls, and wiped them on the towels as well as they could for giggling; but it was all the fault of that pampered nigger in bringing it to me first. As soon as I catched his eye, I gin him a wink, as much as to let him know, if ever I caught him on my trail, I would wipe him down with a hickory towel."

A Common Case.—"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning: she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

THE END OF MAN.

"Why, surely George, you are not going back to California?" "Well, I aint a goin' to do anything else." "Just so; carrying out the scriptural injunction—'Dust thou art, and unto *dust* thou shalt return.'"

Praying for a Partner.—The Hungarian ladies are passionately fond of dancing. A lady told Mr. Paget that, in her dancing times, she well remembered that she never said her prayers for her "daily bread," without adding "and plenty of partners at the next ball, I beseech thee."

Trout Fishing.—We have a friend who is a somewhat practical joker, residing in a pleasant country residence near the ocean. Some time since he had a visit from Professor ——, of poetic memory. The professor is a keen trout fisherman, and seeing a pond at some distance from R's residence, he inquired—

"Can you fish for trout in that pond?"

"O, yes," said R., "as well as not."

"Possible!—where's your rod?"

"I have none. I'm no fisherman. But if you want to try, we'll go over to S———, and get tackle, and you may try your hand at it to-morrow."

It was thereupon agreed to do so, and the day was passed by the worthy professor in preparations for angling.

The next morning early, R. drove him over to the pond, and he whipped it all around to windward and leeward, and finally waded in up to his waist, and threw his flies most skillfully, but never raised a fin. At length, as the sun grew tolerably hot, he turned to R. who lay under a tree solacing himself with a book and a cigar, and exclaimed:

"I don't believe there is a trout in your pond."

"I don't know that there is," replied R. imperturbably.

"Why, you told me there was."

"O, no," said R. leisurely turning and lighting another cigar, "you asked me if you could fish for trout here, and I said you could as well as not. I've seen folks do it often, but I never knew of one being caught here."

THE ODDS AGAINST HIM.

Crow Eating.—A worthy old farmer residing in the vicinity of Lake Mahopack, was worried to death last summer by boarders. They found fault with his table, and said he had nothing fit to eat.

"Darn it," said old Isaac, one day, "what a fuss you're making. I can eat anything."

"Can you eat a crow?" said one of the boarders.

"Yes I kin eat a crow!"

"Bet you a hat," said the guest.

The bet was made, the crow caught and nicely roasted, but, before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff. Isaac sat down to the crow. He took a good bite, and began to chew away.

"Yes, I kin eat crow! (another bite and an awful face,) *I kin eat crow;* but *I'll be darned if I hanker arter it.*"

Somebody in my Bed!—A week or two ago, during my peregrinations through northern Pennsylvania, spreading knowledge among the denizens thereof (I sell books), I "just dropped in" at a comfortable-looking inn, where I concluded to remain for a day or two. After a good substantial supper, I lit a "York County Principe," (the like of which sell in these regions *four* for a cent,) and seated myself in the ring formed around the bar-room stove. There was the brawny butcher, the effeminate tailor, a Yankee fiddler, two horse dealers, a speculator, a blackleg, the village Esculapius, and "the Captain," who, in consequence of being able to live on his means, was a person of no small importance, and therefore allowed to sit before the fire-stove with the poker to stir the fire—a mark of respect granted *on*, to persons of standing.

Yarn after yarn had been spun, and the hour for retiring had arrived—the landlord was dosing behind his bar—and the spirit of the conversation was beginning to flag, when the doctor whispered to me, that if I would pay attention, he would "top off" with a good one.

"I believe captain," said the doctor, "I never told you about my adventure with a woman at my boarding-house, when I was attending the lecture."

"No, let's have it," replied the individual addressed, who was a short flabby, fat man of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded at a house in which there were no females but the landlady and an old colored cook——"

(Here the doctor made a slight pause; and the captain by way of requesting him to go on, said "Well.")

"I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labor of deep study, and dispel the *ennui* to which I was subject——"

"Well," said the captain.

"But as I feared that forming acquaintances among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all——"

"Well."

"One evening, after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings——"

"Well," said the captain.

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp, and went directly to my room, it being then after one o'clock——"

"Well!"

"I placed the light upon the table, and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock and a quantity of petticoats, lying on a chair near the bed——"

"Well!" said the captain, who began to show signs that he was deeply interested.

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire; but then I thought it was my room; I had at least a right to know who was in my bed."

"Exactly," nodded the captain; "well."

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens! what a sight! A young girl, I should say an angel, of about eighteen, was in there asleep——"

"Well!" said the captain, giving his chair a hitch.

"As I gazed upon her, I thought that I never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little night cap, rivalling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster——"

"Well!" said the excited captain, giving his chair another hitch.

"Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid and softly pulled it down——"

"Well!" said the captain, betraying the utmost excitement.

"To her waist——"

"*Well!*" said the captain, dropping the paper, and renewing the position of his legs.

"She had on a night-dress, buttoned up before, but softly I opened the two first buttons——"

"WELL!" said the captain, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement.

"And then, ye gods! what a sight to gaze upon! A Hebe—pshaw! words fail. Just then——"

"WELL!" said the captain, hitching his chair right and left, and squirting his tobacco-juice against the stove that it fairly fizzed again.

"I thought that I was taking a mean advantage of her, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room!"

"*It's a lie!*" shouted the excited captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair. "*It's a lie!*"

The Scold's Vocabulary.—The copiousness of the English language, perhaps, was never more apparent than in the following character, by a lady, of her husband: "He is," says she, "an abhorred, barbarous, capricious, detestable, envious, hard-hearted, illiberal, ill-natured, jealous, keen, loathesome, malevolent, nauseous, obstinate, passionate, quarrelsome, raging, saucy, tantalizing, uncomfortable, vexatious, abominable, bitter, captious, disagreeable, execrable, fierce, grating, gross, hasty, malicious, nefarious, obstreperous, peevish, restless, savage, tart, unpleasant, violent, waspish, worrying, acrimonious, blustering, careless, discontented, fretful, growling, hateful, inattentive, malignant, noisy, odious, perverse, rigid, severe, teasing unsuitable, angry, boisterous, choleric, disgusting, offensive, sneaking, awkward, boorish, brutal, crabbed, churlish, outrageous, stupid, sulky, sullen, treacherous, tyrannical, virulent, yelping dog in a manger."

KNOCK AND RING.

A CANDID OPINION.—A country gentleman, after dinner, laid hard siege to his hostess' wine, despite of her pressing invitations to taste her "excellent made wines, for which she had always been so famed." Having at length prevailed, she ventured to ask for an opinion. "I always give a candid one," said her guest, "where eating and drinking are concerned. *It is admirable stuff to catch flies.*"

A DARNED SIGHT TOO SMALL.—"Grandfather," said a saucy little imp the other day; "how old are you?"

The old gentleman, who had been a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and patting him on the head with all the fondness of a second child of life, said:

"My dear boy, *I am ninety-five years old*," and then commenced to amuse the lad with some of the incidents in the story of his life —at the conclusion of which he addressed the youngster.

"But, my son, why did you ask such a question?"

When the little rascal, with all the importance of a Napoleon, strutted off, and hitching up the first pair of trousers he ever wore, after the approved sailor fashion, replied:

"Well, it appears to me *you are darned small of your age!*"

There is none of the right kind of birch that grows round in sufficient quantities where such boys are raised.

"PICKING UP A LIVING'

Mrs. Partington and Salvation.—Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people, who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses, when a recollect is to be taken.

"**No Use an Cussin.**"—Most persons have doubtless heard the anecdote related by the Temperance lecturer, White, of the market-man who was in the habit of swearing his way through life, and making the most obstinate and apparently insurmountable obstacles in his path yield to his highly concentrated and all-powerful manner of employing his "Maker's name in vain." They will remember his trip to town with the old rickety cart, full of turnips, drawn by the old gray horse, and that long red hill, the top of which, by his never failing elixir, spiced with a free use of the whip on the aforesaid grey, he had nearly reached when the back board of his cart fell out, and the turnips followed, rolling, jumping, and chasing each other down the hill, and into the ditches by the road side.

They can imagine, too, better than I can describe, the fellow's sudden, "wo-o-oo!" to old gray, and the rising up of his wrath, which choked down all utterance—how he paced the road, and ran his fingers through his hair, as his eyes followed the retreating turnips, frolicking down the hill, like juveniles turned out of school, on the eve of a holiday, and the indignation which fired his soul, when with arms akimbo, he earnestly declared, "It's no use a cussin! I can't do the subject justice!"

Done Brown.—An Irishman joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dinner he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something you cannot do." "'Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

A **Pretty Considerable Shake.**—A paper out West says that the ague has been so severe in "them parts," that a person afflicted with it actually shook the *toe-nails* off his *finger-ends*.

Law Eloquence in Kentucky.—The following powerful, elegant, and classic appeal was made in a court of justice somewhere in Kentucky by one of the "learned heads" of the bar :—"Gentlemen of the jury,—Do you think my client, who lives in the pleasant valley of Kentucky, where the lands *is rich*, and soil *are fertile*, would be guilty of stealing *eleving* little skains of *cotting ?* I think not, I reckon not, I calculate not. And I guess, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you had better bring my client in not guilty, for if you convict him, he and his son John will lick the whole of you !"

Hot and Cold.—An Irishman discovered a part of the woodwork of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up-stairs to his master, and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him. A large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?"—"I can't, surr." "Why, you fool! pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, surr."

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

The Auctioneer.—There is no man who spends so much breath, who talks so fast and is so lavish of words, as the auctioneer. He repeats the same thing over and over again, and never grudges his labor. He is fond of smart sayings and sudden turns in the sense; and he is witty, at the expense of his goods or the expense of his customers. He can talk of several different things at once, and without confusion. But he sometimes very ludicrously mixes up different subjects in the same sentence. For instance, lately dropping in at a book-auction, there happened to be a man who annoyed the company and the auctioneer with a segar. The book had gone up to twenty seven cents and a half, and the auctioneer, dwelling upon it, cried "And a half, and a half,"—when smelling the annoyance he shouted out, "D—n your segar!—and a half, and a half, and a half,—thirty—thirty-two and a half, and a half—kick out that man with a segar, and a half, and a half—going, going—thirty-five, thirty-five—thirty-seven and a half—curse that segar smoke!—and a half, and a half—I'd rather have the devil about me—and a half, and a half, and a half—it gives me the phthisic—and a half, and a half—going, going—forty, forty cents—forty two and a half—who's putting brimstone on the stove?—and a half, and a half, and a half—I wish I had hold of that boy—and a half, and a half, and a half—I'd choke the rascal—and a half, and a half—going, going—who says forty five—not half the price of the book—and a half, and a half—forty two, and a half—a treatise on the toothache, gentlemen—who'll give fifty cents for the toothache, and a half, and a half, forty-seven and a half—look at that boy there—and a half, and a half—pocketing one of those pen-knives and a half, and a half—I can't have my eyes everywhere—and a half, and a half—fifty—fifty two and a half—kick all the boys out of the room—and a half, and a half—kick 'em out, I say—and a half, and a half—going, going, gone."

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides.

A NEW DISH.—A gentleman, whose knowledge of the French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant of the meaning even of those, called in at one of our French *restaurants* a few days since for his dinner.

"Vat vill you have, sare?" said the attentive French waiter.

"I'll take some of that—that—what do you call it?—same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other."

"I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before dis."

"Oh! some fried dish—let's see, a fried *fille de chambre*—I believe that's what they call it."

The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment, when his customer called for a *fried chambermaid!*

TOUCHING HIS SOFT SPOT.—A young gentleman, not remarkable for talent or experience, was in the habit of visiting a family in which there were, among others, two ladies and a little girl. The ladies were once discussing his acquirements, in the presence of the child, and one of them observed that "Mr. ——— had a soft place in his head." This was treasured up by the child, and at a subsequent visit the young phrenologist commenced an examination of the gentleman's cranium, for the purpose of ascertaining where this new organ was situated. Unfortunately, she imagined she found it, and, to the discomfiture of the ladies, exclaimed, "Oh, sister! Mr. ——— really has, as you said, a soft place in his head, for here it is under my finger."

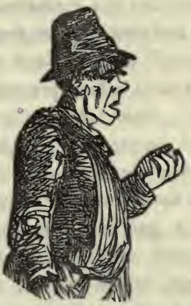
A MILLERITE MIRACLE.—In a little village, in the State of Hoosierana, in the year 1844, there was all sorts of excitement concerning the doctrines and prophecies of that arch-deceiver, Miller. For months, the midnight cry followed by the morning howl and the noonday yell, had circulated through the village and surrounding counties. The night of the third of April, was the time agreed upon out west here for the grand exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling;" and about ten o'clock of the said night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the outskirts of the town, on a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand. In the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a free negro, by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, woolly, and rough a descendant of Ham as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of hams; in fact, put Sam on a horse, his legs clasped round its neck, his head towards the tail, and his arms clasped around the animal's hams, and at ten paces off you would swear he was an *old set of patent gearing.*

The leader of the Millerites, owing to an "ancient grudge he bore him," hated Sam like smoke, and had done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the "elect," but all to no purpose: Sam would creep in at every meeting, and to-night here he was again, dressed in a white robe of cheap cotton, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now, on the morning of the third, a genius named Cabe, had, with a deal of perseverance, and more trouble, managed to throw a half-inch hemp cord over the branch of an oak which stretched its long arm directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble; one end he had secured to the body of the tree, and the other to a stump some distance off. About ten o'clock, when the excitement was getting about "eighty pounds to the inch," Cabe, wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd, and proceeded to fasten, in as secure a manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt which confined Sam's robe; and, having succeeded, "sloped" to join some of his companions who had the other end. The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene, and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard, exclaiming, "O Lor! I'se a a goin' up! Who-o-oh!" and, sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the "ethereal blue;" this was, however, checked when he had cleared *terra firma* a few feet. "Glory!" cried one; "Hallelujah!" another, and shrieks and yells made night hideous; some fainted, others prayed, and not a few dropped their robes and "slid." Now, whether it was owing to the lightness of his head, or the length and weight of his heels, or both, Sam's position was not a pleasant one: the belt to which Cabe's cord was attached was bound exactly round his centre of gravity, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heels up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a pendulum, which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands and vigorous kicking. At length, he became alarmed; he *wouldn't* go up and he couldn't come down! "Lor a massy," cried he, "jest take up poor nigger to um bosom, or lef him down again, *easy, easy.* Lef him down agin, please um Lor, and dis nigger will go straight to um bed! Ugh-h!" and Sam's teeth chattered with affright, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing his head directly downward and his heels up, when a woman, shrieking out, "O brother Sam, take me with you!" sprung at his head as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up "all standing." "Gosh, sister!" cried Sam, "lef go um poor nigger's *har.*" Cabe gave another pull at the rope, but the additional weight was too much; the belt gave way and down come Sam, his bullet-head taking the leader of the saints a "feeler" just between the eyes. "Gosh! is I down agin?" cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up. "I is, bress de Lor! but I was nearly dar, I seed de gate!" The leader took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, and, giving him a kick, said, "Leave, you cussed baboon! you are so ugly *I knowed they wouldn't let you in!*"

A QUANDARY.—A baker with both arms in the dough up to his elbows, and a flea in the leg of his trowsers.



A TOUGH MEAL.—A freshly imported Patlander, who had engaged himself as a waiter at one of the hotels, was ordered by one of the guests to bring him a napkin. Now, this was an article that Pat had never heard of in all his life, and to save his soul from purgatory he could not tell what the gentleman meant. His Irish blood forbade him displaying his ignorance, so he went off as if to comply with the order. Presently a thought struck him, and he returned to the gentleman saying—

"Faix, sir, and will ye be pleased to take something else, the napkins be all ate up!"

"Did you receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?"

"Yes, father."

"Then why did thee not buy a new coat!—thy present one is rather fragile."

"Why—the fact is—that—I left all my money in the bank at New Orleans."

"Ah! thy economy is certainly commendable—in what bank?"

"I don't exactly remember what bank, father—I know it was a very good one, as it had a scriptural name. It was—um! let me see—it was the Pharoah bank, I think."

The Desired Effect.—A young girl from the country being on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked her "How didst thou like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it? why I can see no sense in it—to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word; it is enough to *kill the devil.*" "Yea, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

Lost and Found.—Some gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a bible, were severely reproved with the spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you should ask me such a question?" Then, addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration.* Accordingly, the bible was brought, nicely covered; and, on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come: here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these *three years*, and didn't know where to find 'em."

A Distinction.—A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner party. The man, the next morning, craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault: "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he; "but I was not *very* drunk, *and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk.*" "Why," replied the master, "I don't say you were very drunk for a *gentleman*, but you were d—d drunk for a *coachman.* So get about your business."

Unblushing Fact.—"Take care of the paint," as the city gals say ven a feller goes to kiss 'em.

Enduring Grief of Widows.—A young Tipperary widow, Nelly M'Phee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on her way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted, of course," said Grossman. "No, she didn't," said Smith. "Tooley, dear," says she, "y're too late; four weeks ago it was I shook hands wi' Pat Sweeney upon it that I would have him a dacent time arter poor M'Phee was under board." "Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Diedric Van Pronk, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried on Cop's Hill. Folks said that grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very like her late husband, and constantly kept it in bed for several months. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight when the servants told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way—'Mape it ish well enough now to shplit up old Van Pronk vat is up-stairs.'"

Soaped Her too Slick.—"Wall," said a soft-hearted blubbering Jonathan, the other day, "Suke has gin me the sack, by gravy! I've lost her." "Lost her; how?" inquired his sympathizing friend. "I laid the soft soap on to her so thick, that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

A BRACE OF POINTERS.

A Young Bloomer.—A little girl, dressed in the Bloomer costume, who had been seated between her elder sister and her beau, during a drive to the country, on her return, accosted her mother thus: "Ma, ma, I wont ride with sister Jane and Thomas Smith any more, for he keeps a-hugging and a-kissing her all the while. Now just see how he's mussed my pretty Bloomer hat," at the same time holding up to the astonished mother's view a dilapidated looking Bloomer flat.

"Susan? Susan! how can you talk so?" was the mother's exclamation. "It can't be possible that your sister allows Mr. Smith to take such liberties."

"Yes, but it is possible," was the reply of the mischievous minx; "and mother, I tell you she likes it too, for she leans up to him just like brother Jack's Guinea pig when he scratches him."

The mother was shocked, and vowed that she would soak the young Bloomer's head in ice water.

Early Grief.—A sentimental youth, having seen a young lady at home, bending over something in her lap and weeping bitterly, took the first opportunity of questioning her as to the cause of her sorrow, and was perfectly awe-struck on being informed that she was only pealing onions.

Cross-Examination.—"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit; do you mean by that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the light for the man that did."

"Ah! the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throw'd a little light on it."

"No levity, Mr. Smith. Crier, wipe your nose, and call the next witness."

A "Down East" Original.—I was rash enough on the first of the month to go into the country to live, seduced by Ralph Waldo Emerson's laudation of spring, and am heartily sick of it; for the wind has been on a blow ever since, and, like a big baby, made a child's rattle of everything it could lay its hands to, from a "huckleberry" bush up to an orthodox meeting-house. But there is one consolation—my hen's nest is so arranged that the eggs fall directly from the fowl into my skillet of hot water; consequently, I eat them fresher, perhaps, than they do at some boarding-houses, where the landladies appear to believe that they are not fit to cook until they have attained the *haut gout;* or, perhaps, they keep them until they are *cheap* enough to eat, on the same principle that "Johnny L——" (of whom so many queer stories are told) kept his fish. "Johnny" was seen carrying home a piece of fresh salmon at a time when it was a dollar a pound. He was asked why he didn't wait until it was cheaper? "Aha!" replied Johnny, "I know what *I'm* about. I shall put it in my ice-chest; and when it gets down to twenty-five cents a pound, I shall eat it!"

Johnny is the same "stick" who set a light that the rats might see to go into his trap; and when asked by the painter what letter he would have put on the panel of his carriage, preferred W., because he thought it the best looking in the whole alphabet. He once marked up the prices of his goods in a dull season, and, when he had finished the job, went home and told his wife he had made a thousand dollars by the operation, forgetting that the merchandise yet remained to be sold. Told once that his store was on fire, he said it couldn't be, for he had the key in his pocket; and he is said to have ordered a huge thermometer to regulate the weather, and locked his door to keep the heat out. When he had killed his pig, he sagely remarked that "it didn't weigh as much as he expected, and he never thought it would." He sold half of his porker to a neighbor; but it was a question how it should be divided, after cutting it across in the middle. The neighbor proposed that

L—— should put his hand, unseen by him, on one extremity or the other, and he'd say, without knowing what it was, whether he would have it or not. Johnny consented, and, slightly cutting off the pig's curly termination, when his friend's back was turned, stuck it on the nose, and demanded, "Who shall have the part with the tail on?" "I!" exclaimed the other triumphantly. "Then you have got the fore-quarter ." said Johnny. On another occasion, some waggish butcher in the market persuaded him that it would improve the looks of his favorite dog to cut his tail shorter. Johnny assented; but fearing to trust the operation to any of the wags, he got them to hold the animal while he acted as surgeon, for he said he wanted only a very little amputated "to begin with." After calculating very nicely where to strike, Johnny raised the cleaver, at the same moment the butchers shoved the dog along; so that, when the knife had fallen, the poor man found that he had severed his cur in twain; whereupon he protested, in perfect dismay, that "it was a little too short, by a d—— sight!"

Awful.—"Henry, dost thou love me, dearest?"

"Ask the stars if they love to twinkle, or the flowers to smell. Love you! aye, as the birds do love to warble, or the breeze to fly. Why asks the flannel of thy heart?"

"Because my soul is grieved. Care has overcast the joy which once spread a sunshine o'er thy face; anguish sits on thy brow—and yet your Helena Ann knows not the cause. Tell me aching heart, why droops thy soul—has mutton riz?"

"No, my Helena—thank the gods, no, but my credit has fell. Cleaver, from this day forth, sells meat for cash!"

Helena screeches, faints, and falls into her husband's arms, who, in the anguish of the moment seizes a knife, and stabs himself—*over the left shoulder*—while the curtain drops.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mrs. Partington.—"BLESS ME; THE GARDENER HAS FORGOTTEN TO WIND UP THE SUN-DIAL."

ENTIRELY TOO GOOD.—"Boy, why did you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

"All's not Gold that Glitters."—One day last week, a smooth-faced youth from that neck o' timber," was strolling lazily up the street, when he was accosted by a seedy-looking individual with—

"I say, mister, haint you lost a watch?"

"How?"

"This 'ere repeater, which I've just found in the mud. I didn't know but you lost it; if you haint, somebody has; there'll be a big—a very big reward. I'm a married man—got sixteen s-m-a-ll—very small—children, and an aged father and mother dead—both dead, sir, very dead, an' I don't expect they'll live a great while. I've got to leave the city on account o' debt—to-morror—so take the watch and give me something. D'ye think it's gold!"

Kentuck believed the watch to be gold, the "raal Kaliforny," ut he thought he would "play" on the green 'un (?) by saying—

"Gold—thunder! No, it's brass, an' you stoled her to raise cash with, an' I'm darn sure you'll be jugged, old hoss. I feel for your family—I do—so here's a V., the genuine stove-pipe."

The loafer fobbed the money and dodged up the street in a "pooty fast" trot. Kentuck dropped into a jeweller's and found that the works of the watch were worth about fifty cents. With a curse on his lips he rushed around the corner of the street and found the "stuffer" busily engaged in fishing—in the sewer.

"Say, you! No-feeling mud-sucker, what you doin' thar?"

"Findin' some more watches, you cursed fool." And "seedy" *skeeted*, congratulating himself on having "sold a sucker."

Left the Premises.—A landlord, previous to going round to collect his rents, sent his servant forward to prepare the tenant for his visit. On reaching the house, and finding the man taking a survey, and apparently endeavoring to gain admittance, "What's the matter?" said he, "is the door bolted?"—"No, master," was the reply, "but *the tenant is.*"

COULDN'T DO IT.—A wag in a country bar-room, where each man was relating the wonderful tricks they had seen performed by Signor Blitz and the rest of the conjuring family, expressed his contempt for the whole tribe, declaring that he could perform any of their tricks, especially that of beating a watch in pieces and restoring it whole.

It being doubted, he demanded a trial. Several watches were at once produced for the experiment.

"There!" said he, "are the pieces."

"Yes," all exclaimed, "now let's see the watch!"

He used mysterious words, shook up the fragments, and at length put down the mortar and pestle, observing.

"Well, *I thought I could do it*, but by George, *I can't!*"

"MONEY, THE WORST KIND."—A book auctioneer, in Boston, a few evenings since, commenced his sale by offering a small number of second-hand books, part of a private library. Amongst the volumes was a large octavo copy of Johnson's Dictionary. "Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "what's bid for this? it's just as good as new, and cost five dollars. What's bid? Is three dollars bid? two fifty? two dollars? Why, gentlemen, this cost two dollars to bind. Will nobody bid the price of binding? One seventy-five—one fifty? one twenty-five? one dollar? Now it's no use for this crowd to stand with their mouths open and no bids coming out. You must bid and there's no get off, no how. Not one dollar? Well, now I tell you right straight up and down, that you've got to bid! The book must be sold. The owner wouldn't sell it for less than four dollars, if he wasn't obliged to; but the fact is he wants money the *worst kind;* so it's no use to come the artful dodge; you *must* bid." This appeal was followed by a bid of one dollar. "Thank you," said the auctioneer; "one dollar, one dollar, one dollar; no advance, gentleman! One dollar, going, going, go-ing—gone! I shall sell nothing so cheap to-night, I tell you.

Who's the bidder?" "Cash," said one of the crowd, handing up a bill on which the auctioneer gazed for a moment in evident dissatisfaction. Then transferring his gaze to the bidder, he exclaimed. "What do you call this?" "I call it a one dollar bill," said the latter. "Well, I call it," said the auctioneer, "a worthless scrap of paper issued by the Bangor Globe Bank, that busted all to pieces years ago, and you know it." "To be sure I do," said the bidder coolly, "but as you said the owner of the book wanted money *the worst kind*, I thought that would suit him to a charm!"

A New Disease.—"Warts on the mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington the other day, as she glanced into a library through her dim spectacles. "I have heerd of warts on all parts of the human cistern, but never before on the mind. Oh, dear, I should think it would defect the brain."

HE BOY'S ANSWER.—Two boys of a tender age, who went by the names of Tom and Jack became members of a district school, in a certain New England town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories, concerning their names, age, &c.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the first one, "what is your name?"

"Tom," promptly answered the juvenile.

"Tom!" said the teacher, "that dosen't sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said *Thomas.*

Now my son," (turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly comprehended idea,) "now then, will you tell me what your name is?"

"*Jackass*," replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

RATHER A BAD PRACTICE.—A traveler stopped at a tavern, and was much taken with the landlady, a neat pretty and agreeable quakeress. When about to depart, he declared he could not go without a kiss. The pretty quakeress blushed, as she replied with great circumspection, "Friend, thee must not do so impudent a thing." "By heavens, I will!" exclaimed the traveler. "Well, as thee has sworn, I will not be the cause of thy breaking thine oath," naively answered the blushing landlady, "but thee must not make a practice of it!"

WHAT'S THE CAUSE?—A husband having been *left* by the partner of his cares, at an early day called to investigate the matter, and went at the business in a categorical manner, as follows:—

"Haven't you always had good maple wood, all split up, in the cellar?"

"Yes," said the fugitive lady.

"Haint you always had," he continued rather excited, "a new milch cow and good carrots?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, *what's the cause?* Did I ever strike you with a billet of wood, or knock you down with a hoe handle?"

"No."

"*Then what in h—* IS *the cause?*"

SETTLING WITH A DOCTOR.—A young physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied, "No sir, I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face!"

Raising the price of Board.—At the time of General Taylor's inauguration, a long, tall, hungry, ungainly fellow, whose hands hung as low as his knees when he stood up straight, made his appearance at Coleman's and took lodgings. He sat pretty near the end of the table every day at dinner, and ate inordinately. Soup, fish, flesh, fowl, desert—his enormously long arms kept sweeping round like the arms of a huge wind-mill, gathering in everything that fell within the area of a circle they described.

His voracity and beastly gluttonness so disgusted the other boarders, that about a dozen of them went to Coleman and told him he must get rid of the fellow, or they would positively quit the house.

Coleman reflected a while, and finally thought he had hit upon a plan. So he took the fellow aside, and told him that, owing to the unusual crowd of people in the city, and the plethora of every hotel and boarding-house, provision had become scarce and high, and he found that he was losing money, and should be compelled to raise the price of board from two dollars and a half to three dollars a day.

"Don't," said the fellow, "don't do it! I shall die if you do It nearly kills me now to eat two dollars and a half's worth, and if you raise the price to three dollars, I shall die in two days. Don't do it, if you please!"

Giving him Fits.—A Doctor once returned a coat to a tailor, because it did not fit him. The tailor afterwards seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said to him—

"Ah, doctor, you are a happy man."

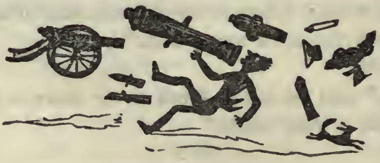
"Why so?"

"Because," said the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."

A Hint to All.—Rise early, and be an economist of time.

About Right.—We once heard of a preacher who was calle upon by some of his congregation to pray for rain, of which the crops stood greatly in need. His reply was that he would if his congregation desired it, but he was sure it would not rain till the wind shifted.

Bashful Clergyman.—The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the well-known author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, it need only be stated that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half had passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no farther forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things became intolerable, a step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he, as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now for six years an' mair, and I've never gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might take one, my bonnie girl?" "Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper wi' it." "Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing." The blessing was asked—the kiss was taken; and the worthy divine, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed, "O! woman! but it is gude. We'll return thanks." Six months made the pious couple man and wife; and added his descendant, who humorously told the tale, a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together.



BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

A CHEAP WAY TO GO ON A "BUST,"—BUY A COPY OF MRS. PARTINGTON'S CARPET BAG AND GET INTOXICATED (WITH JOY.)

A Sailor's Acknowledgments.—On a voyage from Liverpool to New York, there were among the passengers a Scotch clergyman and a middle-aged maiden lady. The latter, with the foresight or rather fussiness—of her class, had provided herself with all manner of antidotes againt sea-sickness, not the most disagreeable of which was a case of annisette cordial. Now, it happened that a fine active tar, one of the crew, had on several occasions rendered some slight service to this lady, and being desirous of repaying the obligation, she one afternoon presented Jack with a large bottle of annisette. Whether he was unconscious of the strength, or beguiled by the sweetness of the liquid, was never ascertained; certain it is, that some half hour after the ceremony of presentation, Jack being ordered aloft, made a misstep, and was precipitated into the angry flood. There was but a light breeze stirring; the cry of "man overboard!" brought every one on deck, and though the order to "back topsails" was given almost simultaneously with Jack's plunge, he was some half mile astern before the boat could be lowered and manned. But he was a lusty swimmer, and bore up bravely, singing out to those in the boat, as he rose upon the surges, "Bear a hand, d—n your eyes! don't you see I'm swallowing the ocean?"

With little difficulty he was got into the boat, and soon, dripping like a wet Newfoundland dog, was in safety on the vessel's deck. The clergyman naturally supposing that this would be a most favorable opportunity to impress upon Jack's mind the importance of greater attention to his religious duties, &c., advanced and made him a most impressive exhortation, dwelt on the imminent peril from which he had just been providentially rescued, urged him in future to be more regardful of his religious duties, to give up drinking, profane swearing, &c., in short, read him a proper and serious homily. The sailor listened gravely and attentively to the end, then giving a hitch to both sides of his trousers, at once exclaimed as he started for the forecastle—

"D—n my eyes, if ever I went to sea with a Parson yet, that some accident din't happen!"

A KITCHEN IN HEAVEN.—A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color; among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the servants asked her, "Sister, you see any black folks in heaven?" "Oh! get out—'spose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

SETTLE THAT BILL.—Why is a young lady like a due bill? Because she ought to be settled as soon as she comes to maturity.

Aunt Hetty's Advice.—Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lap-dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economise *and die*, and your husband will marry again, take what you've saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fireboard, and—but what's the use of talking? I warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow.

A Doctor as is a Doctor.—A self-sufficient humbug who took up the business of physician and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called upon to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:

"I think he's a gone fellow."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes I do say so: there arn't any hope, not the leastest mite—he's got an attack of nibil fit in his lost frontis—"

"Where?" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetary system is deranged; fustly his vox populy is pressin' on his advalorum; secondly, his cutacarpial cutaneous has swelled considerably if not more; thirdly, and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state and he ain't got any money, consequently he's bound to die."

A PRAYER CUT SHORT.—Parson B———, was truly a pious man, and at the long graces which usually followed the meals, he and the whole family reverently knelt, except the Parson's brother, who, being o'er much fat, usually stood with his back to the table and overlooking the garden. One day, it was summer time, the parson was unusually favored; not appearing to notice the fidgety movements of his brother, who kept twisting about until, finding no ends to the thanks, he broke in with—"Cut it short, Parson—cut it short; the cows are in the garden playing h—l with the cabbages." The interruption though irreverent, was well-timed, and the cows were driven out.

SEEING DOUBLE.—A devotee of Bacchus stepped out of a hotel at Elmira the other evening, and his perceptive faculties not being particularly distinct, tumbled unawares into the lock. After paddling around about half an hour, he succeeded in getting out and obtaining admittance in the house. Shaking his hat by the stove, he exclaimed: "I say, (hic) Mister, this may be a darn good tavern, (hic) but I think your house (hic) has got a l-e-e-t-l-e larger *cistern* than it can well afford."

A MUSICAL LECTURE.—"What is a slur?"

"Almost any remark one singer makes about another."

"What is a rest?"

"Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermontime."

"What is called singing "with an understanding?"

"Marking time on the floor with your foot."

"What is a staccato movement?"

"Leaving the choir in a *huff*, because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

"What is a swell?"

"A professor of music, who pretends to know every thing about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance."

A YOUNG SOLOMON.

"Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."

"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother.

"Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

Having the First Bite.—Said a country landlord to an old boarder—"Mr. Jenkins, as you always come in late, have you any objections to this gentleman occupying your bed until the stage goes out? "Not the least. I will be infinitely obliged to you if you will put him there, so that the bed-bugs can have their supper before I come."

An Eye to Business.—From a Western paper we cut the following notice:—

"*Died*—After a short illness yesterday, my wife, leaving behind her three infant children. In the hope that her poor soul is with God, I beg to inform my customers that my store will be as well furnished as formerly, having confided my business to my principal clerk—who is extremely intelligent and as well versed in the business as the deceased herself.

"N. B. Fresh corned beef just received."

Taking it Easy.—Old Roger was a queer dick, and in his own way made all things a subject of rejoicing. His son Ben came in one day and said—

"Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs."

"Good," said the old man, "that's the most profitable sheep on the farm."

"But one of them is dead," said Ben.

"I'm glad on't," said the old man, "it'ill be better for the old sheep."

"But t'other's dead too," said Ben.

"So much the better," rejoined Roger, "she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall."

"Yes, but the old sheep's dead too," exclaimed Ben.

"Dead! dead! what, the old sheep dead?" cried old Roger, "that's good; she always was an ugly old scamp."

Arkansas Baggage.—"Boy, run up stairs to No. ——, and bring down my baggage—hurry, I'm about moving," said a tall, Arkansas-meat-axe-looking person to a waiter. "Whar is your baggage, massa, and what is he?" "Why, three pistols, a pack of cards, a Bowie-knife, and one shirt. You'll find them all under my pillow."

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—Down east there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumber by a very loud rapping at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked—

"Who's there?"

"Friend!" was the answer.

"What do you want!"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there then!" was the benevolent reply.

A DEAD LOSS.—The other day I met one of my friends, an excellent man; he was in deep mourning: black coat, pants, vest, gloves, cravat, and a crape around his hat. He was slowly walking, with his eyes fixed on the ground. "Ah, my friend," said I, "what have you lost?" "I have lost nothing," he replied, "I'm a widower."

A YARD OF WOOD.—Hundreds on the banks of the Mississippi know that there are a great many wood yards established for the purpose of supplying the numerous steam craft with fuel. It was on a fine evening in the year ——, that the captain of one of the immense "*floating palaces*" which adorn the "*king of rivers*" was quietly seated together with a party of passengers in the cabin playing whist, when the mate suddenly entered, and going up to the captain, exclaimed:

"Out of wood, sir!"

"Ring the bell, and show a light, then," answered the commander, as he shuffled his pack. Soon the mate appeared.

"Wood-yard, sir!"

The captain went out, and addressing the woodman, asked:

"What's the price of wood?"

"Four and a half."

"Too much! however I'll take *a cord*," and so saying he went back to his game. He had not been long seated when the mate again appeared.

"Out of wood, sir!"

"Find a yard as soon as possible. My deal! Ring the bell! Hearts are trumps!"

The mate soon appeared again.

"Wood-yard, sir!"

The captain again left his party, and went on deck.

"What's the price of wood?"

"Four and a half."

"Too high! but as I can't do any better, I'll take a cord."

Half an hour had not elapsed, when the mate again appeared.

"Out of wood, sir!"

"Your deal! Show a light, and haul up to the first pile! My game!"

The mate soon entered, and announced another wood yard. Out went the captain.

"What's the price of wood?"

"Four and a half."

"Too high! Can't take it at that price."

He was just going off, when the woodman exclaimed:

"Wal, seein' as this is *the third time you've wooded with us to-night*, I'll let you have some for *four!*"

The captain was astounded, looked at the mate, and vanished; having made up his mind that he had about *the slowest boat on the river*.

ALL IN THE BOOTS.—"Aren't you a little tight, my friend?" asked a wag of a person who found some difficulty in pursuing an "upright course" along the side walk.

"No," was the reply, "but my (hic) confounded boots are tight; been growing' tighter ever since mornin'; (hic) that's all."

The Yankee and the Doctor.—"Doctor, that ere ratsbane of yours is first rate," said a Yankee to an apothecary.

"Know'd it! know'd it!" said the pleasant vender of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but first rate doctor stuff."

"And doctor," said the other coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound?"

"Yes, sir. I gin that pound I bought the other day to a pesky mouse, and it made him dreadful sick, and I am sure that another pound would kill him."

A **Good Provision.**—A New Zealand chief having been converted by the powerful arguments of a missionary, requested, after the meeting was over, to be admitted to the Christian church. After a short conversation, the missionary discovered a serious obstacle in the path of the new convert—he was encumbered with *nine wives.* This objection was stated to him, and he was advised to retain one of them and make some suitable *provision* for the others. Disappointed in his first effort towards Christianity, the aspirant for the church walked off with a thoughtful countenance, and was not seen again for a month or more, when he came again to the missionary, and, with a joyful air, proclaimed himself a suitable candidate for admission to the church. "But your wives!" said the clergyman. "Ah, me hab only one wife now." "What provision have you made for the others?" "Ah, me make berry fine provision," said the convert, smacking his lips; "*me eat the other eight!*" Of course the church was too full at that time.

Natural Result.—An editor down South, who had served four days on the jury, says he's so full of the law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

Confidential.—"Massa says you must sartin pay de bill to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not zactly dat; but look heea," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwoin to run away heself, and darfor wants to make a big raise!"

Examination of the Alphabet.—Which are the most industrious letters?—The Bee's. Which are the most extensive letters? The Sea's. Which are the most masculine letters? The He's. Which are the egotistical letters? The I's. Which are the leguminous letters? The Pea's. Which are the sensible letters? The Wise.

EWIS THE PATIENT BOY.—"Lewis," said a father, the other day, to his delinquent son, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the lad, "I can wait."

New place for a Hen to Lay.—Mr. G— was a most inveterate punster. Lying very ill of the cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young and tender chicken. "Hadn't you better have an old hen?" said G—, in a low whisper, (he was too ill to speak louder), "for she would be more apt to *lay* on my stomach! G— fell back exhausted, and the nurse fainted.

A **Hard Knock.**—A County Court was sitting a while ago, in ——, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was—cold weather anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand. He looked cold and half perambulated the circle which hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and unable to sit down for want of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, and listened to a legal discussion that was going on, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveler."

"Wall, I suppose I am—I come from Wisconsin a foot, at any rate."

"From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through h—ll on your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly physiognomy—"I've been through the outskirts."

"Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know."

"Oh," said the pilgrim deliberately—half shutting his eyes and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow teeth and a mass of masticated pigtail appeared though the slit in his cheek; "you'll find them much the same as in this region: *the lawyers sit nearest to the fire!*"

A **Letter Writer.**—"I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?" "Arrah, honey, and isn't it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, and sure, man, I'm writing her a *loud* letter."

Something in this.—"You labor over-much on composition, doctor," said a young clergyman to an eminent divine. "I write a sermon in three hours, and make nothing of it." "Would it not be as well, if you were to employ a little more time and make something of it?"

A MEETING.

No! Is it so? Can this be you,
My first and fondest fairy,
That floated round my greener years
So zephyr-like and airy?
I hardly recognized you, ma'am,—
Your well-known native kindness,
However, will excuse I trust,
My blunder and my blindness.

The hand I kissed at sweet sixteen,
So soft and moist and slender,
Has grown at twenty-five, to be
A dumpy stomach-tender:
I'm deeply "in" for salt and pork,
Molasses and such staple,
And *she's* as full of romance as
A four-foot log of maple.

Some Poetry but more Truth.—There is much truth as well as rhyme in the follow *jeu d'esprit*, as those of our readers who go to church very well know:—

Two lovely ladies dwell at ——
And each a churching goes;
Emma goes there—*to close her eyes*,
And Jane—to eye her clothes.

Mr. Slow off Soundings.—"The airth is round, my son," said Mr. Slow impressively, taking an apple from Abimelech's hand, and holding it up between his thumb and finger, like an apple, "and revolves on its own axle-tree round the sun, jest as reg'lar as any machine you ever see. The airth is made up of land and water and rocks, besides vegetation and trees, and things growing. The mountings upon the service of the earth, are very high—more'n half a mile, I should think; some of 'em are called white mountings, because they aint black. The ocean is very deep, and some folks thinks it has'nt got no bottom; this is all gammon; everthing has got a bottom, my son. The reason they can't find it is 'cause the world is round. They throw their sinker overboard, and it goes right through one side, and comes out the other."

New Reading.—"A thundering big lie," is now rendered "a fulminating enlargement of elongated veracity."

TURNED ROUND.—A young sprig of a doctor once met at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very large brick, or, in plain language, to make him gloriously drunk, which they accomplished about 10 o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount his horse, which they at length did with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow."

"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off, doctor, and we will put you on right."

"Get off!" hiccuped the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse round, and it will all come right—you must all be drunk."

A COMMENCEMENT JOKE.—One of the faculty met an old graduate, Mr. G. amid a circle of friends, and remarked, on shaking hands, "that he never saw him without being reminded of the circumstances of their first meeting."—"What were they?" asked G. "Why, you were in your room engaged *in playing* with a dog you kept there." "But," responded G. putting on one of his solemn looks, "do you know *why* I kept him?" "No," was the answer. "Well," said G. "the wood which the faculty furnished us with that spring was green and wet, and I kept that dog in my room that I might kindle my fires with his bark." The professor vanished.

A VERY PARTICULAR MAN.—Not long ago, on the coast of Africa, a captain was going to throw one of the crew, that was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says. "You aint a-going to bury me alive, are you?" "Oh," says the captain, "*you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!*"

A Little Top Heavy.—An individual, a little *sprung*, mounted upon the box of a stage coach, but not being able to maintain his position, fell upon the pavement. He "opened" upon Jehu for upsetting the coach and endangering the lives of the passengers. It was with some difficulty that he could be persuaded that no overturn had occurred. When, however, he found that it was himself, and not the coach that had sustained the fall, he observed that "had he known there was no accident he would not have got off!"

Cross Questioning.—The practice of many eminent lawyers of cross-questioning honest witnesses in such a manner as to confuse them and make them contradict themselves, and thereby destroy their testimony, should be frowned upon by every presiding judge. But it sometimes happens that lawyers, who undertake to break down witnesses in this way, meet with men who are more than their equals in ready wit, if they are not in legal knowledge. We know of an instance in which a witness had given in his testimony in a very modest and quiet manner, and after he had concluded, the counsel on the opposite side wished to cross-question him. After asking a great many questions which had no bearing upon the case, and which were impertinent, to say the least, the counsel asked—

"Do you know my client and the horse about which this suit has been brought?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't pretend to say that you have ever seen my client use the horse, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what manner did he use him?"

"Oh, I've seen him use him in a variety of ways."

'Well, that don't answer my question. You will please state to the Court how you have seen my client use this horse."

"I have seen," said the witness, feigning embarrassment, "I have seen him ride him, double and round."

Here the wary lawyer thought he had caught the witness, and looking about him with an air of triumph, and a sarcastic smile upon his countenance, he said—

"You will please state how you have seen my client ride this horse 'double and round.'"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I have seen him ride the horse when he was so drunk that he could not sit up, and he bent himself *double* and rode *round*, when he went home, a distance of a mile and a half in order to go by a grog-shop, when he might have gone home by riding a half a mile!"

That witness was not asked to answer any more questions.

Cholera and Mince Pies.—A gentleman of professional honor, in order to prove that he could procure brandy of a strictly temperance landlady, assumed the symptoms of cholera, and with expressive sighs and groans called to her for brandy! "Brandy!" she exclaimed, "I have none!" "What! none for puddings and mince pies?" exclaimed the honorable sufferer. "None," replied the heroine; "my puddings and pies never have the cholera!"

Unable to Decide.—A Texas Journal says that one of the editor's interesting female friends awoke one night just about the witching time, and in a state of dreadful doubt and anxiety, informed her alarmed sister, that she did not know whether she was going to die, or only wanted to take a walk. This reminds us of a very uninteresting old maid we once saw, who during a religious revival was induced to go forward to be prayed for. One of the ministers asked her if she felt her herself under the influence of the Holy Spirit Placing her hand on her stomach, she replied, "I feel something here, but I don't know whether it is wind or religion.'

Exciting Romance.—Don Sebastian, a retired nobleman, falls in love with Donna Julia—father of Donna Julia becomes enraged, and threatens "the caitiff" with the inquisition. The lovers alarmed, appeal to Heaven, and seek safety in a schooner bound to Barbadoes. Third day out, the schooner is wrecked—the lovers commit themselves to the deep on a dining table. Oyster boat carries them to India—Don Sebastian fights four lions at once—Donna Julia, overcome by the dangers, throws herself into a lotus and floats down the Ganges. Don Merander (father of Julia) charters a ferry boat, goes in pursuit. The lovers, alarmed by the intelligence, quit India in a palanquin and fly to Egypt—where Don Sebastian hires one of the steps of the pyramids and opens a mummy stall. Father-in-law still pursues—appeals to the bashaw—bashaw breaks up the stall. Don Sebastian and Donna Julia once more commit themselves to the keeping of Providence—shortly after which they find themselves in the Mammoth Cave. Father-in-law relents—visits Kentucky—pardons the "abduction of his daughter"—makes a will giving Don Sebastian the castle of Salamanca, and stabs himself in the hat. Last chapter—supernatural lighting up of the cave—voices in the distance exclaiming, "Beware!" Mysterious appearance of the American flag. A thunder bolt falls at Donna Julia's feet, and runs itself into the ground. Blue fire seen in the distance, from the centre of which the spirit of Donna Julia's father rises and goes to Heaven on a phœnix. Grand Tableau—Julia and her lover tied in a hard knot.

A RUN UPON THE BANK.

Go it, Bob-tail.—A specimen of the genus "Hoosier," was found by Captain———, of the steamer———, in the engine room of his boat while lying at Louisville, one fine morning. The captain inquired what he was doing there.

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" was the interrogative response.

"Don't know him; and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room," replied the captain, angrily.

"Hold on, that's just what I was getting at. You see Captain Perry asked me to take a drink, and so—I did; I knew that I wanted to drink, or I shouldn't have been so very dry. So Captain Perry and I went to the ball—Captain Perry was putting in some extras on one toe. I sung out, 'Go it, Captain Perry, if you bust your biler.' With that a man steps up to me, says he, "See here, stranger, you must leave." Says I, "what must I leave fur?" Says he, "You're making too much noise." Says I, "I've been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn't leave nuther." With that he tuck me by the nap of the neck, and the seat of the breeches—and I left.

"As I was shoven down the street, I met a lady—I knew she was a lady by a remark she made. Says she, "Young man, I reckon you'll go home with me." Politeness wouldn't let me refuse, and so I went. I'd been in the house but a minute, when I heard considerable of a knocking at the door. I know'd the chap wanted to get in, whoever he was, or he wouldn't have kept up such a tremendous racket. By and by says a voice, "Ef you don't open, I'll bust in the door. And so he did. I put on a bold face, and says I, "Stranger, does this woman belong to you?" Says he, "She does." "Then," says I, "she's a lady, I think, from all that I have seen of her."

"With that he came at me with a pistol in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, and being a little pressed for room, I jumped through the window, leaving the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was streaking it down town with the fragment fluttering to the breeze, I met a friend. I knew he was a friend, by a remark he made. Says he, "Go it, bob tail, he's gainin' on you.' And that's the way I happened in your engine room. I'm a good swimmer, captain, but do excuse me, if you please, from taking the water."

Prudent Girl.—"Margary, what did you do with that tallow Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?" "Please, marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it." "Lucky you did Miss, I thought you had wasted it."

A Small Ending.—We once read an anecdote of a very diminutive child, which by the way made considerable noise. One day the father's patience having become exhausted with its crying, "Spank it, wife," said he, "and make it be quiet!" "I would, my dear," replied the considerate lady, "but really it is so small that I cannot find room for a spank."

Bound to Bust.—A sick man was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of catnip-tea. "Then I must die," said he; "I don't hold but a pint."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A YANKEE ON A BUST.—" Massy saiks alive, Eb's hum agin!" says cousin Sally, running into the kitchen to Marm Green, who, up to her elbows in the dough, " dropt all" and came out to see her hopeful son stalk into the porch as big as all out doors!

" Wher' on airth, Eb., hev yeou been?" says the old lady.

" Where hev I been? Why, daown't Bosting."

" Massy saiks, Eb., what on airth did yeou dew—had yeou a good time, Ebenezer?"

" Good time! Oh-o-ugh, persimmons! hadn't I a time! Cute time, by golly; a a and marm, I made the money fly—did, by golly."

" Why, haow yeou talk, Eb!" says Marm Green. " I hope, son Ebenezer, yeou didn't break any of the commandments, or nuthin?"

" Break the commandments? Wa-a-all, neo, didn't break *noth-in'*. Everlastin' salvation, marm, yeou don't s'pose a feller's goin deown teu Bosting and not cut a shine nor noth-in'. Yeou see, marm, I went inteu a shaw'p to get a drink of that almighty good stuff, spreuce beer, and—a and two gals, sleek critters, axed me teu treat!"

" Laud saiks alive!—*yeou didn't do it, though, Eb?*"

" Wa a-ll, I did though, *naow!* I was aout on a time, marm, and I didn't care a darn wether school kept or not, as the boy told his boss."

" Ebenezer, *don't you swear!*"

" Haint a gone to, marm; but, yeou see, them gals axed me to treat, and I did, and don't keer a darn who knows it! Yeou see I paid fur ther two glasses of spreuce beer and mine, that was fo'-pence, sla'p down: then I bought two cents wuth of ree-sins, for 'em, and by *Beunker*, I'd rather spent that hull ninepence, *than gone off sneakin'!*"

A wrinkle is the line by which time generally travels.

Poor Fellow.—A young gentleman in describing the effects of his first waltz, says that for fifteen minutes he appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose leaves with a blue angel. This soon changed, he says, to a delirium of peacock feathers, in which his brains got so mixed with low necked frocks, musk, and melody, that he has fed on flutes ever since.

All the Same.—A couple went to the Rev. —— to get married. Mr. —— is something of a wag, and by an innocent mistake, of course, began to read from the prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman, is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live," &c. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, "Sir, you mistake, we came to be married." "Well, if you insist I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had much better be buried!"

A Dig at the Doctors.—A wag said:—"When my wife was very sick I called an Allopathic physician; she got no better. I then called a Homœpath, and she "mended" a little. One day he broke his leg, and couldn't come at all; *then* she got well!"

DR. FAUSTUS' ART.—The following is a specimen of a printer's technical terms; it don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated:—"Jim, put General Washington on the *galley*, and then *finish* the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. *Set up* the ruins of Herculaneum; *distribute* the small pox; you needn't *finish* that runaway match; have the *high water* in the paper this week. Let the *pi* alone till after dinner; put the barbecue to *press* and then go to the *devil* and he will tell you about the work for the morning." Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burned for inventing such a diabolical art.

THE IRISH HAVE TO SUFFER.—A poor emaciated Irishman, having called a physician in a folorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster and clapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with a tearful eye and sad countenance, looked down upon it and said, "Docther, docther, dear! it strikes me that it is a deal of mustard *for so little mate!*"

POLITE, BUT SLOW.—A stuttering Vermonter was asked the way to Waterbury. With great politeness he strove to say it was right a head, but in vain; the more he tried the more he could'nt. At last, red in the face and furious with unavailable exertions, he burst forth with, "Gug-gug-g along! dam you, you'll git-gi-get there afore I can tell you!"

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

LIFE'S YOUNG DREAM.—The person who has not been a grandmother, knows nothing of the anxieties of this life. It is bad enough to have a drunken husband, but when you come to compare that affliction with two generations of croup, whooping-cough, measles, prickly-heat, and hive syrup, you elevate a sprained ankle to the dignity of a broken leg, and class tooth-aches with "apple-plexy."

BAGGAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—"Captin, or Cap'in, where's my baggage?" exclaimed a tall red-faced Virginian, to the clerk of the steamer as the boat approached her regular landing place on Cone river. "Can't say exactly, sir," replied the clerk, "but I'll hunt it up. Is this it?" (Pointing to a large, brass nailed traveling trunk.) "No, sir." "Well, is this it, sir?" (pointing to a capacious and well-filled carpet bag.) "No, that ain't it either." "Then, I presume, this must be it, sir?" said the officer, giving an old horse-hide box a slight touch with his foot. "No sir-ee, I totes no such trumpery as that. Ah, here it is—all right, two jugs o' whiskey and a demijohn of brandy."

VERY WILLING.—The other day Mrs. Sniflkins being unwell, sent for a medical man, and declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that Mr. Sniflkins done it. "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniflkins. "It's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor; open her on the spot—I am willing."

A STRONG HINT.—"Does your arm pain you, sir?" asked a lady of a gentleman who had seated himself near her in a mixed assembly, and thrown his arm across the back of her chair and touched her neck.

"No, Miss, it don't, but why do you ask?"

"I noticed it was out of its place, sir, that's all."

The arm was removed.

Not to be Beat by a Britisher.—A smart Yankee was one evening seated in a bar-room of a country tavern in Canada. There were assembled several Englishmen, discussing various matters connected with the pomp and circumstance of war. In the course of his remarks, one of them stated that the British Government possessed the largest cannon in the world, and gave the dimensions of one he had seen.

The Yankee would not let such a base assertion pass uncontradicted.

"Poh, gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny that it is a fair sized cannon—but you are a leetle mistaken in supposing it is to be named the same minute with one of our Yankee guns, which I saw in Charlestown last year. Why, sir, it was so large that the soldiers were obliged to employ a *yoke of oxen to draw in the ball!*"

"And pray," exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph, "can you tell us how they got the oxen out again?"

"Of course I can," returned the Yankee, "*they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the touch hole!*"

Good Advice.—An aristocratic California adventurer was exhibiting his revolver pistol to a young lady, and relating his plans. He intimated that instead of digging for gold he intended to blow out the brains of successful miners and then "pick up the dust." The lady, in reply, told him that he would supply a far greater want by picking up the brains!

CUTTING A TROUBLESOME ACQUAINTANCE.

THE BAVARIAN SCHOTTISCHE.—The style of the Schottische is full of graceful positions, and has the combined beauties of the St. Vitus and Indian war dances, with a strong insinuation of an afflicted cat upon hot building materials. The most popular, elegant and, in fact, the only acknowledged fashion of executing the Schottische, is this: As the music leads off, plunge suddenly forward with four abrupt jerks of the hand to keep time, then as suddenly dart back again with the same jumps and jerks. Then stand on one leg, as much like a lame duck as you can, change quickly to the other, and hop round four times. In this you must take great care to lift up your legs, as if for instance, something heavy had fallen on your soft corn at one time, or boiling cobbler's wax had been inserted in your boots. The effort is very pleasant to look at. Continue in this way anywhere in the room, but be certain to whirl your partner until you can see nothing distinctly, for you can never arrive at the full enjoyment of the Schottische until you reach this crisis. You then run amuck among the other Schottische until you experience a shock, which will be caused by a pair of teetotums; but never heed that. If you would by chance see another couple near you, which, however, will rarely happen, never stop to try to get out of the way, as that is directly contrary to the science and etiquette of the Scohttische, but go on, and if a lady is floored (elegant and expressive) it is none of your business; if you are a large man, the amusement is much greater, as then, instead of your being knocked down every time by the concussions, it is greatly in your favor, that the other party may be knocked down instead.

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN A HURRY.—"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then; I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse, tother day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home, and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, which, strange to say, drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom." "Well, John what is it?" "I gave my horse a pint of turpentine and it killed him, dead as Julius Cæsar." "So it did with mine!"

NO JOKE.—A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray, in what terms?" "In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.'"

Domestic Epoch.—"I knew an excellent old lady," says the author of the "Lift for the Lazy," "who always dated from the time "when their horses ran away." To be sure it was a remarkable hegira, and she used to remark, in describing it, that 'she put the firmest reliance on Providence till the breeching broke and then she gave up.' "

Let Her Be.—One of our mercantile gentlemen, who was travelling eastward, a short time since, went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown to his state room. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door at some little distance. Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the door next to his own, where he discovered a lady passenger making her toilet, who, upon the stranger's appearance, uttered a low scream.

"Go away! go away!" screamed the lady.

"Letter B," screamed the clerk.

"I am not touching her at all!" cried the indignant merchant.

Bright Boy.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the post office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said, "Guess I've done the thing slick; I've seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the post office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

Making a Mark.—A captain of a sloop at one of our wharves hired a Yankee, a "green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with corn. Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Yankee, who was jingling the price of his day's wages in his pocket, cried out from the wharf—"Say, yeou Capting! I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail fence around the starn, right over the spot where it went down, so't you'll find your shovel when you come back."

Western Etiquette.—The Yankee traveller who saw the live Hoosier has again written to his mother, telling her his experience as follows:

"Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I—

"'Stranger, that's a whopper.'

"Says he, 'lay there, stranger.'

"And in a twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed—

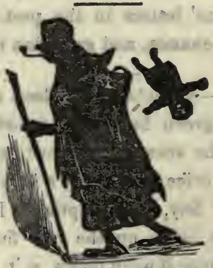
"'That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?'

"Says he, 'You are afraid of fever and ague, stranger, an't you?'

"'Very much,' says I.

"'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols," which he held cocked in his hands, "shall cure you of that disorder, entirely. So don't fear, stranger!'

"So I knelt down, and politely apologized. I admire this western country much; but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares."



DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT!

Poor Jack.—Professional Pomposity is very well taken off in the following anecdote.—Shields, doctor, (looking learned, and speaking slow)—"Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it a molar or an incisor?" Jack (short and sharp)—"It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab! for it is nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster!"

Laving not always Washing.—A Colonel of the 40th regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "take the man, and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of the cap—"Sure, an't plaise y'r honor and did'nt y'r honor tell me to *lave* him in the river; and there he is now, according to y'r honor's orders."

Very Willing.—"My dear," said an effectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "Oh, yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven." What an "insinuating" wretch!

Owning Up.—Not long ago, in a pleasant little rustic village in the State of Maine, there lived an adoring youth, a young merchant of the place, who offered homage at the beauty's shrine of a comely demoiselle, also belonging thereabouts.

On the occurrence of one of his regular weekly visits, (he sometimes called two or three times a week,) after the entire vocabulary of "small talk," which none but lovers know how to appreciate, had become completely exhausted, he brought up the character of a young female friend of his, with whom he, being the betrothed husband of another, was on terms of intimacy not exactly according to Gunter.

He spoke at some length, and with a warmth of feeling by no means pleasing to his companion, in laudation of the merits of his *very particular* friend, and in conclusion observed:—

"She is a noble, generous hearted girl, and one who is right *here*."

This remark was accompanied by a gesture, which brought his his hand into close proximity with his heart.

"Fudge! fudge! Mr. Nonsense," ejaculated the young lady, springing from her seat in a fit of jealous indignation. "Pshaw, I'd have you know, sir, that *that's half cotton*."

Pungent.—"If you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?"

"I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon!"

A Reprobate.—A person applying to the Judge of Probate for a letter of administration, walks up and raps—the Judge bids him "walk in," when the stranger inquires: "Does the Judge of Reprobates reside here, sir." "I am the Judge of Probate, sir," answered the judge. "Ah, all the same I suppose," said the stranger; "my father lately died detested, and left a number of fatherless scorpions, of which I am chief. As it is, and being the oldest infidel, the business naturally dissolves on me; and if you will grant me me a letter of condemnation, I will see you handsomely sacrificed."

A Good Reason.—A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these two were late and were called out to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steam-boat bell as I was goin' in." "Very well, sir," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now, sir, (turning to the other) what have you to say?" "Please sir, please sir," said the puzzled boy—"*I! I! was a waitin' to see Tom off! !*" It was this same boy who being asked the next day if his father was a Christian, answered, "*No sir, he's a Dutchman.*"

FORWARD PUPIL.

Good for the Girls.—The following is given as the new mode of parsing down East:—"I court. Court is a verb active, indicative mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighborhood."

Must be Licked.—Why are new post office stamps like small school boys? Because you have to lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.

Fit for a Lawyer.—An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady.—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him.

Lawyer.—The boy appears rather young, madam—how old is he?

Lady.—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer.—He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no boys older?

Lady.—O yes, sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my old man I thought this litttle feller would make a first rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him.

Lawyer.—No, madam; he is too young yet, to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady.—Why, you see sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five, he'd *lie* like all natur; when he got to be six, he was as *sassy* and *impudent* as any critter could be; and now he'll *steal* everything he can lay his hands on!

Short Women.—The reason why short women should be the soonest married, is, because there is more need of their getting *spliced.*

Mrs. Partington Stopped Up.—"I declare, I b'lieve I'm goin' to have the influensday," said Mrs. Partington, "it's a disagreeable feelin' to have one's head as large as a water bucket, with your nose drippin' like the eaves, and your flesh all creepy with cold pimples, like a child with the nuzzles. I knew a boy once who had it so bad that they had to put cork stoppers in his nostrils to keep his brains from running out!" She was here "brought up" suddenly with coughing, the reading was laid by for the night, and she went up stairs with a hot rock for her feet, and a little preparation in a mug of "sumthun" hotter for her head.

A New Soup.—A dandy, remarking one summer day that the weather was so excessively hot that when he put his head in a basin of water it fairly boiled, received for reply—"Then, sir, you have a calf's head soup at very little expense."

A Blower.—An old lady wishing to show her minister how smart her son was, introduced him. "This is my son John—*John, blow your nose!*"

An Illiterate Schoolmaster.—The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a circular recently distributed in the west of England.

"Roger Giles, zuyon, grosir, parish clark and skule-master, reforms ladies and gentlemans he draus teeth without waiting a moment, blisters on the lowest tarms, and fizicks for a penny a peace. He zells godfathers corgial, cuts korns and undertakes to keep every bodys nayles by the yere and zo on. Young ladies and gentlemans larned thare grammar language in the most purtiest manner: also gurt care taken of thare morals an spellin, also zarm singing, teeching the base vial, and all other zort of phancy work.

Parfumry and jollop, znuff and ginger and all other spices, and as the times be cruel bad he begs to tell he is just begun to zell all zorts of stashunary wares, blackin bals, hurd herrings and coles, scrubbin brishes and pills, mice znaps and trikel and other zorts of sweetmeats inkluding taters, ingons, black led, brick dist, sassages and other gearden stuff, also phrute, hats, zongs, hoyl, latin-buckets and other articles; korn and bunyan zarve and all hardwares. He also parforms fleabottomy on the shortest notice.

And farthermore in partiklar he has lard in a large zortment of trype, dogs meat, lolipops, and other pickles, zuch as hoysters, winzur soap &c. Old raggs bort and zold here and no place helse, and new laid eggs every day by me.

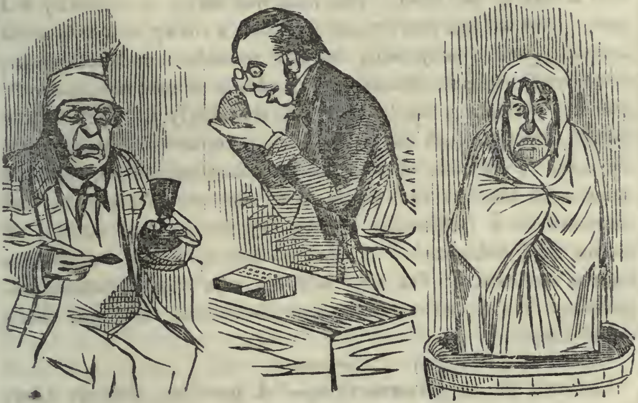
Roger Giles.

P. S. I teechs Joggrafy, Reumaticks, and all them outlandish things, queer drils, fushinabull pokars, and all other contrary dances tort at home and abrode to perfekshun.

A bal on Wensdays when our Marian parforms on the git Tar.

Jonathan's description of a Steamboat.—"It's got a saw mill on one side and a grist mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle; and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot boiling all the time."

ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACULTIES.



ALLOPATHY. HOMŒOPATHY. HYDROPATHY.

She would not do it.—"What's your eggs a dozen, marm?" said an old skin-flint one day, to a market woman. "Twenty cents, sir." "Aint you rather high in your price? A shilling is enough for eggs." "Perhaps such an old hunk as you are may think so; but, if I was a hen, I wouldn't lay eggs for a cent a piece, I know."

A Rose by any other Name, &c.—Names do make a difference in things, no doubt. At least most people think so, and act in accordance with the supposition. Certain defects and diseases have been rendered "quite genteel" for a time, by dint of elegant names. Even a "cold in the head"—the most provoking, vulgar, and disgusting disorder possible to honest people, can be qualified and palliated a little by calling it an "influenza." We once called upon a gentleman and his wife—the former a plain, blunt man, the latter a "genteel" affected woman—both thoroughly sick with a cold in the head. The man was taking it naturally and hard. The woman was dressed in rather a showy, carefully made dishabille, and clearly doing her best to make a handsome thing of her uncomfortable situation. "And how is madame, to-day?" said we, addressing the lady. "Oh, shockingly ill," replied the woman, trying to look interesting, in spite of her swollen eyes and red nose, "I am afflicted with the prevailing influenzah," and she pronounced the last two words as if she were establishing her character as a fashionable woman, by her elegant manner of having the "influenzah." "And you sick, too," said we, addressing the husband. "Yes, sir," said the man with an honest emphasis—"Yes sir,—I'm having this d—d horse distemper that's round here!"

GETTING UP AN EXAMINATION.—"A traveller, who we afterwards knew, once arrived at a village inn, after a hard day's travel, and being very tired, requested a room to sleep in, but the landlord said they were entirely full, and it was utterly impossible to accommodate him—that his wife had to sleep on the sofa, and himself on the floor; but that he would see what his wife could do for him. The good woman, on being applied to, said that there was one room which he might occupy, provided he would agree to the conditions, viz: to enter the room late, in the dark, and leave it early in the morning, to prevent scandal, as the room was occupied by a lady. This he agreed to. About two o'clock that night an awful noise was heard in the house, and our friend, the traveller, was found tumbling heels over head down stairs. On our host and hostess reaching the spot, and inquiring what the matter was, the traveller ejaculated, as soon as he was able to speak:—"Oh, Lord, *the woman's dead!*" "I know that," said the landlady, "*but how did you find it out!*"

Keep your countenance open and your thoughts shut.

Mrs. Partington on Funny-graphy.—And Ike read, "Mr. Wightman submitted a detailed report on the subject of introducing phonotopy, as a study, into the primary schools." "Stop, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington threateningly holding up her finger, and slightly frowning; "don't make light of anything serious that you are reading—it isn't pretty." "But it's so in the paper, aunt," said Ike; and he again read the sentence, emphasising the word "*phonotopy*" prodigiously. Mrs. Partington adjusted her specs, and looked at it, letter by letter, to be assured. "Well, if ever?" said she, holding up her hands; "I declare I don't know what they're gwine to do next. They're always organizing or piana-fortin the schools, and now this funny topy comes along to make 'em laugh, I s'pose, when they ought to be getting their lessons. Sich levity is offal. They do have sich queer notions, now-a-days! I can't make head nor tail of 'em, I'm shore."

Ringing the Devil.—A few years ago at a negro camp meeting held near Flushing the colored preacher said: "I tell you, my blubbed bredern, dat de debble is a big hog, an' one of dese days he'll come along an' root you all out." An old negro, in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and clasping his hands exclaimed in the agony of his tears—"Ring him, Lord! ring him!"

Stuffed Goose.—A little boy not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused by the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for. "What I chaw tobacco fur?" replied the boy; "why, sir, I chaw it to get the strength out of it, to be sure! what d'ye think I chaw it for?"

Fish for no compliments as they are generally caught in shallow water.

" Why, look at 'em now !" exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation : " I'll be d——d if you understand a word I say."

'TENTION! COMPANY! — The following is a most amusing description of a Yankee militia drill, by the author of "Georgia Scenes":—

"Now, gentlemen," said Captain Clodpole, "I'm goin' to put you through the *revolutions* of the manual exercise. Come, boys, come, stop throwin' dice and come to shoulder. *Shoulder arms!*"

"*Handle, catridge!* Pretty well, considering you done it wrong end foremost, as if you took the catridge out of your mouth, and bit off the twist with the catridge-box.

"*Draw, rammer!* Those who have no rammers to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion; it will do just as well and save a great deal of time.

"*S-h-o-u-l—Shoulder, arms!* Very handsomely done, indeed! Put your guns on the other shoulder, gentlemen.

"*Take aim. 'Tention the hull!* Please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word 'fire!' you must fire: that is, if any of your guns are *loaden'd*, you must not shoot in *yearnest*, but only make pretence like; and you, gentlemen fellow-soldiers, who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches, and corn-stalks, needn't go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

"*Order, arms!* Handsomely done, gentlemen! Very handsomely done! and altogether too, except that one-half of you were a *leetle* too soon, and the other half a *leetle* too late.

"*Now, boys—'tention the hull! To the left—left, no—right—that is, the left—I mean the right—left, wheel, march!*"

In this he was strictly obeyed; some wheeling to the right, some to the left, and some to the right-left, or both ways.

"Why, look at 'em, now!" exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation: "I'll be d—d if you understand a word I say.

"*'Tention the hull!*" screamed the captain in despair.

"*By divisions to the right wheel, march!*" In doing this, it seemed as if Bedlam had broke loose: every man took the command. Not so fast on the right! Slow now! Haul down these umbrellas! Faster on the left! Keep back a little there! Don't *scrouge* so! Hold up your gun, Sam! Go faster there! faster! Who trod on my——!" D—n your huffs! Keep back! Stop us, captain, do stop us!

Can't Wait.—It is said that ladies who go to California frequently receive offers of marriage from *speaking trumpets* before they reach the *wharfs*.

A SABBATH HYMN.

'Tis sunday morn, the church bells ring,
Inviting man to nod or pray,
And worldly voices soon will sing
In harmony this Sabba'day.

And Johnny Jumps will there be found,
(He promised so to Betsy Wingers,)
And while the parson talks profound,
He'll look demure and squeeze her fingers.

He's snugly shaved, his hair's well 'iled,
On shoes, hat, coat, no speck of dirt,
Yet why does Johnny Jumps seemed riled?
The laundress hasn't brought his shirt!

Profit and Loss.—The keeper of a groggery happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment looking at the fragments, and reflecting on his loss, then turning to his assistant, he cried out:—"Tom, put a quart of water in that old Cognac!"

Insinuating Nigger.—There was said to be a vacant tenement in Cuffee's upper story and, as he chucked his grist of corn into the mill, the miller said, "Cuff, they say you are a fool." "Wal, massa," replied Cuff, "Cuff knows um say so—but some ting Cuff know and some ting he done know." "Well, Cuff, what do you know?" "Wal, massa, Cuff know dat millers always ha' fat hog." "Well, and what *don't* you know?" "Wal, massa—he! he! he!—Cuff *done* know whose corn de hog fat on."

Lessons for Old and Young.—These Lessons in words of one and two syllables are intended to be read by children to adults, on a system of mutual instruction by which both parties may teach and learn at the same time.

The Tip-sy Man.—Look at that Man. He can-not walk straight. See how he rolls and tum-bles a-bout. He can-not speak plain. Why can he not speak plain, and why does he tum-ble and roll a-bout? He has been drink-ing. I think he has had too much bran-dy and wa-ter. He is a tip-sy man. His head will ache to-morrow. How silly of him to drink too much bran-dy and wa-ter, and make his head ache! Pa-pa ne-ver drinks too much bran-dy and wa-ter. What a good Pa-pa!

The Dra-per's Shop.—That is a dra-per's shop. There is a la-dy. She is buy-ing a dress. Where is her husband? He is at work. He does not know that she is buy-ing a dress. She has more dres-ses than she wants. Her hus-band will have to pay for her new dress. He can-not af-ford the mo-ney. It is ve-ry wrong of her to buy a dress that she does not want, when he can-not af-ford to pay for it. Mam-ma ne-ver serves Pa-pa so; does she, dear Mam-ma?

It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

"Got any Tebacker."—A gentleman travelling on an unfrequented road in Maine, and passing a solitary shanty or shingle shop, his attention was arrested by a cry of "Hallo there! I say! Murder! Fire! Tongs! Gridirons! Hullo?" and a man was seen rushing in great haste, wearing a leather apron, but without a coat, and approached the traveller. "What is the matter!—what is the matter?" inquired the traveller. "Oh I'm out o' tebacker," replied he, "got any about yer?"

Boy Constructor.—"Father! father! have you got a quarter about you? The great zoological avery and circus is coming here to-day. They are got some new things, father; a great boy constructor; and an African lion just from Asia, with forty stripes on his back, and nary one alike; all the monkeys on a keen jump. Children under ten years of age, half price. Mayn't I go, father?" "Why, sartain!"

Women and Dancing.—The following humorous yarn was spun by Lever, the facetious author of Chas. O'Malley.

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are immensely fond of saltatory motion I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and confided to me she had no stockings to appear in, and without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint to you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No; you're out," said Growling. "She knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper trig Now what do you think it was!"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," said Dick.

"Out again sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the Doctor, "and she relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom, I complied on one condition, namely, that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentleman," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded!" said Durfy.

"So completely," said the Doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So, you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny! she was a merry minx; by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. "Jenny," said I, "for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, *hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?*"

OH! CAPTING.—A captain, one of the old school, being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner, a lady of rank, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh!" was the elegant reply; "never mind me, ma'am; *I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing.*"

Small Mistake.—As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer, "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," says the lawyer.

"And what do you do with mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer.

"And pray, sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes sir, I have."

"And what do you do with mistakes?" said the lawyer.

"Why, sir, I dispose of them in the same manner as you do. I rectify the large and let the small ones go. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *liars;* but made a mistake, and said the father of *lawyers.* The mistake was so small that I let it go."

"**Enticement.**"—A sailor lately gave evidence before a court of law in a case of assault. He stated that "Jack" (the traverser) had powerfully *enticed* Sam (the complainant.) Jack's counsel asked him to explain what he meant by the word *entice.* "Why, sir, I mean this—Jack took a big handspike, and drove it plump in Sam's back. That's what I calls *enticing.*"

Whiskey Still.—An Irish friend, speaking of his native country, said it was an execrable place; in fact, the only thing in it worth owning was the whiskey, and that certainly was admirable. "You mean to say then," said a waggish friend, "that with all her faults, you love her *still!*"

The Grammar of Matrimony.—If you are a very precise man and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and many others for the assertion, that "Ann is an indefinite article."

Why's Saying's.—Why is the Sun like a good loaf?—Because it's light when it rises.

Why is a bird a greedy creature?—Because it never eats less than a peck.

Why isn't a boy like a pretty bonnet?—Because one becomes a woman, the other don't.

Why is killing bees like a confession?—Because you unbuzz 'em.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is *bound* to *ador* (a dore.) of

"APPLE SASS."

A Tight Fit.—The editor of one of the Maine papers says that he has had a pair of boots given him which were so tight, that they came very near making him a Universalist, because he received his punishment as he *went along*.

Courting too Strong.—We have heard of a story of an old maid in Vermont, who lately preferred a complaint to Mr. Attorney Saxe, against an ardent bachelor of sixty, for "courting her too strong!"

The attorney replied that it was difficult to reach cases of that sort, as "the mean temperature of courtship was not set down in the books."

"Why, this is just the case," said the aggrieved spinster, "it's the *mean* temperature of his affection that I don't like!"

The attorney promised to "talk to the man," and the unhappy sufferer from "strong courtship" retired.

No Rest Here.—The manager of a country theatre, during the rehearsal of a musical piece, observed a horn-player in the orchestra sitting inactive, while the other musicians were playing. "Why ain't you playing, sir?" sharply demanded the manager. "Why, sir," said the performer, who was busy counting some fifty bars in his part, "I am resting." "Resting, sir!" exclaimed the potentate, "I'll have no resting in my theatre—play on, sir!"

Mrs. Partington's Idea on Hair Stuff.—"What an age of improvement," said Mrs. Partington, as she held before her a bottle of Chlorine Lustrale. "In my days the gals and fellers slicked up their hair with hog fat and candle ends; but now they are crazy about the Gloryhorn Lustyrail. Dear me, how different things is on the outsquirts of society. Wal, I guess I'll try a bit of this slickering stuff and see. The worthy lady "slicked" her hair with Chlorion Lustrale, went down stairs and was ogled by all the beaux, as a fine looking widow at the least. Poor soul, she went home, "highly indigent," as she said, at such rude behavior.

Oh Lard.—A Baptist clergyman was on the witness stand, and Squire C. who knew his profession, commenced his cross-examination in the following manner:

"What is your employment?" "Oh sir, I am an humble candle of the Lord.' "Ah, yes, a dipped one, I believe," said the wicked lawyer.

DESPERATE SALLY.

Literal Construction.—A celerated teacher of grammar, once on a time, set his class to parsing the following lines of Pope:—

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate;
All but the page described;" &c.

The word "all," in the second line, had been parsed, when coming to the word "but," and directing his eye to the next pupil, the master said—

"'*But*'—the next."

No sooner was the word out, than plump went the head of the pupil into the bread-basket of his next neighbor.

"Boo!—hoo!—hoo!" roared the latter, most lustily.

"What are you about, there?" said the master to the former.

"I am butting the next, sir, as you told me," replied the lad.

One of the Bhoys.—"A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied—a perfect teetotum—spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He must invariably go through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach, makes drum-heads of the doors, turns the tin-pans into cymbals, takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them, hunts up the molasses cask and leaves the molasses running, is boon-companion to the sugar barrel, searches up all the pie and preserves left after supper, and eats them, goes to the apples, hides his old cap in order to wear his best one, cuts his boots accidentally if he wants a new pair, tears his clothes for fun, jumps into the puddles for fun, and for ditto tracks your carpets and cuts your furniture. He is romping, shouting, blustering, and in all but his best estate a terrible torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve; then the rage for frock coats and high dickies commences. At fourteen he is too big to split wood or go after water, and at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible; whether concealed in the garret with some old worm-eaten novel for a companion, ensconced in the wood-shed trying to learn legerdemain tricks, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be in most cases more deplorable than explorable—to coin a word. At fifteen he has a tolerable experience of the world—*but*, from fifteen to twenty—may we be clear from the track when he is in sight; he knows more than Washington and Benjamin Franklin together; in other words, he knows more then, than he ever will know again.

The above drawing was made by "our Artist," while under the influence of the spirits, (note confidential—he generally takes gin.)

Christian Resignation.—Some years ago, there lived in the interior of Connecticut, an old farmer, whose name has since been made familiar to the nation by the distinction of one of his sons, and who was famous, far and wide, for his hard drinking and his wit. On one occasion, under the pressure of an unusual large brick which accidentally got into his hat at the village inn, the old man strayed into the graveyard near his residence, where he found the navigation somewhat rougher than he was prepared for. The consequence was, that before he got far, he stumbled headlong between two well-rounded graves, which were lying in his path, where he found that it was easier for a man in his situation to lie down than it was to get up. After several ineffectual efforts, and leaning now upon one of the graves, and now upon the other, for the support he required, he fell back, and throwing his hands out over the sods which covered the remains of his nearest neighbors, he exclaimed, "Well! never mind; *I suppose we shall all rise together!*"

A WATER CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—Here's Hood's illustration of hydropathy:—"It has been our good fortune, since reading 'Claridge on Hydropathy,' to see a sick drake avail itself of the 'cold water cure,' at the dispensary in St. James Park. First, walking in, he took a 'fuss bad;' then he made a 'sitz bad,' and then turning his curly tail up in the air, he took a 'kopf bad.' Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout, '*Priessnitz forever!*' But no such thing: he only said—

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.

Extreme Delicacy.—"Is there anything the matter?"

"There is, sir," was the host's reply.

"Have I given any offence?"

"You have, sir."

"Really, I am ignorant of it."

"Such language won't suit here, sir."

"My dear sir, what language?"

"You were talking of soup."

"We were."

"You mentioned ox-tail."

"I did."

"That is it, that is it, sir. That sent the ladies blushing out of the room; that highly improper language which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected it from you."

"Why, sir, I but called it its proper name. You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence—but I really do not know how I could well have avoided it."

"Then, sir, I advise you, when you have occasion another time to speak of that peculiar soup, do not call it ox tail."

"No?"

"No, sir!"

"But what shall I call it?"

"Fly-dispenser!"

HAIR SOUP.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

The traveller slept with his arms across,
And his feet on the seat before him,
His baggage secured, his ticket in view,
That the busy conductor, in travelling through,
Might have no occasion to bore him.

He slept as he rode, and he rode as he slept,
Entirely unconscious of motion,
The whistle was drowned in a wonderful snore,
And his city bought hat, was rolled on the floor,
With his ticket from Piermont to Goshen.

But his neighbors, who nodded and gaped by his side,
Observed that his snoring was past,
The snore so expressive, so clear and so loud,
The snore that might make its progenitor proud,
Had failed in its strength at last.

What vision had crossed the traveller's sleep?
Whose breath could his slumbers unsettle?
Was't a troublesome dream—a glimpse of the past—
Dark memories crowding, thick, heavy and fast,
And stinging and sharp as the nettle?

Had he cherished a hope that had cheated his grasp?
Or his heart met a burden of care?
Was't a deed of unkindness that haunted his mind,
Oh no! but a lady was sitting behind,
And her baby was pulling his hair.

Exciting Subject.—"What," said a lady, "do you think of platonic love?" "Madam," replied the gentleman, "it is like all other *tonics*—very exciting."

A **Lesson in Geography.**—From what is the word Geography derived?

An old horse named "Graphy," who used to wag on in a wagon, to different places; being quickened in his paces by the well-known word, Gee ho—or Ge-oh Graphy.

What does Geography describe?

The earth, on which some *live*, some *exist*, and others starve.

What is the figure of the earth?

It more resembles a cypher than a figure, being of the form of a naught (0,) which accounts for the *naughty* people in it, at the same time it shows that it was made from 0—nothing.

What is a strait?

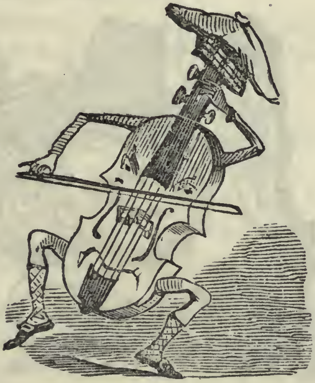
A jackass between two bundles of hay.

How is China divided?

Generally by a tumble down stairs, or a want of keeping up the equilibrium of forces; and generally laid to the cat.

For what is Scotland celebrated?

Oatmeal, bannocks, haggis and



"SCOTCH FIDDLES."

What is L*ap*land?

The first seat of babyhood, and close to ***Brest.***

What ocean is the best for quarrelsome people?

The Pacific ocean.

From what is the term America derived?

From "a merry key," in which the Yan-***keys*** dance to the tune of Yan*key* doodle.

For what is America famous?

For "going-a-head," taking the sharpness out of the lightning, the growls from thunder, fury from tempests, and a tarnation deal of impudence from gunpowder.

What is the character of the free-born American citizen?

Two-thirds sea serpent, four fifths alligator, three fourths torpedo, and the rest steam.

What are the principal characteristics of Ireland?

Big bouncible bullyism "the rint," "repale," big beggar men and

"PRATIES."

PATHETIC.

Long is the morn
That brings no eve;
Tall is the corn
That no cobs have;
Hard is the apple,
Blue is the sky,
That never gets yellow;
But longer, and bluer, and harder than all,
Is my own lady-love—my adorable Poll.

Irish Evidence.—"Pray, my good man," said a Judge to an Irishman, who was witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och! thin, plase your Lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim a top of the wall, 'Paddy,' says he; 'What?' says I; 'Here,' says he; 'Where?' says I; 'Whisht!' says he; 'Hush!' says I; and that's all, plase your lordship."

Literary Curiosity.—The following, is a copy of an excuse recently handed in to a schoolmaster for the non-attendance of one of his scholars.

"cepatomtogoatataturing."

If our readers can make out to solve the above without having it labelled, we give up at once that they are more apt at such things than our humble selves—and for fear that there may be some who would not understand it without an explanation we subjoin the following:—"*Kept at home to go a taturing!*"

Grin and Bear it.—"Oh Dear, I can't bear to have this great ugly tooth pulled," said a lady to a dentist who was preparing to extract one of her molars "What *shall* I do, doctor?"

"Do nothing but *grin* and *bare* it," replied the dentist.

Three Days after Sight.—A Frenchman, unacquainted with business, once received a draft, payable in three days sight at a certain bank. The first day he presented himself at the counter, and taking the draft from his pocket-book, extended it towards the eyes of the paying teller, and to his astonishment said: "you see that once," and folding the draft he walked away. The next morning he appeared again, and going through the same form, said, "you see that twice."—The third day he appeared again, and said, "you see him three time. By gar you will pay him."

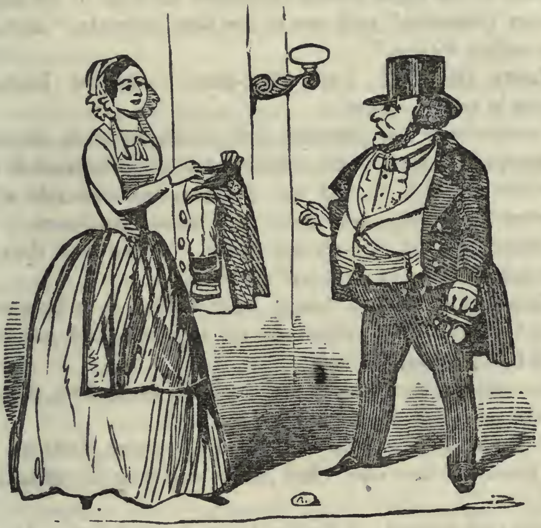
AFFECTING POEM.

I deerly luv the singing bird,
And little buzzin' B:
But deerer far than all the world,
Is thy sweet voice to me.

O! very deep is daddy's well,
And deeper is the see—
But deepest in my busum is
The luv I bare for thee.

Then smile on me dear Angyline,
To make my heart feel light,
Chain the big dog and I will cum,
A cortin sunday nite.

Old Lady on a String.—An old lady who did not know whether her plantation was in Virginia or North Carolina, found, when the line was run, that she was a resident of the former. "Well," said she, "I am glad I don't live in North Carolina! It was always such a sickly State."



SCENE IN A CLOAK ROOM.

Stout Gentleman.—"*That* MY COAT?"

Attendant.—"IT IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT, SIR."

ONE OF THE WITNESSES.—Lawyers allege that there are four classes of witnesses—those who prove too much, those who prove too little, those of a totally negative character, and those of no character at all, who will prove anything. We have a case in point.

Far, very far away from the tall Blue Mountains, at a little place called Sodom, there were upon a time three neighbors called in as arbitrators to settle a point relative to some stolen chickens, in dispute between one Lot Corson and a "hard case" called

Emanuel Allen, better known thereabout as King of the Marsh. "Mister Constable," said one of the demi-judicials, "now call the principal witness."

"Lanty Oliphant! Lanty O-li-phant!" bawled Dogberry. "Mosey in and be swore."

In obedience to this summons, little Lanty, in whom the bottle had usurped the place in the affections commonly assigned to soap and water, waddled up, and was qualified, deprecating by a look the necessity of such a useless ceremony among gentlemen.

"Mister Oliphant, you are now swore. Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the senior of the board.

"Doesn't I!" rejoined Lanty, with a wink at a by-stander. "Four bushel of weight wheat, the old score wiped off, and licker for the hull day throwed in."

This matter-of-fact answer met a severe frown from the man with the red ribbon around his hat.

"Well, Mister Oliphant," continued the senior, "tell all you know about this here case. Bill Morse, *shoo* your dog off that old sow."

Lanty here testified. "Feeling a sort of outish t'other day, ses I to the old woman, ses I, 'I'll jist walk over to Lot's, and take a nipper or two this mornin,' ses I. 'It'll take the wind off my stomach sorter,' ses I. Then the old woman's feathers riz, they did, like a porkypine's bristles; and, ses she, 'if you'd on'y airn more bread and meat, and drink less whisky, you wouldn't have wind on your stomach.' 'Suse,' ses I, 'this is one of my resarved rights, and I goes agin home industry,' ses I, sort o' laughin out o' the wrong side o' my mouth. 'Resarved rights or desarved wrongs,' ses she, 'you'r always a drinkin and talkin politics when you orter be at work, and there's never nothin to eat in the house.' Well, as I was agoin over to Lot's jist fernent where the fence *was*, ses I to myself, ses I, if there isn't the old King's critters in my cornfield; so I'll jist go and tell him on't. When I gets there, 'Good morn'n Lanty,' ses he. 'Good mornin old hoss,' ses I; and when I went in, there was a pot on the fire a cookin, with a *great big speckled rooster* in it.

"Mister Oliphant!" here interposed one of the arbitrators. "Remember that you are on oath. How do you know that the chicken in the pot was 'a big speckled rooster?"

"'Kase I *seed the feathers at the wood pile!*" promptly responded Lanty, who then continued—

"Well, when I gets to Lot's, 'Good mornin, Lot,' ses I. 'Good mornin, Lanty,' ses he. 'You didn't see nothin no where of nar' a big speckled rooster that didn't belong to nobody, did you?' ses he. 'Didn't I?' ses I. 'Come, Lanty,' ses he, 'let's take a nipper,' ses he; and then I up and tells him all about it."

"Had Mr. Allen no chickens of his own?" asked the senior.

"Sartin," rejoined Lanty; "but there warn't a rooster in the crowd. They was *all layin' hens!*"

"Well," inquired another of the referees, "how many of these hens had Mr. Allen?"

This question fairly "stumped" Lanty for a moment; but he quickly answered—

"Why, with what was there, and what wasn't there, counting little and big, spring chickens and all, *there was forty odd* EXACTLY!"

No further questions were put to this witness.

VERDANCY.—In a case where a mother was to swear to the paternity of her babe, one of the sapient Ten Governors, or a deputy, asked her, with apparent force, "Will you swear, woman that you were *present at the birth of this child?*"

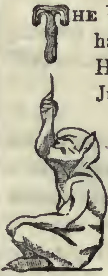
"*Yes, sir; I raythar think I was!*" was the innocent reply.

AN ASTONISHED MAN.—When David slew Goliah with a sling, the latter fell *stone dead*, and of course was quite astonished, as such a thing had *never entered his head before.*

Hail Columby.—"There is that in the ensuing effusion which cannot fail to rouse the slumbering patriotism of every American heart. It was composed by a western poet, in 'one hour, by a Connecticut clock:'

"'What! Bust this glorious Union up,
An' go to drawin' triggers,
Just for a thunderin' passel of
Emancipated niggers?
The eagle of Ammeriky,
That flue across the sees,
An' throw'd the bluddy British lion
Ker-slump upon his knees:
Say!—shall we rend him lim from lim,
Wun wing wun way, and wun t'other,
And every sepperit pin-fether
A flyin at the other?'"

"*This* is the kind of spirit that is going to preserve our 'great and gel-lorious ked'ntry' from premature dissolution.



The Ugly Man.—The west is a great country. Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen. Having occasion to pass through the upper lakes last June, I was so happy as to find myself a passenger on board that palace of a boat, the "Empire," Emperor Howe, commanding. My travelling companion for the time happened to be a thorough-bred "Hoosier," a prince of a fellow, one who feared God and loved fun and the ladies, but who was, withal, a most abominable stammerer. We had not been long aboard, when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. I am not myself particularly handsome, and have seen some ill-looking fellows in my day, but, so ugly a man as this had never crossed the scope of *my* vision. Howe declared him emphatically the "ugliest man that ever lived," whereupon my friend Tom offered to wager half a dozen that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was at once accepted, and Tom started off for the man, who was to be brought up for comparison. He found the fellow a bit of a wag, as an intolerably ugly man is apt to be, and, after the promise of a "nip," nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin door, my friend, with an air of conscious triumph, turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces.

"*St—st—st—stop!*" said he, "*no—no—no—none of that! You st—st—stay just as God Almighty made you. You ca—ca—ca—can't be beat!*"

And he wasn't.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent in company. One day at dinner, his lordship pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from that which the dish contained. A gentleman was about to tell him of his mistake,—"Never mind," whispered another of the party, "help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

TOM DIBDIN AND THE LOZENGE.—Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box-hill, to which, after his theatrical labors, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom! Tom! get up!" "What for?" said he. "Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?" "Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, but could not help punning: "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear; it is the best thing in the world for the wind."

Paul Partington Neglected to Office.—"Was Paul inclined to politics?" we asked of Mrs. Partington, as we saw the old dame reading a "grand rally" hand-bill at the corner of the grocery store. She asked us to wait a moment till she digested her specs. "Inclined to politics!" said she, and her eyes rested upon the period at the end of the last line, till she seemed to be meditating a full stop. "He was, but he wasn't a propergander, nor an oilygarchist, or an avaritionist, nor a demigod, as some of 'em are, all he wanted was an exercise of his sufferings and the use of his elective French eyes as he used to say. Ah, Heaven rest him!" exclaimed she, as her eyes rose from the period at the bottom of the bill and rested on the top of the fence. "But did he never get an office, Mrs. P?" we asked. "Yes," replied she, and we fancied the tone of her voice had an expression of triumph in it—enough to be perceptible, like three drops of paregoric in a teaspoonful of water,—"Yes, he was put one year for a hogreefer and got neglected." As we were about asking her opinion of the new constitution, Ike came along whistling "Jordan," and swinging a pint of milk in a tin pail, around his head, and the old lady forgot her politics in her solicitude about Ike's soiling his new cap.

A Poser.—Foote was once met by a friend in town, with a young man who was flashing away very brilliantly, while Foote seemed grave:—"Why, Foote," said his friend, "you are flat to-day; you don't seem to relish *wit!*" "D—n it," said Foote, "you have not *tried me* yet, sir."

Turning the Tables.—A young lady, a native of Sydney, being asked if she should like to go to Britain; answered, that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied, that, from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in!

"LOR! WHAT A MOST ABOMINABLE GLASS—I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT!"

THE TWO LEGS.—An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind *one* dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps, the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire, "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?" "Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."

Having a Perfect Understanding.—An English lady resident at Coblentz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Grettel was summoned, and that experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking or keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. "It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit, pat, pot." "Ish understand risht," said the maid, in her Coblentz *patois.* "It's a thing to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner—for deener—with sauce, soace, sowose. What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady in despair, but still made another attempt. "It's a little creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders!" "Ha, ha," cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "Ja, ja! fedders—ja wohl!" and away went Grettel, and in half an hour returned, triumphantly, with a bundle of stationer's quills.

Consultation of Physicians.—A man addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber, by three physicians, how to "cure the fever and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands: you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

A Woman Flattened Out.—When Clarke, the traveller, asked, in Sweden, what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine that he visited, "Became of her!" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh; "she became a pancake!"

Becoming a Medium.—The fascinating spiritual rapping is without a doubt gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering skeptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would very soon become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed!

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying 'aye'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please rap three times?"

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Shall I hear from you to morrow?"

Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his great coat altogether.

OLD JESTS.—Persons who gloat over dust and black-letter need scarcely be told that the best of "modern" jests are almost literally from the antique: in short, that what we employ to "set the table in a roar" were employed by the wise men of old to enliven *their* cups, deep and strong; that to jest was a part of the Platonic philosophy; and that the excellent fancies, the flashes of merriment, of our forefathers, are nightly, nay, hourly re-echoed for our amusement. Yet such is the whole art of pleasing: what has pleased will, with certain modifications, continue to please again and again, until the end of time.

A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to do without food, starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he; "for, just as he learned to live without eating, he died."

A curious inquirer, desirious to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why then do you sleep without your shoes?" was the reply.

A robustious countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

A gentleman had a cask of Aminean wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Blockhead!" he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?"

A young man meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he: "you are a notorious liar · but my informant was a person of credit."

A man hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

A man wrote to his friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote to me about the books."

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Loosing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; rascal! you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would not again go into the water until he had learned to swim.

A fellow had to cross a river, and entered a boat on horseback; being asked the cause, he replied, "I must ride, because I am in a hurry."

A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home, "Father, rejoice, for I now derive my support from literature."

Written agreements should be drawn up as shortly as possible; for parties are sure to agree best between whom there are the fewest words.

"AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED."

A Good Wish.—Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling, when sixpence would have been sufficient. "Remember, Pat," said Sir Walter, "you owe me sixpence." "May your honor live till I pay you!" was the reply.

Quiet Theft.—A saddle being missing at a funeral, it was observed, no wonder that nothing was heard of it, for it is believed to have been stolen by a *mute*.

Spirited Reply.—"Doctor," said a hard-looking, brandy-faced customer, the other day, to a physician—"Doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest." "Water! Come, that'll do well enough for a joke; but how could I get water on my chest, when I havn't touched a drop in fifteen years! If you had said brandy, you might have hit it."

A Regular Customer.—A runaway couple were married at Gretna Green. The smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but *he* was an Irishman. I have married him six times. *He is a customer. You* I may never see again."

Negro Funeral.—A preacher when in the West Indies, one day undertook to read the burial service over a Negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the Doctor came to the part "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," the Negro who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put him in de hole first, Massa—always put him in de hole first."

Second Thoughts.—A landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid gin, would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion: "Betty, go and get a quartern loaf, and half a quartern of gin." Off started Betty. She was speedily recalled: "Betty make it *half* a quartern *loaf*, and a quartern of gin." But Betty had never fairly got across the threshhold on the mission ere the voice was again heard: "Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it all gin."

MILESIAN ADVICE.—"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman, is *to shut his eyes.*"

MERE AMUSEMENT FOR A DYING MAN.—A physician having finished the amputation of the leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside, and said anxiously to him:

"Doctor, do you think your patient will recover?"

"Recover! there has never been the least shadow of a hope for him."

"Then what was the use of making him suffer?"

"Why, my dear fellow, you astonish me! Could you say, brutally to a sick man, "you are dying!' He must be amused a little."

PATHRICK TOO MUCH FOR THE BISHOP.—Bishop Hedding speaking of the muddy travelling at the West, mentioned a case of Irish wit. The bishop was moving along in a gig, his horse in a slow walk, when an Irishman on foot overtook him.

"Good morning," said the Bishop.

"Good morning, yer honor," replied Pat.

"You seem to have the advantage of me in your mode of travelling, my friend," continued the bishop.

"An I'll swap with yer, if ye plaze, sir," was the quick reply.

The bishop thought he was caught for that time, and concluded not to swap with Pat.

GOOD ADVICE.—A young Irishman (placed by his friends as student at a Veterinary College) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell as soon as possible."

The Lady and a Naked Subject.—A young lady called at the shop of a cabinet maker in this village to leave directions with him about making a table which she had previously ordered. Among other particulars, she enjoined it upon him to make the "*limbs*" small; adding, after some hesitation, "You know what I mean, I suppose?"

With a very vacant look, the Cabinet-maker replied: "You mean *legs*, don't you?"

This disregard of the lady's modesty was altogether too much: the *bare* idea so suddenly presented, almost overcame her!

Fattening a Queen.—Mr. Holman, in his "Voyage round the World," says:—"The favorite Queen of Duke Ephraim, of old Calabar, was so large, that she could scarcely walk, or even move; indeed, they were all prodigiously large, their beauty consisting more in the mass of *physique* than in the symmetry of face or figure. This uniform tendency to *embonpoint*, on an unusual scale, was accounted for by the singular fact, that the female on whom his Majesty fixes his regard is regularly fattened up to a certain standard, previously to the nuptial ceremony, it appearing to be essential to the queenly dignity that the lady should be fat. We saw a very fine young woman undergoing this ordeal. She was sitting at a table with a large bowl of farinaceous food, which she was swallowing as fast as she could pass the spoon to and from the bowl and her mouth."

Pickpocketing.—The Baron de Beranger relates, that, having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honor of being singled out for such an attempt.—"Why, sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a *flat*."

A Nigger's Idea of the Telegraph.—At the railway *depot* in Lowell, not long since, "Look a hea, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes dilating, and his rows of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "Look a hea, Jake; what you call dem ar?" "What ar?" rejoined Jake. "Dem ar I is pint in to." "Dem ar is postes," said Jake. "What!" said Sambo, scratching his head; "dem are postes wid de glass?" "Yes, de same identical," returned Jake. "Ah, but you sees dem are horzontal wires." "Well," observed Jake, "de posts supports de wires." "Gosh! I takes you, nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his sides, and both setting up a loud yah yah. "But what's de wires for?" said Sambo, after a pause. "De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but, suddenly lighting up with more than nigger fire, he said "*De wires is for to keep de postes up!*"

Sailor and Bull.—As a party of seamen were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with liquor, a bull, which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house, came running towards the jolly tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all men jumped out of his way, except one, and he, being an immense, sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words: "Bull ahoy! bull ahoy! I cry. Drop your peak, and put your helm a-starboard, or you'll run aboard of me." The bull continuing his course, came in contact with Jack, and capsized him; but the sailor nowise intimidated, sprang from the ground, and, shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh, you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be."

Contradictory Creatures.—We all admire retiring Modesty in the softer sex: and yet are captivated by woman's Cheek.

A Nigger at a Dance.—The happiest man in the world is supposed to be "a nigger at a dance." In our opinion this rule is too limited. A "nigger" is not only happy at a dance, but in every position. A darkey may be poor, but he is never low spirited. Whatever he earns he invests in fun and deviltry. Give him a dollar, and in less than hour he will lay seven shillings of it out in yellow neck-ties or a cracked violin. There is something in an African that sheds trouble as a duck will water. Who ever knew a "cullud pussun" to commit suicide? The negro is strongly given to love and jealousy; but he has no taste for arsenic. He may lose his all by betting against a roulette, but he don't find relief for his despair as white folks do, by resorting to charcoal fumes, or a new bed-cord, but by visiting "de fair sex," and participating in the mazy influence of "de occiputal comvolutions of der clarinett."

The Captain's Story.—Some twenty years ago, I was coming from Calcutta, in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time I had heard no news thence, either private or public. Off Barnegat, we fell in with a fishing smack, having on board a man and a boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board, we soon made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandanna handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

"Well, skipper," said I, a ter the barter was over, "what's the news?"

He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and said, "Potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel!"

"Is it possible?" I asked, "but the news, what is the *news!*"

"Wal," said he, "there was a great crop on 'em last fall!"

"Never mind the potatoes," said I, "tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?"

"Politikal!" said the fisherman, standing silently for a few minutes. "Political? d'ye see that feller in my boat yonder?" pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of eighteen, "wal, captin, that are chap made two hundred dollars last winter!"

There was no use in trying to make anything out of him, so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage, coming on the same coast, I again met this fisherman. He remembered me, took the identical bandanna I had given him, waved it, with a cheer, above his head, and swore I should have the best and biggest fish he had. I made another purchase of him, and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news?" I inquired, "who's president?"—it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, "D'ye recollect my boy that I had in the smack with me—the one who made two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said I.

"Wal," he replied, his hard eyes beaming watery, "the little cus is dead."

"And that," said the captain in conclusion, "is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegat."

NEW SASS FOR DUMPLINGS.—A Yankee wishing for some sauce for his dumplings, forgot the name of it, and said,

"Here, waiter, fetch me some of that gravy that you wallow your dumplins in!"

DEATH ON PALE BRANDY.—"You look like death on a pale horse," said Harry to a toper, who was pale and emaciated.

"I don't know anything about that," said the toper, "but I am *death on pale brandy!*"

WIT AND HUMOR ABROAD.—The light literature of foreign nations is not much relished in this country: perhaps, because all the jokes are far-fetched.

Hats and Divinity.—One day a doctor of divinity chanced into a hat store in this city, and, after rummaging over the wares, selected an ordinary looking hat, put it on his reverend head, ogled himself in the glass, then asked the very lowest price of it, telling the vendor, that, if he could give it cheap enough, he thought he might buy it. "But," said the hatter, "that hat is not good enough for you to wear—here is what you want," showing one of his best beavers. "'Tis the best I can afford, tho'," returned the theologian. "Well, there, doctor, I'll make you a present of that best beaver, if you'll wear it, and tell your friends whose store it came from; I'll warrant you'll send me customers enough to get my money back with interest: you are pretty extensively acquainted." "Thank you—thank you!" said the doctor, his eyes gleaming with pleasure at raising a castor so cheaply: "how much may this beaver be worth?" "We sell that kind for eight dollars," replied the man of *nap*. "And the other?" continued the reverend gentleman. "Three." The man of sermons put on the beaver, looked in the glass, then at the three-dollar hat. "I think, sir," said he, taking off the beaver, and holding it in one hand, as he donned the cheap "tile," "I think, sir, that this hat will answer my pupose full as well as the best." "But you'd better take the best one, sir, it costs you no more." "Bu-t—bu-t," replied the parson hesitatingly, "I didn't know—but—per-haps—you would as lief I would take the cheap one, and leave the other—and perhaps you would not mind giving me the difference in a *five-dollar bill!*"

Abernethiana.—Abernethy's mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—"Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad (his favorite word,) you may go about your business—I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off." In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First Day.—Lady enters and holds out her finger.—Abernethy: "Cut?" —Lady: "Bite." A.: "Dog?"—L: "Parrot." A.: "Go home and poultice it." Second day.—Finger held out again.—A.: "Better?"—L: "Worse." A.: "Go home and poultice it again." Third Day.—Finger held out as before.—A.: "Better?"—L.: "Well." A.: "You're the most sensible wom an Iever met with. Good bye. Get out."

Another lady, having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient exposing the arm, says—"Burnt." —A.: "I see it," and having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—"Better."—A.: "I know it." Third Day—again showing the arm. Patient: "Well."—A.: "Any fool can tell that. What d'ye come again for? Get away."

A loquacious lady, ill of a complaint of forty years' standing, applied to him for advice, and had begun to describe its progress from the first, when Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street, to see a patient; he begged the lady to inform him how long it would take her to tell her story. The answer was, twenty minutes. He asked her to proceed, and hoped she would endeavor to finish by the time he returned.

The hand that can make pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

IRISH NATURAL HISTORY.

An Irishman ruminating in his bliss upon the banks of a Southern creek, espied a terrapin pluming himself.

"Och hone!" exclaimed he, solemnly, "that ever I should come to Ameriky to see a snuff-box walk!"

"Whist! Pat," said his wife, "don't be afther makin' fun of the bird."

Mrs. Partington and Uncle Tom.—Mrs. Partington is said to have anxiously asked if Uncle Tom is a better man than Enoch, of Biblical memory. She grounds her reasons for making this inquiry, upon the fact that she heard that Uncle Tom has been translated seven times, while Enoch was translated but once.

SNORING.—Old Hicks was an awful snorer. He could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but his wife became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length, the old man was required to attend assizes at some distance. The first night after his departure, his wife never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same manner, without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant-girl. She took the *coffee-mill into her mistress' chamber, and ground her to sleep at once !*

OFF WITH HIS HEAD, SO MUCH FOR GAMMON.—Heggiages, an Arab general, under the Caliph Valid, consulted, in his last illness, an astrologer, who predicted to him his approaching death. "I rely so completely on your knowledge," replied Heggiages to him, "that I wish to have you with me in the other world; and I shall, therefore, send you thither before me, in order that I may be able to employ your services from the time of my arrival;" and he ordered the head of the astrologer to be struck off, although the time fixed by the planets had not yet arrived.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S FIZZIN ON SODA.—"There it goes again !" said Mrs. Partington, as she became conscious of the sublimity of a soda fountain one warm day. "There it goes again, I declare, fizzin' away like a blessed old locomoco on the railroad. Don't say anything about Nigary now—that isn't nothin' in comparison to this—and it aint *bad* beer nuther; but how in natur they can draw so many kinds out of one fassit, that's the wonderment to me !" and she readjusted her specs and took a new survey of the mystery, while Ike, unwatched, was weighing his knife and five jackstones in the bright brass scale on the other counter.

Dry Humor.—An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but, plase your honor, I'm very dry."

Fleas and Aristocracy.—An English lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish. So that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand at the back of his mistress' chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do anything, unless she directed him; the lady well knowing, that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table, behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests; when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions; a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and, to her greater horror, heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party, "A vlea! a vlea! my lady. Ecod I've caught 'en!"

GROWTH OF FELICITY.—A poor gardener, on being asked what felicity meant, said he did not know, but he believed it was a bulbous root!

AN ECSTATIC LOVER down east, thus appeals to his tender-hearted Dulcinea for a parting smack: Terribly tragical, and sublimely retributive will be the course pursued by me, if you do not instantaneously place thine alabaster lips to mine and enrapture my immortal soul by imprinting angelic sensations of divine bliss upon indispensable members of the human physiognomy, and then kindly condescend to allow me to take my departure from the everlasting sublimity of thy thrice glorious presence! Nancy fainted.

CONNUBIAL.—"Mrs. Dobson, where's your husband?" "He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him." Considerate woman, that.

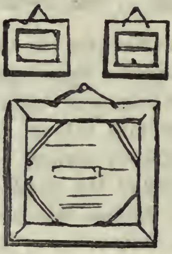
HINTS ON KEEPING THE SABBATH.—Some cats are in the habit of mewing when there are birds in the room. This may be tolerated on the ordinary week-days, but must not be permitted on the Sabbath. If the cat be placed in the water-butt on Saturday night, it will be seldom found to disturb a serious family's peace of mind on the Sunday.

Having placed your cat in the water-butt, do not forget that the bird will not be prevented by such an incident from singing. This must not be suffered, if you wish to keep the Sabbath in a proper spirit. Place, therefore, your Swedish Nightingale, or Cockney chaffinch, or whatever the bird you possess may be, in the coal cellar,

where its singing will not have the effect of disturbing your attention from melancholy subjects. Some birds sing better from being kept in the dark; but as long as the bird's notes do not reach your ears on the Sabbath, you may balance accounts with your conscience in the most satisfactory manner.

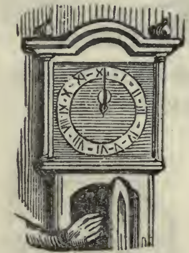
When you have disposed of the dumb animals of your establishment, attend to your children, who must occupy the next place in the minds of virtuous Sabbatarians. It would be a very horrible thing to have a naughty boy in the house on Sunday—crimes being more especially crimes (in the proportion of about 20,017 to 1,) when perpetrated on the seventh day. Thrash your son, then, on Saturday night; and whatever evil actions he may perpetrate the next day, at all events he will have been prepared for the worst. Any brother Sabbatarian will be kind enough to spare you a rod, if you assure him that your object is to spoil your child.

Some Sabbatarians—though their numbers are certainly few—derive pleasure from looking at pictures. If you happen to have any in your house, you must carefully turn their faces against the wall (we were alluding, in the first instance, to the pictures, and our remarks will not apply equally well to the men.) Remember, that the sight of a picture frequently induces thought; and the Sabbath is not the day for your mind to be set working.



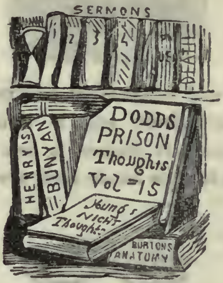
Shut the shutters carefully on Saturday night, and do not re-open them until Monday morning. It is unbecoming to have the light making a shine in the house of a religious man on the Sabbath.

Stop your clocks and watches at twelve on Saturday night. These are sinful inventions; and, if wound up in the usual manner, would pay no more respect to one day than to another. Remember, however, that no hands were ever intended to do work on the Sabbath.



It will not be essential to lie in bed throughout the whole of Sunday; but if you get up, you must not, under any pretext whatever, have the bed made. Of course you will not think of putting your clothes on, even if you rise; not, however, that the spirit of true religion would prevent you from wrapping the blankets round you. If any one should presume to doubt the correctness of classing the process of getting out of bed, and putting one's clothes on, under the head of "labor," we can adduce the celebrated cases of numerous children, of whom it is stated that there is "the greatest possible work" to get them down in time for breakfast.

If the shutters do not entirely exclude light from the interior of your house (which, if you are a *very* serious person, you will take care shall be the case) it may be permitted to indulge in a little light reading. Our artist suggests some appropriate works.



Attend carefully to all the above advice, and, in time, we have no doubt you will come to look like

THAT!

A New Cure.—A negro had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed: "Ache away, den ole feller; ache away. I shan't do nuffin more fer yer, dis chile ken stan' it as long as you ken; so, ache away!"

A Hen that Could'nt Lay.—"Oh, doctor," said an elderly lady recently to Dr. H——, the celebrated bone-setter, in describing the effects of a diseased spine, "I can neither lay nor set." "I should recommend, then," said the doctor, "the propriety of *roosting!*"

Cutting it Short.—A certain barber of our town, having great gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in, took his seat, orders a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work and began at the same time one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who becoming irritated at the barber, said—"Cut it short." "Yes, Sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gent again ordered,—"cut it short, I say, cut it short!" "Yes, Sir," clipping away, and gabbling the faster. "Cut it short, cut it short, I say!" says the gent. "Yes, Sir," says the barber, going on with his story. "Will you cut it short, blast you!" bawls the old gent in a rage. "Can't, Sir," says the barber, "for if you look in the glass, you'll see I've *cut it all off.*"

Romantic Truth.—A young poet out west, in describing heaven, says "it's a world of bliss, fenced in with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

THREE SEVENTEENS.—We heard a good story the other day, of an ancient joker (now dead) who is the father of a great brood of fast boys.

The old gentleman was rather a strict governor, though when outside he would occasionally "let up," drink, tall house, and go in for chances. The boys knew this—boys generally do; and while they respected the "governor," on account of his age, they positively objected to his propensities for humbug. One Sunday the governor was reading the Bible, when Ez the oldest boy, procured a set of dice, and having spotted all the low sides, so that he could not get less than fifteen, commenced throwing them on a chair. The governor came to a hard word, looked up and saw the game. Then came the following conversation.

Governor: Ez, you boy—Ezeriah! Do you know what day it is?

Ez: Yes, fifteen—Sunday. Seventeen!

Governor: Well, then you go and put them things away; throw them in the stove: no, put them on the shelf. Get a book, sit down and read.

Ez. put the "bones" in his pocket, and got a book; but, somehow or other, out came the dice again.

Ez: Seventeen! seventeen!! seventeen!!!

Governor: (Springing from his chair, and allowing the Bible to drop on the floor.) What! not three seventeens! Good Gracious, them would have won the hoss last night.

"ATTACKING HIS REAR."—"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.

THE S-SENTIALS.—The essentials of a watering place may be literally summed up thus: sea, salt, sand, shrimps, shells, steamers, ships, and sailors.

P**AINTING AND POETRY.**—A lad stood on a ladder tall, a-painting of a sign—a new, short sign; and *Lang Syne Auld* he whistled; the sun did shine. And tune or sun moved snow on roof, unused to melting mood: it slid, and peeped o'er eaves above, eaves-dropping where he stood. He, gazing down on a miss beneath, dreaming not mischance was near, but held his bucket in his hand, and brushed a silent T. R. He was a painter's 'prentice boy, I need not paint his name; He came from high descent indeed, but now 'tis all the same. But, ah! the snow, too soon it fell, as if with fell design; he kicked the bucket—down he dropped—he died and made no sign!

A HARD CASE.—"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for!"

"Bill hove the Bible at me, and hit me on my head."

"Well, you are the first person in my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that the difference between eating strawberries and kissing a pretty girl, is so small that it cannot be appreciated.

Defining his Position.—"Get up; get up," said a watchman the other night to a chap who had fallen a *grade* below the door-step sleepers, and who had taken lodgment in the gutter. "You must not lie here."

"Lie! you're another! y-you lie yourself! not lie here! I tell you wh-what, old fellow, that may do to t-t-ell in them slave States, but I'll let you know," said the agrarian, sputtering a mouthful of mud into the watchman's face, "that this is *free sile!*"

Classical Names.—"Cesar! go catch my big horse there."

"Yes, sar? What you call he name, sir?"

"Olympus, don't you know what the poet says about 'high Olympus?' "

'I don't know about Hio; but he limpus nuf, dat's for certain."

True Saying.—The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed chiefly to relate to medicine, kicks, and advice.

A Ten Strike.—A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time to a bowling alley, and kept firing away at the pins to the imminent peril of the boy who, so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in endeavoring to avoid the ball of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length the fellow seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "*stand in amongst the pins, if ye don't want to get hit.*"

Information Wanted.—One little "garden patch" of ours has been profitable, very—this season. The bugs ate up the cucumbers, and the chickens ate up the bugs, the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens—and we are now in search of something that will eat the cats. Can any of our agricultural friends aid us?

A Striking Illustration.—Many years ago an "assault and battery" case came up before a magistrate in western Ohio, in which a lawyer named Ellis was the defendant's counsellor, and Elder Gilruth, a Methodist preacher, was the plaintiff's most important witness.

"Did I understand you to state, Mr. Gilruth, that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?"

"I know not what you may have understood," replied the witness, "but if my eyes serve me properly, I certainly did witness a manœuvre that would warrant that description."

"Ah, you saw him strike, then; will you please inform the court how hard a blow was inflicted?"

The witness looked at the counsel and seemed hesitating. The complacent pettifogger insisted upon a statement.

"As nearly as I can remember," replied the witness, "the blow was sufficient to knock the plaintiff down!"

"That is not an explicit answer," said the counsel, somewhat nonplussed by the preacher's coolness. "I wish you to explain to the court, how hard a blow was inflicted by the defendant upon the person of the plaintiff as set forth in the indictment."

"Shall I answer the gentleman's question?" said Gilruth, turning to the magistrate.

"As you please," replied the justice.

"You wish me to give a satisfactory demonstration of the velocity of the blow, which brought the plaintiff to the ground?"

"I do," said Ellis.

"Well, then," continued Gilruth, advancing a few steps toward the counsel, "as nearly as my judgment serves me, the blow was about equal to *that!*" at the same instant planting his enormous handful of bones directly between the lawyer's eyes, smashing his spectacles, and prostrating the "unlucky limb of the law" upon the floor.

Love.—A sweet contagion, which attacks people with great severity between eighteen and twenty-two. Its promonitory symptoms are sighs, ruffle-shirts, ringlets, bear's grease, and whiskers. It feeds on moonlight and flutes, and looks with horror on 'biled pork' or baked beans.

Irish Flavor.—A lemonless Irishman was observed one evening slicing a potato into his hot whiskey toddy.

"Why, what are you about?" inquired Charley.

"It's a punch I'm making,' dear," quietly replied Pat.

"But what are you slicing that in for?"

"To give it a flavor!"

"What! a *potato flavor?*"

"Sure, and isn't a flavor a flavor, whether it's a lemon or pitaty?"

A Comical Mistake.—A good story is told of a verdant daughter of Erin, a servant in one of our city families. The first day she made her appearance in the kitchen the lady of the house was present to initiate the unsophisticated daughter of Erin in the mystery of cooking. In preparing for dinner, she desired the girl to bring her a "spider."

"The what, ma'am?" inquired Biddy, with great astonishment.

"Why, the spider," replied the lady of the house.

"The spidher, is it? Och! howly Moses! and do ye ate spidhers in this country?"

A Kneedless Joke.—A man in getting out of an omnibus a few days ago, made use of the two rows of *knees* as bannisters to steady himself, at which the ladies took offence, and one of them said aloud, "*A perfect savage!*" "True," said a wag inside, "he belongs to the *Paw-nee* tribe."

CHINESE WAR SONG.

March, brave Chinese !—twingle twangle—
To victory, or, winki dinki, to your graves.
Chick-chock—Kuf-Fee's sold his mangle :
Chinamen never will be slaves !

Ching-a-ring a chopstick—crinkum crankum !
Mourir pour la patrie—hongs and gongs !
Death to the tyrants—winkum wankum !
Twang twiddle, victory, and ding dongs !

PROVOKING.—To dream you are hugging an angel, and wake up with the bolster in your arms.

Perfect Likeness.—"What's the matter, my dear?" said a wife to her husband, who had sat half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "O, I don't know," said he, "I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," returned the wife, consolingly, "I'm afraid you'll never feel any better; you look the very picture of what you feel."

A Model Clerk.—A beautiful girl was out shopping a few days since, and entered a store, where she found a fresh looking, rosy cheeked, young clerk; and stepping up to the place where he was located, asked if he had any nice silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied he, and forthwith the counter was strewn with the delicate articles.

"How high do they come?" asked the young Miss, in a very low tone of voice.

The modest clerk looked at his customer, blushed, turned all sorts of colors, but did not answer the question. She gave him a surprised look, and repeated it:

"How high do they come?"

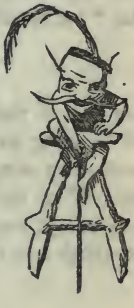
Again the clerk blushed at such an immodest question; but managed to stammer out:

"Really, Miss—that is to say—I don't know—I think—but I am not positive—my impression is that they come just above the knee!"

Can't Afford More.—"So, here I am, between two tailors," said a fop at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves.

"True," was the reply, "we are new beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

Love one Another.—A Welsh parson preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of his remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river; and, continued he, "how do you think they acted? why, I will tell you—one goat laid himself down and let the other leap over him—Ah, beloved, let us live like goats."



An Irishman's Answer.—A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out and addressed them:

"What do you stand there for like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till I saw the divil poke his head out of the windy."

Woman's Rights.—Some western villain has concocted the following conundrum:—Why are certain ladies of the present day like the "forlorn hope" of a beseiging army? Because they are about to throw themselves into the *breeches*.

Mercantile Marine.—Captains of merchant-ships will never be well informed even if they become readers, so long as they are skippers.

A SMACKING ARTICLE.—If girls will kiss, let them perform the ceremony as if they loved it. Don't let them sneak about the thing as if they were purloining cheese, nor drop their heads, "like lilies o'erspread with rain." On the contrary, they should do it with an appetite, and when they let go, give rise to a report that will make the old folks think somebody is firing a pistol about the house.

RED-DY WIT.—An Indian complained to a rumseller that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hogshead of brandy as to keep a cow. "May be he drink as much water," replied the Indian, "but he no eat so much hay."

JUST ARRIVED.—A countryman was standing on one of the wharves the other day, watching the progress of hoisting an anchor of a ship which was getting under weigh, and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo, heave O" of the sailors, he remarked: "You may heave high and heave low, but you will never get that great crooked thing through that little hole! I know better."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S MARRIAGE.—"I never knowed anything gained on being in too much of a hurry," said Mrs. Partington. "When me and my dear Paul was married, he was in such a terpidation that he came near marrying one of the bridesmaids instead of me, by mistake. He was such a queer man!" she continued; "why he joined the fire department; and one night in his hurry he put his boots on hind part afore, and as he ran along everybody behind him got tipped up. The papers was full of crowner's quests on broken limbs for a week arterwards"—and she relapsed into an abstraction on the ups and downs of Life.

A **Devil of a Mistake.**—A good story is told of an old gentleman in a Southern State, who, being very ill, and supposing that his end was approaching, gave direction that an old slave, who had been very faithful to him, should be called into his room. Sam made his appearance, and with a joyful face drew near his master, expecting that he was about to announce to him his purpose of leaving him free.

"You know," said the master, "you have been a faithful servant to me, Sam."

"Yes, massa," he replied.

Poor Sam expected the next sentence to contain his freedom. But said the massa kindly:

"You know, Sam, I always treated you kindly."

"Yes, massa, you did."

Sam was now all anxiety to hear, and looked gratefully into the face of his dying master, and waited to hear the charming word "Freedom!" But what was Sam's disappointment when his master said:

"In consideration of your long and faithful service, I have directed in my Will that when you die you shall be buried by my side."

After a long pause, Sam replied,

"Me no like it indeed, massa, for some dark night Debel come, look for massa, and make mistake, and take poor Sam."

Speaking his Mind.—A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back.

"Don't, don't!" begged the boy. "I won't do so again, never! I never will speak what I think again in my life!"

Daddy's Cross.—"What's that?" asked a schoolmaster pointing to the letter X. "It's daddy's name." "No, you blockhead, it's X." "'Taint X neither, it's daddy's name, for I seed him write it many a time."

THE SONG OF THE CHINESE LADY.

Ohc o metoth ete asho pwit hme.
*A*ndb uya po undo fthe be st.
Twi llpr oveam ostex celle ntt ea.
Itsq ua lit yal lwil lla tte st.

Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngsapo und.
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry.
Nob etterc anel sewh ereb efou nd.
Ohs ayth eny ou'rer eadyto buy.

Rum vs Sleighing.—On a wintry night, a few years since, I was riding through the little town of Lowell, Maine. My route lay along upon a high ridge of land between the Cold Stream Pond and the Passadumkeag stream. The large full moon was just rising in the horizon, looking larger than ever. The sleighing was excellent, and my horse, as if charmed by the scene, was trotting off at a brisk rate, when from some cause he suddenly stopped. On looking for it, I discovered a horse and sleigh, driverless. In the sleigh was a mysterious looking keg, sole master of the premises, and upon looking for the driver, I found that individual by the road side—the keg was evidently master of him as of the sleigh. He was muttering something to himself about a "thundering cold fire," and blaming an imaginary John for not "putting on more wood!" Coming nearer to him, I found that he was sitting upon the snow, his feet through the fence, *warming them at the moon!*

No Doubt of It.—And old maid was once asked to subscribe for a newspaper. She answered no—she always *made her own news.*

Family Dignity.—A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company, and returned from training full of rum and glory. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone:

"Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbor's now?"

"Certainly, my dear, we must not be proud if we are exalted."

One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?"

"Tut," said the mother, "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal, but your father and myself."

DYING PEACEFULLY.—"My dear Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Brown, "come near to my bed side, I'm dying, and wish to say a few words to you."

"Yes, marm," sighed Mrs. Jones.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," ejaculated Mrs. B., "you and I have had a good many tiffs in our day, and I would now part with you in peace. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, marm," sobbed Mrs. Jones, "indeed, I can!"

"Am I forgiven?" ejaculated Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, marm," responded Mrs. Jones, with difficulty, in consequence of the intensity of her anguish, and then she attempted to weep her way out of the dying woman's room.

"Stop a moment, my dear Mrs. Jones," said the expiring Mrs. Brown, "I've another word to say. I wish to have it understood that if I get well, everything goes back, and we stand on the same old ground!"

A FALSE ALLIGATOR.—At a late trial, somewhere in Vermont, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening a while to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said: "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere alligator knows it!"

Knew all About It.—A little boy, nine or ten years of age, was called as a witness at a late trial at Cambridge. After the oath was administered, the Chief Justice, with a view of ascertaining whether the boy was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, addressed him, "Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?"—"Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I have been keeping pigs for Mr. Baynard."

A Kiss in the Dark.—The editor of the Cincinnati Nonpareil recently had occasion to pay a visit to Dayton in the cars. He says he noticed a gentleman and a lady seated in close juxtaposition, and judging from their conduct, one could well imagine that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two gentlemen, editors of the two German papers in this city. When near Dayton, the train passed through a long dark bridge. Amidst the thundering and rattling of the cars, a very suspicious concussion was heard by those nearest the lady and gentleman alluded to. As we emerged into the daylight, one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose and exclaimed—

"Vell, I tinks dat ish a tam bad bridge. *I hears him crack one, two, tree, four times!*"

The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip the pair looked mute and quiet.

No Difference.—The following advertisement was posted up in a tavern in Newbern, while the Legislature was in session at that place.

"*Look here!* The following rules of order will hereafter be observed in this hotel: Members of the Assembly will go to the table first, and the gentleman afterwards."

"Note Bena, rowdies and blackguards will please not mix with the members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

Serenading a Sentimental Young Lady.—In my young days, I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and was somewhat celebrated for playing the flute; hence it was generally expected, when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me. I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared to be delighted, but more particularly so, was a beautiful young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed that it was beautiful, delightful, &c. I, of course, was highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. Previous to leaving the party, I made inquiry respecting her residence. I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived, as I supposed, at the lady's residence, but made a most glorious mistake, by getting under the window of an old Quaker. "Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up The Last Rose of Summer." I struck up, but the window remained closed. The boys smiled.—"Oh," said I, "that is nothing; it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air." I next struck up on Old Robbin Gray. Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat. "Once more, boys," said I; "and she *must* come." I struck up again—My Love is like the Red, Red Rose. Still there was no demonstration. "Boys," said I; "she's a humbug. Let us sing Home, Sweet Home, and if that don't bring her, we will give her up." We struck up, and as we finished the last line, the window was raised. "That's the ticket, boys," said I; "I knew we would fetch her." But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker in his nightcap and dressing-gown. "Friend," said he, "thee was singing of thy home—I think thee said thy sweet home—and if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home; now, if there is no place like home, why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thee, nor none of thy party. Farewell." We and our hats went home!

Dog Cheap.—While looking out of our sanctum window last evening, at the busy throng crowding about the "Garding Sass," as the Yankees say, an old joke which a Frenchman once told us, forced itself upon our memory.

"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "de Yankee is a curious man. Ven I come to dis countrie, ma foi, I take my basket, and I go to the marquet. I see some fine pomme de terre: Vell how you sell dis?"

"Twenty cents a pack—*Dog-sheep*," say de old woman.

"Den I see some of de vat you call Grass-sparrow: Vell, how you sell dis?"

"Three cent a bunch—*Dog-sheep*."

And so, mon ami, every sing was *dog-sheep*. At last I went to ze butchaire, vere I see beautiful sausage. "Ha, my friend," said I, "is dis *dog—dog—dog—*" but before I could recollect ze sheep, de butchaire charge on me vis beef shin, and I was vera glad to make my escape vis a whole head! Begar since den I buy nosing dat is dog-sheep!

A BACHELORS' SONG.

wish I had a little wife,
A little stove and fire,
I'd hug her like a lump of gold,
And let no one come nigh her;
I'd spend my days in happiness,
I'd vegetate in clover,
And when I died, I'd shut my eys,
Lay down and roll right over.

Fancies in an Omnibus.—The man who brings a dog into an omnibus deserves to be bitten to atoms by wild fleas, and scattered to the blankets!

What a beautiful rose in the hand of that virgin (she wears no ring.) Sweet maid! We could hold you in our heart, even as we would bear that rose in our button-hole, but that we already have a wife and eight children.

Interesting and significant is woman with a bundle, a bag, and a bonnet-box! It touchingly preaches to thoughtless man what the dear creatures have to bear in this life!

Sweeter still is woman with a little boy and a big hoop. Beautifully suggestive of wedlock, pledge of love, and a whole round of happiness.

Of two evils there is always the lesser. And turn it as we may, a child with the small-pox in an omnibus is a trifle worse than a wet umbrella.

"Where d'ye dig yer bait?"—In one of my solitary piscatorial wanderings, last week, I passed through a meadow in which a couple of juveniles were making hay. One of them left his occupation and came towards the brook where I was fishing. The following remarkably interesting conversation ensued—

Boy. Fishing; aint ye?

Snooks. Ya-a-a-s, something of that sort.

Boy. Got many? (he lifts the lid of the basket)—Oh Creation? what a lot! Where did ye get all them?

Snooks. All up and down the lot.

Boy. Guess ye know heow! What kind o' pole's that: powerful han'som' one, aint it? Whats't made of?

Snooks. (Finding he had awakened an inquisitor.) Very han'-som', indeed—made of ash-wood—twelve feet in length—in three pieces—mounted with brass—four inches round the butt at bottom tapers gradually to half an inch in circumference at the top—seventeen ounces in weight—cost five dollars and cheap at that! —this straw hat cost me two dollars three years ago—this old coat, twelve, about the same time—can't say what these ventilating pants cost—have forgotten what the vest came to—boots made for fishing, and cost five dollars—got an old wallet in my pocket to keep spare hooks and lines in—have a jack-knife also in my pocket, and a purse with half a dollar, a ninepence and two cents in it—there *was once* half a pint of good brandy in *that* bottle—paid thirty two and a half cents for that pipe—that handkerchief I got I can't tell where—have been there some two months—intend to be two months longer there—is there anything more in particular you have to ask?

Rusticus, junior, looked amazed the while I rattled off the above inventory of facts and recollections; and, to my great surprise, seemed to take the hint that I would deem further enquiries superfluous. Scarcely had I inserted my fishing-lines in the brook, when this vision was broken up by my rustic friend asking:—

"Say, stranger: *where d'ye dig yer bait?*"

RESOLVING A DIFFICULTY.—As the chambermaid of a steamboat upon the Ohio was passing out of the ladies' cabin, an old lady, in a plaintively husky tone, requested her to shut the door, as she had caught such a bad cold at Detroit that she was almost dead. At this moment a very phthsis old lady, occupying a berth near the door, forbade the girl to shut it on account of her shortness of breath.

"Shut it, or I'll die," squeaked the Detroit lady.

"Leave it open, or I'll smother to death," gasped the other.

As the war waxed warm, a wag in the adjoining cabin, thrusting his head from his berth, decided the chambermaid's quandary, by ordering her to "open the door until the Detroit lady dies of her cold—and then close it until the other one smothers to death."

PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT AMERICAN AUTHOR, G. PUFFER HOPKINS.

EXTRACT FROM PUFFER'S LAST WORK IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION.—Last Friday night—I am not superstitious, but I never met with a misfortune on any other day—I invited Ariminta to accompany me to Christy's; the dear girl is fond of listening to Christy's band; but, for myself, her voice was all the music I cared to listen to—and she of course accepted. When I called at her residence in the upper part of the city, at half-past seven, I found her all ready, and off we started.

It was a beautiful night, and with the single exception that it was rather warm, would have been just the one of all others for lovers to promenade in. I never shall forget my feelings as we leisurely walked along towards Mechanic's Hall—how I did revel in all the delights of the first dream of pure love I had ever known!—there was to me but one being in this extensive world, and that being was Ariminta! How I did talk!—I, that on ordinary occasions have not a word to say for myself! I quoted to her some of the most exquisite of Moore's love passages which I had committed to memory—went slightly into the merits of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and by the time we reached Broadway I was getting rhapsodically frantic about the pseudo Prince's description of his palace by the Lake of Como—I had got so far as to pour a few lines of it, uttered in the softest tones imaginable, into her ear

"And when night came amidst the breathless heavens,
We'd watch the stars, and guess which one should be our home
When love becomes immortal!"

I say I had got thus far, when—*I heard something drop!* I looked around, and reader, what do you think it was?—by all that's disagreeable, it was Ariminta's bustle!

THE SWOOP OF THE NIGHT HAWK.—It was the gentle hour of gloaming. The beautiful Isabel had left the parental cot for an evening ramble. Through a green lane, redolent of honeysuckle, she bent her way to an antique wooden bridge, crossing a rivulet that murmured beneath the baronial towers, distant some half a mile from her humbler, but not less happy dwelling.

A mendicant who was leaning over the bridge, rose as she approached, and in a hoarse voice solicited an alms. Isabel had left her purse at home, or the appeal to her gentle bosom would not perhaps have been made in vain. There was truth, then, in her protestation that she had nothing for the man; but he would not believe it, and she hurried on to escape his importunity, he followed her with the accelerated step and heightened voice so charateristic of the determined and professional beggar.

At this juncture a youth, emerging from behind a gnarled oak, and armed with a substantial walking cane, suddenly placed himself between the maiden and the vagabond, and authoritatively ordered him to go about his business. The fellow, grumbling, sulkily obeyed.

The young man, taking off his hat, respectfully made an offer to escort Isabel home, and his services were gratefully accepted. He was tall and dark, wearing a profusion of sable ringlets, with mustachios and a tuft. The moon, which was just then rising over the neighboring castle tower, beamed full upon his acquiline nose, and was reflected in the lustre of his black eye.

"Beautiful moon!" he exclaimed, addressing the planet. "For ages of ages, on this turbulent world, hast thou shone down, tranquil and serene as now. And thou wilt still shine on, in thine unchangeable calmness, on hopes as yet unformed, on griefs unfelt, on unimagined fears. Thou, oh moon, that smilest on the quiet graves, thou wilt one day smile as peacefully on us, when we are laid in earth, and all our cares forgotten! Is it not so?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Isabel, with emotion.

The youth heaved a long-drawn sigh. "This is a strange meeting," he observed, after a pause. "A few minutes more, and we part—perchance for ever. In the meanwhile, might I entreat a trifling favor, which would render me supremely happy?"

"Really, sir, I—that is—pray, excuse—I could not, indeed!" stammered Isabel, blushing with an intensity actually visible in the moonlight.

"Suffer me to imprint but one kiss"—the maiden shrank back —"on that delicate hand," said the stranger.

"This is indeed a strange request," she replied.

"It is perhaps romantic. But of late years," he continued, "I have resided in Germany, where the boon which I now venture to crave would be esteemed a life-long happiness. Would you deny so rich a blessing, granted so easily?"

"To my preserver?—that were indeed ungrateful," Isabel answered And divesting her little hand of its neat kid glove, she presented it to the stranger, who, kneeling, respectfully raised it to his lips.

At this moment a wild cry for help proceeded from a coppice not far distant. The stranger started to his feet, holding the hand of Isabel in his own, and clutching it convulsively as he listened to the heart piercing shriek. "Await me for a moment!" he exclaimed: "A fellow-creature in distress! 'Tis the call of duty! I will return immediately! Farewell, beautiful being, for one instant—farewell—farewell!" And bounding over a gate into the adjoining field, he disappeared.

So had a diamond ring, from Isabel's forefinger. It was the gift of a generous uncle, and worth at least thirty pounds. She never again saw either the stranger or the ring. It is but too probable that the latter was stolen, and that the former was a member of the swell mob.

Sharp Witness.—A witness was examined in a case of slander before a judge, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the whole court upon him; then fixing his eyes earnestly upon the judge, he began, "May it please your honor, you lie, you steal, and you get your living by stealing!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "Turn to the jury, sir."

Lucky Editor.—A western editor, in announcing that he had seen a "Bloomer," says she "looked remarkably well, as far as he could see." The impudence of some of the editorial fraternity is past comprehension.

Industry.—"Sam," said a mother to one of her "wery obedient" sons one day, "how many logs have you saw'd, eh?" "Why marm, when I got this and three other ones done I'll have four."

INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.—*Old Lady.* "Why, you horrid, barbarous, murderous little wretches! What have you been and killed my poor cat for?"

Slightly alarmed Juvenile.—"Wh-why Ch-Charley's fiddle's broke, and we wanted to get some *cat-gut*, for fiddle-strings, out of pussy!"

RINGING HIM IN.—A few weeks since a tall, awkward looking chap, just from the green mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "pecking" as he called it into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engine-room, the water closets, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys and various "fixins," till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaimed—

"Wall, raly, this beats the bell on our meetin' house a darned sight."

By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers were attracted to this genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell-rope, and having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster, till everybody on board thought the boat on fire, and rushed on deck screaming with alarm.

There stood the captain, and there stood the "Monster," ringing away first slow and then fast, and then two or three taps at a time.

The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clangor should be stopped.

All the while there sat our hero undisturbed ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-ringer ever dreamt of.

At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton; but his answer was:

"A fair bargain and no backing out."

And he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?'

"Wall, cap'n, I gess I sheant lose nothing if I take five dollars and a *free passage* to New York, but not a darned cent less."

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket," said the captain.

Mrs. Partington's Jocular Vein.—"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The Dr. tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is *so* various! one way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs, another way of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards Isaac had that herb bag full of Fire

Crackers, and was keeping the fourth of July in a patriotic manner by suddenly introducing a lighted pack of those quiet articles, on the table of Dr. Bolus, producing great delight to Isaac, and great consternation to the young Bolusses.

Grace and the Sea-Captain.—A good story is told of an eccentric old gentleman, who, although occasionally addicted to the habit of swearing, was still punctilious in regard to saying grace at his table, and this duty he never omitted on any occasion.

The story runs that on a certain occasion, the old gentleman invited a sea-captain, a jolly old weather-beaten tar of his acquaintance, to dine with him. They sat down to dinner, and the old gentleman, according to custom, commenced saying grace; but the captain, whose attention had been diverted for the moment, hearing the old gentleman speak, thought he was addressing him, and turning to him, said—

"What did you say, squire?"

"Why, *d—n it, man, I'm saying grace!*"

Delicacy.—A young lady (a weekly newspaper having been left on her toilet table,) refused to dress herself because there was an *Observer* in the room.

The Minister who had Worms. — The following incident "came off" in a certain poor-house in New Hampshire. A young clergyman visiting the establishment, seated himself by the side of a deaf woman, when this conversation ensued:—

Clergyman [*shouting*]. "How old are you, my good madam?"

Woman. "Eight-eight year old, come last May!"

Clergyman [*in a sad tone*]. "Eight-eight year old? Before eight-eight years shall have passed over me, I shall be food for worms!"

Old Woman [*horrified*]. "Worms did you say? *Are you troubled with 'em?* I never know'd grow'd-up-men-folks to have 'em bad!"

The clergyman was observed to come away very suddenly after *that* question and answer.

Missionary Perils.—There are some natives that won't believe a word of the sermon, but will swallow the preacher.

THAT GUTTA PERCHA STEAK.—A genius with his castor knowingly cocked on one side of his bullet-head, a leer in his eye, and a devil-may-care contour generally, came into a cheap eating-house, down town, the other day, and bawled out—

"Sa-a-ay, look a-here."

"What'll you have, sir?" quoth a white-aproned chap, rushing at the customer.

"What yer got?"

"Most everything, sir; ham, eggs, codfish, chicken, goose, turkey, roast beef, and—"

"Well, look a-here, old feller—"

"Sir?"

"Look a-here; you got any pork steak and fried taters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fried oysters and lobster salad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Roast goose and apple sass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look a-here; how about the steaks, eh?"

"Good beef steaks, sir."

"Good?"

"First rate."

"Well, look a-here, old feller, you jis go bring that steak I had here last week—rale gutta percha; broke two front teeth on it first bite; but I've got my old molars all steel set and sharpened, now, and I'm jiss goin' to walk into that old steak like a saw-mill. Fetch it on now, why don't yer, sa-a-y?"

TONGUE AND MATRIMONY.—A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by her friend to use her tongue pretty freely after.

"There was a time when I almost imagined she had none."

"Yes," said her husband with a sigh, "but it's *very long since*"

" ANIMAL MAGNETISM."

Good News.—Somebody down east has invented a new plan for cheap boarding. One of the boarders mesmerises the rest, then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerised being satisfied from *sympathy.*

Short-Sighted.—On the day of an eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were out of doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously along one of the principal streets.

" Where does my lord wish to go ?" asked the driver.

" To see the eclipse," answered the Englishman, poking his head out of the coach window, " only drive up as near to it as possible, for I am short-sighted."

THE LOVE SICK GARDENER.—The following amusing letter has accidentally fallen, says the *Birmingham Mercury*, in our way. We give it insertion, believing it will interest and amuse some of our readers—particularly our horticultural friends:

"1, Sun-flower-terrace, Primrose-hill. My *Rose-Mary*—As you are the *Pink* of perfection and the *Blossom* of *May*, I wish to tell *Yew* that my *Heart's-ease* has been torn up by the *Roots*, and the *Peas* of my *Holm* entirely destroyed since I began to *Pine* after *Yew*. *Yew* will perceive that I am a gardener. My name is *William Bud*. At first I was poor, but by *Shooting* in the *Spring*, and driving a *Car-nation* fast, I obtained a *Celery*, and by a little *Cabbaging*, &c., I *Rose* to be master (though something like a *Creeper*) of the whole garden. I have now the full command of the *Stocks*, and the *Mint*; I can raise *Ane-Mone* from a *Penny-Royal* to a *Plum*, and what my expenditure *Leaves* I put in a *Box* for *Yew*. If I may as a *Cock's-comb*, speak of myself, I should say that I was in the *Flower* of manhood—that I was neither a *Standard* nor a *Dwarf*, a *Mushroom* nor a *May-pole*: my nose is of the *Turnup-Reddish* kind, and my locks hang in clusters about my *Ears*. I am often in the company of *Rakes*, and rather fond of *Vine* and *Shrub*—which my *Elders* reprove me for; so I had better *Berry* all this, and as I am a *Branch* of a good *Stock*, with a portly *Bearing*, I well know when and where to make my *Bough*. So *Lett-uce* act for ourselves, and fix an early day for grafting your fate with mine—which might be made a *Pop-lar* measure; but I think it had better be *Privet*, for *Jon-quil* the lawyer says that your old *crab* of a father, who did never a *Li-lack* when he wanted to part us, means to take the *Elm* in his own hands in this matter; but if he does and *Bullice* me at all, I will not be *Slow* in settling his *Ash*, and I will be such a *Thorn* in his side that the day he does it shall be one of the worst *Days-he* ever saw. But I must sow no seeds of discord; for I am certain that we should make a very nice *Pear*, and never repent even when we became *Sage* by *Thyme.* You would be the *Balm* of my *Life*, and I should be the *Balsam* of yours; so that people who might call us *Green* now would call us *Evergreen* hereafter. And now *Sweet Peas* be with you; and if he who tries at it, *Tares* me from *Yew*, I shall become a *Melon-Cauliflower*, and wither away. My tongue will always be a *Scarlet-Runner* in your praise; for I have planted my *Hope* in *Yew*, and now I only live for the *Thyme* when I may hear from your own *Tu-lips* that I am your *Sweet William*, and not your—*Weeping Will-O.*—14th February, 1851.

"Too Miss *Mary Gold*
Who in prospect I hold,
To make my new garden
Like Eden of old."

Uncle Bill's First Love.—My Uncle Bill and my Aunt Airy reside on Long Island, and not far from the far-famed resort, Rockaway. One evening last week, as Aunt Airy was boiling chestnuts for us "Yorkers" to eat, and as Uncle Bill sat smoking a good Havana we had brought down with us, we persuaded him to tell us a story. Uncle Bill tells a good one when he chooses, and being a man that loves to please, he dipped deeply very quickly, into the merits of the one he proposed telling, somewhat thus:—

"When I was a slip of a chap, I had occasion to travel some distance in a stage-coach, as steamboats and rail-cars were not so plenty in those days. Now I had heard tell often of fellers fallin' in love at first sight, but I never much believed it till that stage made me kinder think so. I had the luck of sitting along side of one of the prettiest women I have ever seen. (Uncle Bill looked slily at Aunt Airy.)

I soon fell in love up to the brim, chuck, with the gal. As it was growin' dark, the stage was passin' through a thick wood, then I thought my time was come surely. As I felt my strength goin quickly, I kinder gently lifted up my arm and drew it round the fair one's waist; she moved not, but only made a slight noise, which I supposed was a love sigh: says I, dear one, sweet one, I love yer, will yer love me? The girl said nothin', but made what I supposed was a love sigh agin'. I then pressed her to me, her head fell on my shoulder, and I began to tremble all over; but still I kept my tongue agoin', and says I, dear little one, won't yer love me, can't yer love me, will yer love me, will yer *marry* me? The stage then drove out of the woods, and the moon shone on her face, and I looked on it—and—and—"

"And what?" we all exclaimed.

"And," says Uncle Bill, "she was *sleepin'* and snorin' in my arms!"

When our roars of laughter had somewhat subsided, Uncle Bill said—"There she sits, bilin' chestnuts."

HE OUGHT TO BE WHALED.—How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the Divine law? Jonah was "a stranger and he took him in."

Black VERSUS *White.*

ENGLAND'S PRIDE AND ENGLAND'S AVERSION.

AN EVENING WITH THE GREAT "JEW-LION."

PENSEROSO, THE OVERTURE.

ALLEGRO, THE SYMPHONY.

FURIOSO, THE AMERICAN QUADRILLE.

REPOSE, THE FINALE.

Practical Laconics.—"Hillo, master," said a Yankee to a teamster, who appeared in something of a hurry, "What time is it? Where are you going? How deep is the creek? And what is the price of butter?" "Past one, almost two—home—waist deep—and elevenpence," was the reply.

Practical Jokers.—We remember hearing a story of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor, about twelve o'clock one winter's night, and, on his coming to the door, coolly inquired, "Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?" "No," growled the victim. "Well, never mind," said the wag, "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday." We thought that rather cool; but the following story of Neil M'Kinnon, a New-York wag, surpasses in impudence anything within recollection. Read and speak for yourself, gentle reader:—When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was British Minister in America, he resided in New-York, and occupied a house in Broadway, Neil, one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough-riders, while passing the house, noticed that it was brillantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door. "Holloa!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?" One of the party remarked that Jackson had a party that evening. "What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party, and I not invited? I must see to that!" So, stepping up to the door, he gave a ring, which soon brought the servant to the door. "I want to see the British Minister," said Neil. "You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed." "Don't talk to me that way," said M'Kinnon, "but go directly, and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business." The servant obeyed, and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith "Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your business at this time of night, which is so very urgent?" "Are you Mr. Jackson?" "Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson." "The British Minister?" "Yes, sir." "You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?" "Yes, sir, I have a party." "A large party, I presume?" "Yes, sir, a large party." "Playing cards, I understand?" "Yes, sir, playing cards." "Oh, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I merely called to inquire *what's trumps?*"

STONEY SUBJECT.—The following whimsical circumstance and peculiar coincidence, it is said, actually took place some time since:—A boat ascending the Ohio river was hailed by another boat, when the following conversation ensued:—"What boat is that?" "The Cherry*stone*." "Whence came you?" "From Red*stone*." "Where are you bound to?" "Lime*stone*." "Who is your captain?" "Thomas *Stone*." "What are you loaded with?" "Mill*stones* and grind*stones*." "You are a *hard* set to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom."

NIGGER ON A BUST.—A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said, "What, drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." "No massa; same drunk, massa; same drunk," replied Sambo.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.—There lived some years ago, in Western Virginia, many Dutchmen, and among them one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers called George and Jake Fulwiler; they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him dangerous to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgment, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgment. Having prepared himself, (acting as judge, and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

“Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hash you been doing in this world?”

“Ah! Lort, I does not know.”

“Well, Shorge Fulwiler, has'nt you got a mill?”

“Yes, Lort, I hash.”

“Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didn't you never take too much toll?”

“Yes, Lort, I hash, when der water was low, and mine stones was dull, I take too much toll.”

“Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left, mit der goats.”

“Well, Shake Fulwiler, now stand up. What have you been doin' in dis lower world?”

[The trial proceeded precisely like the former, and with the same result.]

“Now, I tries mineself. Henry Shnyder, stand up. What hash you been doing in dis lower world?”

“Ah! Lort, I does not know.”

“Well, Henry Shnyder, hasn't you got a mill?”

“Yes, Lord, I hash.”

“Well, Henry Shnyder, didn't you never take too much toll?”

“Yes, Lort, I hash, when der water was low, and mine stones was dull, I hash taken a leetle too much toll.”

“But, Henry Shnyder, vat did you do mit der toll?”

“Ah! Lort, I gives it to the poor.”

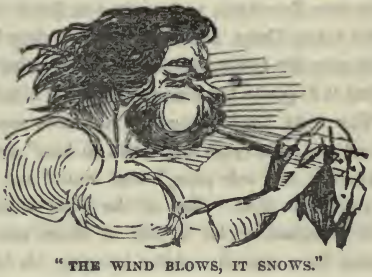
[Pausing.] “Well, Henry Shnyder, you must go to der right, mid der sheep; but it ish a tam tight squeeze.”

Hard to Swallow.—An oyster was opened at point Comfort lately, which was so large that it took three men to *swallow it whole!*

SCRIPTURAL HISTORY.

A showman exhibiting a picture, said :—" Ladies *and* gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of lions. These are the lions and that is Daniel, whom you will easily distinguish from the lions, by his having a *blue cotton umbrella under his arm.*"

THE FAMILY OPPOSED TO TAKING NEWSPAPERS.—The man that don't take a city paper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the " Kamschatkians" had taken Cuba, and if so, where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents—the price being thirty-one—upon going to deposite the money, they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent pieces, and those some sharpers had " run on him" for half dimes! His old lady smoked a " cob pipe," and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, another mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be the preacher. He left before "meetin' was out" and had no great opinion of the sarmint. One of the girls took a [illegible] of "seed onions" to the post office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a "sugar trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side walk—when it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sang "Barbara Allen." The oldest boy had sold two "coon skins," and was on a "bust." When last seen, he had called for a glass of "sody and water," and stood soaking gingerbread and making wry faces. The shop keeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But "he'd hearn tell of sody and water, and was bound to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke." Some "city feller" came in and called for lemonade with a "fly in it," whereupon our "soaped" friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink. We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to "internal improvements," and he thought "larnin' was a wicked invention, and culterwaten' nothin' but wanity and wexation." None of his family ever learned to read, but one boy, and he "teached school awhile and then went to studying diwinity."



"THE WIND BLOWS, IT SNOWS."

A Schoolmaster "Boarding Round."—*Extract from the Journal of a Vermont Schoolmaster.—Monday.*—Went to board at Mr. Banks; had a baked goose for dinner; supposed from its size, the thickness of its skin, and other venerable appearances, to have been one of the first settlers of Vermont—made a slight impression on the patriarch's breast. *Supper.*—Cold goose and potatoes; family consisting of the man, good wife, daughter Peggy, four boys, Pompey the dog, and a brace of cats—fire built in the square room about nine o'clock, and a pile of wood lay by the fire-place; saw Peggy scratch her fingers, and couldn't take the hint—felt squeamish about the stomach, and talked about going to bed; Peggy looked sullen, and put out the fire in the square room; went to bed, and dreamed of having eaten a quantity of stone wall.

Tuesday.—Cold gander for breakfast, swamp tea, and some nut-cakes; the latter some consolation. *Dinner.*—The legs, &c., of the gander done up warm—one neatly despatched. *Supper.*—The other leg, &c., cold; went to bed as Peggy was carying the fire to the square room—dreamed I was a mud turtle, had got on my back, and could not get over again.

Wednesday.—Cold gander for breakfast; complained of sickness, and could eat nothing. *Dinner.*—Wings, &c., of the gander warmed up; did my best to destroy them, for fear they should be left for supper; did not succeed; dreaded supper all the afternoon. *Supper.*—Hot Indian Johnny cakes, and no goose; felt greatly relieved, thought I had got clear of the gander, and went to bed for a good night's rest; disappointed; very cold night, and couldn't keep warm in bed; got up, and stopped the broken window with my coat and vest; no use; froze the tip of my nose before morning.

Thursday.—Breakfast; cold gander again; felt very much discouraged to see the cold gander but half gone; went a visiting for dinner and supper; slept abroad, and had pleasant dreams.

Friday.—Breakfast abroad. Dinner at Mr. Banks; cold gander and hot potatoes; last very good, ate three, and went to school quite contented. *Supper.*—Cold gander, no potatoes; bread heavy and dry; had the headache, and couldn't eat; Peggy much concerned; had a fire built in the open square room, and thought she and I had better sit there out of the noise; went to bed early; Peggy thought too much sleep bad for the headache.

Saturday.—Breakfast; cold gander and hot Indian Johnny cake; did very well; glad to come off so. *Dinner.*—Cold gander again; didn't keep school this afternoon; weighed, and found I had lost six pounds the past week; grew alarmed; had a talk with Mr. B., and concluded I had boarded out his share.

THE HIT PALPABLE.—Some time since, a traveller stepped into a bank located in a village in the neighborhood of this city, and, immediately after his entrance, pulled off his hat, coat, and cravat; this done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner, "calm as a summer's morning," and, with a commanding shake of his head, said, "Sir, hadn't you better be gettin' that 'ere water heated?" The teller informed him that he was in the wrong "shop." "You are in a bank, sir, not in a barber's shop." "A bank, eh!" ejaculated the stranger, "dang me, they told me it was a shaving shop."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON VENTILATION.—"We have got a new venerator on our meeting-house," said Mrs. Partington, "but how on airth they can contrive to climb up there to let the execrations go out is more than I can see into. But it is sich a nice intervention for keeping a house warm!" "What sort of a ventilator is it?" asked we, anxious to get an inkling of the old lady's philosophy. "It is one of the Emissary's," replied she, sagely, "and it is ever so much better than Professor Epsom's, because a room is kept so warm and comfortable by it—not the least danger of taking cold from draughts of too fresh air. It will be a great accusation in cold weather."

HEZEKIAH SPEWKINS AT THE OPERA.

"Well, I'm darned if you ever catch me at another Opperer, or Uproar, where that All-boney, (all fat, they ought to call her,) sings to fellers in bob-tailed coats and their younger brothers' breeches.

"Ye see, I went down to town to attend some chores, when I seen a whole regiment of fellers, with big paddles on their shoulders, with 'Opperer and All-boney to-night.' Now, I'd heard a great deal about the singin and fiddlin, so I thought I'd go. Well, I was a walkin along into the Opperer, when a feller sung out, 'This way, sir—your ticket, sir.'

"Well, I give him a little bit of paper the chap at the front doo.

said to keep till called for, when he hussled me along through a crowd of the all-firedest putty gals I ever see, all covered with nosegays and ribbins, and says he—'Make way there fur 560.'

"Says I, 'Hello, waiter, that an't my name, its Hezekiah Spewkins.'

Well, the people snickered, and tbe feller never said a word, but got hold of another chap and stuck him into 700. Byme-by the big fiddle went ahead like sawin boards, and a feller got hold of something like the old dinner-horn at home and then another little feller with a stick, commenced to cut flab-dabs in the air, jest as if he was keepin a swarm of bees off him—then I heard a bell ring, and all at once the big painting commenced to go up. Well, I seen that much, when I'm darned if I didn't think I was a goner, for there sot one of the puttiest gals I ever did see, right back of me lookin through one of them young double barreled spy-glasses right into my face. I'm conflusticated if I wasn't skeered, for everybody was takin aim at each other, and I was in range of every one —the darned pokerish lookin things, I didn't know anythin about 'em—they might have gone off! Well, the consequence was, I didn't see anythin of All-boney, but heard a devil of a rumpus in the back room of the theatre, and then the people cheered and I sloped."

Mrs. Partington's Conclusion.—We were once asked, "What would be the consequence if an irresistible force should come in contact with an immovable body?" We handed the problem to Mrs. Partington, who took several pinches of snuff before she gave her opinion. "My idee about it is," said the old lady, and there was an expression as profound as could be worn by the whole faculty of Harvard College, "my idee about it is, that one or t'other of 'em must get **hurt**!"

Dreams are the novels we read when we are fast asleep.

MRS. PARTINGTON GETTING LUMINOUS.

"What kind is these new patterned lamps;" asked Mrs. Partington of a Washington-street dealer. "They are for burning spirit gas, marm." "Well," said the old lady, "if they aint reliable to bust, I'll take a pair. Oh, I never got over the fright I had when Isaac sot the spirit of turpitude afire. We came very near having a serious congregation, and I have never dared to let him go by the oil-feeder after lamplight sence, for fear he'd get burnt. Now this is a great blessedness—this what's-its-name patterned to prevent bustin—and everybody that is in danger of bustin should buy one." She here went out, like an exhausted lamp, and the dealer sent her home a pair of 'em, and visitors were long pleased to hear the expositions of Mrs. P. of the merits of the new invention.

ISAAC "KETCHED."—"Your plants are most flagrantly odious," said Mrs. Partington, as she stooped over a small oval red table in a neighbor's house, which table was covered with cracked pots filled with luxuriant geraniums, and a monthly rose, and a cactus, and other bright creations that shed their sweetness upon the almost tropical atmosphere of a southerly room in April, while a fragrant vine hung in chains graced the window with a curtain more gorgeous than any other not exactly like it. Mrs. Partington stood gazing upon them in admiration. " How beautiful they are," she continued ; " do you profligate your plants by slips, mem ?" She was told that such was the case ; they were propagated by slips. " So was mine," said Mrs. P., " I was always more lucky with my slips than with anything else." At that moment a loud scream was heard in the adjoining Piazza—it comes from the innocent boy Isaac ; he had been playing with the Parrot with a bunch of cherries, the game of " don't you wish you might get them." Poll missed the cherries but caught Ike's knuckles—" that boy always was in diffenculties."

ISSING PHILOSOPHY.—*The Naturalist*—A kiss is the bringing into juxtaposition two contrarily charged poles by which it, like an electric spark, is elicited.

The Moralist—A kiss is a token of most intimate communion of love, and is therefore only to be permitted in the married.

The Physician—A kiss is the art of moving the labial muscles when the lips are first brought suddenly together, and then explosively separated ; so that after all a kiss is only an artificial spasm.

The Philologist.—Kiss is an anatomo-poetic word in which the curtness of the thing is represented by the brief sound of the word.

The Antiquarian.—Kissing is a custom handed down to us from the Greeks and Romans, as to the true signification of which we are not perfectly clear. Probably it is a symbol of the sun's rays greeting the earth ; and if so, doubtless was received with all the other lore of sun worship from the orientals.

The Philosopher.—A kiss is that protruding the circle of the lips, whereby the quantitive difference of the sine of another, and thereby the identity of the subject abject with the ideal real, is proved.

The Punster—A kiss [kuss] is the gush [guss] of one soul to another. The pressure of the lemon into the insipid beverage of life. This pressure is the expression of the impression with which no censorship can interfere. We will still have " freedom of the press."

The Lawyer—The kiss is a nullity in law, being neither a right *in posse* nor a right *in essse.* Some, however, have considered it as a family right, and would treat it after the analogy of the *dos.*

But, "L. 74 D. *de dot constit.*" does not treat of the kiss at any length. Still, in the married state, we may venture to consider a kiss in the lights of a *donatio inter vivos.*

The Lovers—A kiss is—heaven.

FASTIDIOUS TASTE.—An amusing little incident occurred at a city hotel a few days ago. A verdant looking chap sat down to take "some fillin," as the immortal Joe Lawson would say, and in due time a waiter presented himself at the back of our hero's chair and inquired:

"Tea or coffee, sir?"

"Tea," he answered.

"What kind of tea, sir?"

Greeny looked up in the waiter's face, and, with considerable emphasis, said:

"Why, *store tea*, of course; I don't want none of your blamed sassafrac stuff."

YOUNG LOVE.—A young woman on alighting from a stage dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of the coach.—"You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No I havn't—he's gone a fishing," innocently replied the damsel.

MRS. PARTINGTON IN A NEW-YORK THEATRE.—"How d'ye do, I'm so glad to see you," said Mrs. Partington as she stopped at Mrs. Peabodie's on her way from the depot. "I've just come from New-York, and I've seen twice as much as ever I saw in Bosting. I saw the Rochester rappins at a hotel there. The man was a rappin away at the bar and there was all sorts of spirits behind the counter. But Mr. Jones and I went to the Theatre, and that beat all. We saw them performerate a moral brama; Mr. Jones said it was called "Just as you like it."—One part of it they called "Spoke-shave seven edges," and it was the best part of the whole brama, I think. A man they called Jake spoke it, and I'll tell you all about it, for it made such an expression upon me that I learned it all by heart.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely passengers;
They have their axes and their entry ways,
And one man keeps time and plays his part,
And all the axes have seven edges. First the baby,
Meweing, &c, in its nurse's arms;
And then the winning school-boy with his scratchawl,
And shiny mourning face, running like a snail
Unwittingly to school; then the lover,
Sighing like a foundery with an awful bandage
Made for his mistress's eyebrows; then the soldier,
Full of strangle oaths, and bearded like a pardner,
Zealous in horror, scrubbing a stick in quarrel,
Seeking the blubber refutation
Into the cannon mouth; then a justice of the peace
In fair round belly, with good apron lined;
His eyes so sore and beard of normal cut,
Full of old handsaws and modern mischances;
And so he brays his part; the sixth edge shimmies
Into the lean and slippery pair of pantaloons
With youthful hoes, well shaved, a world too wide
For his crook shank; and his big homely voice,
Turning a grain toward hardish pebble, pipes
And mizzles in his sound; and last of all
That ends this strained repentful history,
Is second childishness and mere pavilion—
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